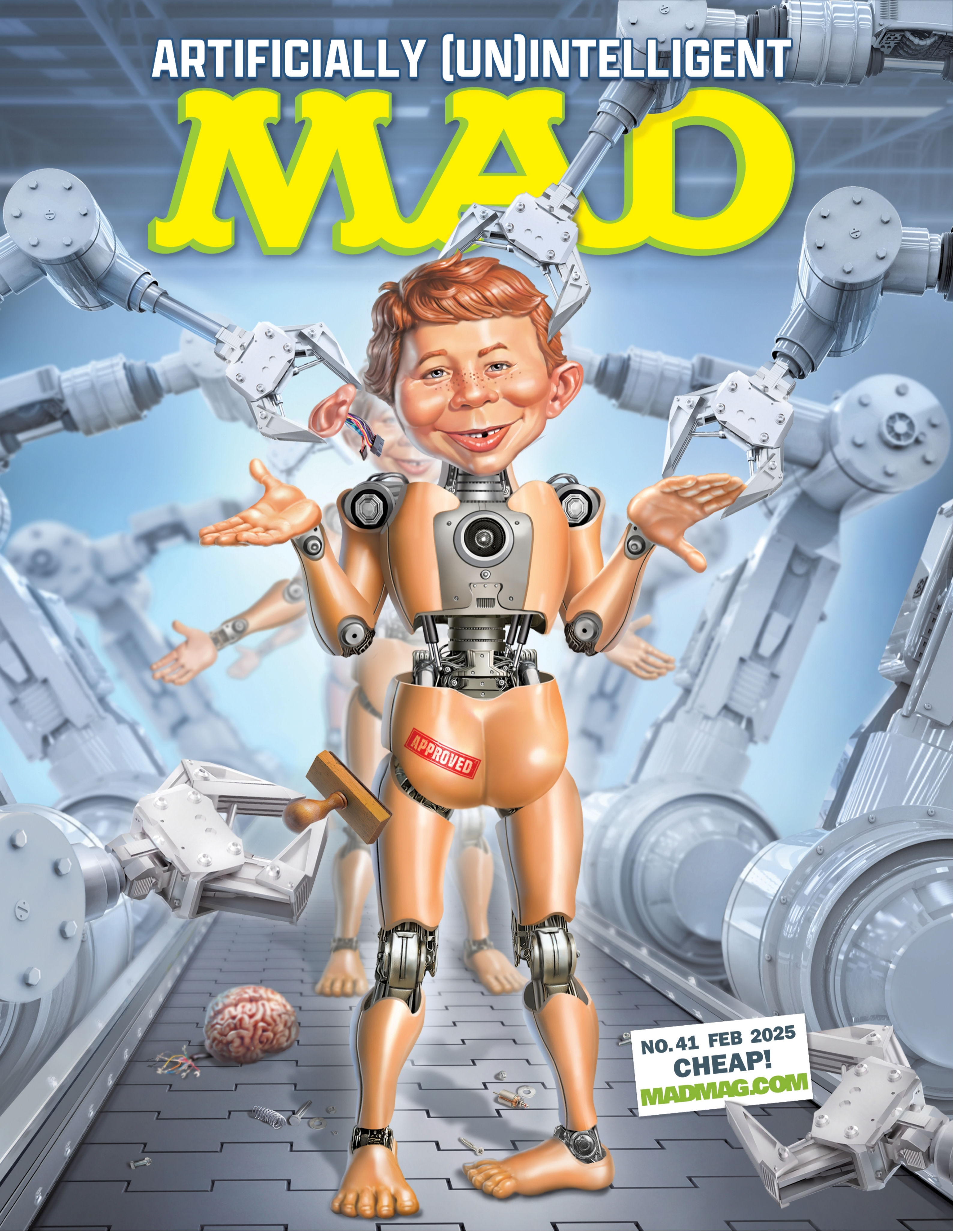
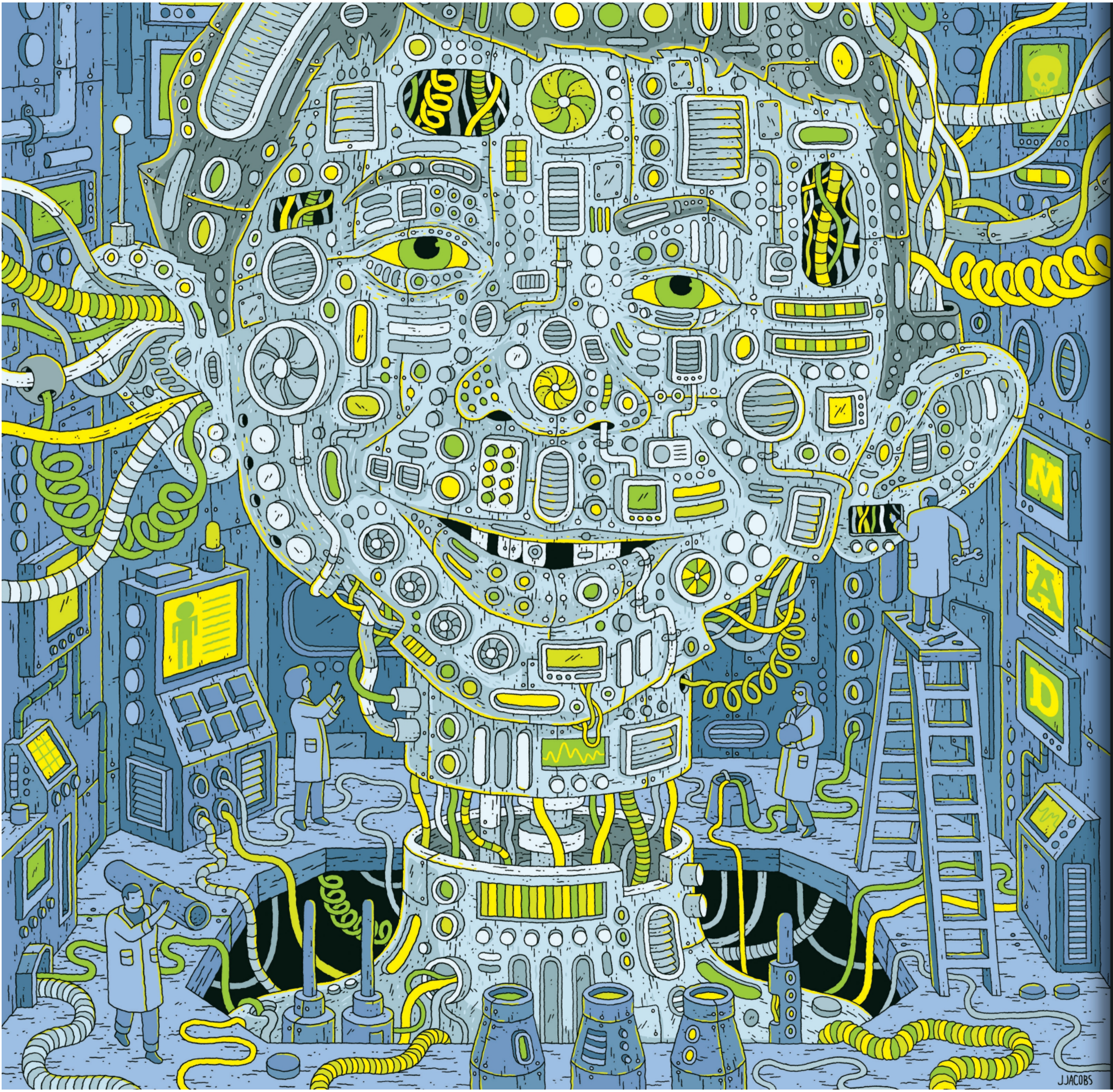
ARTIFICIALLY (UN)INTELLIGENT

MAD



NO. 41 FEB 2025
CHEAP!
MADMAG.COM



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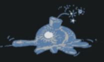
NO. 41 FEBRUARY 2025

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER
SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR
BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR



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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots
EDITORIAL CONSULTANT Paula Sevenbergen
INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson
VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés
COVER ARTIST Mark Fredrickson

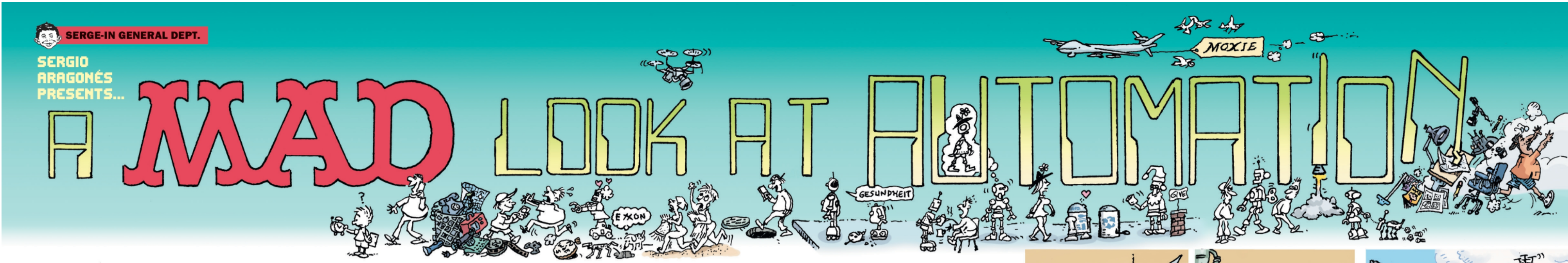
The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.

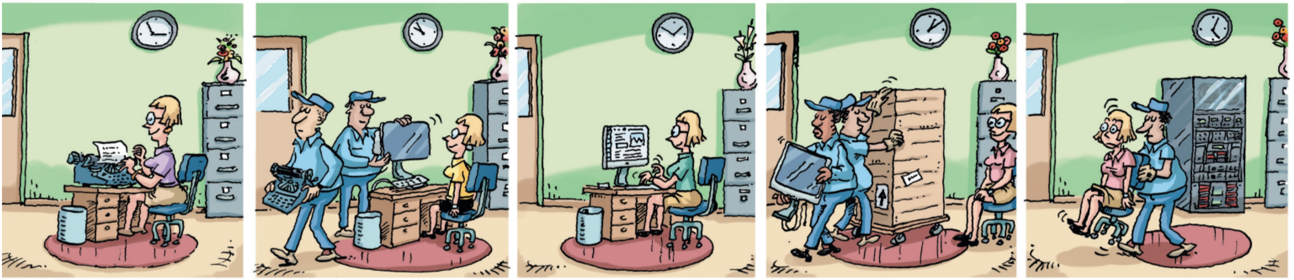
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #543, FEB 2017
ARTIST **JESSE JACOBS**

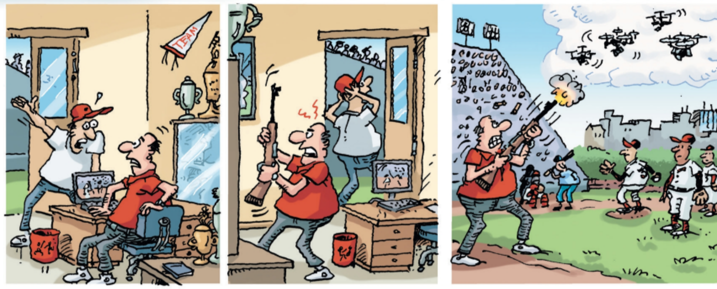
SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPT.

SERGIO ARAGONÉS PRESENTS...

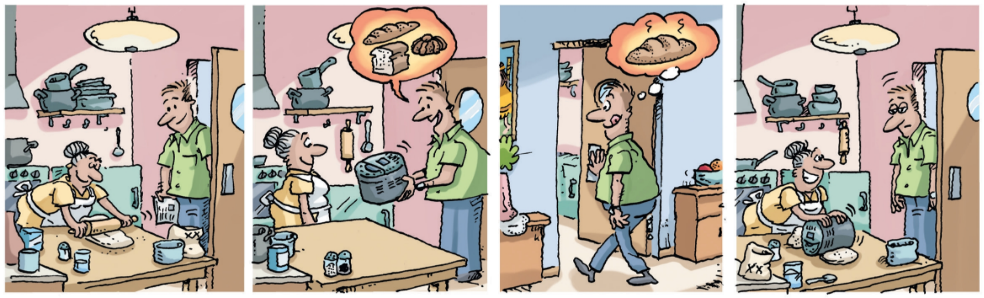
A MAD LOOK AT AUTOMATION

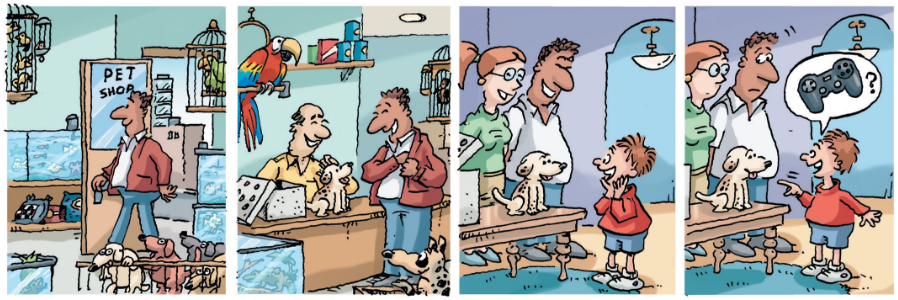

MOXIE
EXXON
GESUNDHEIT
GIVE

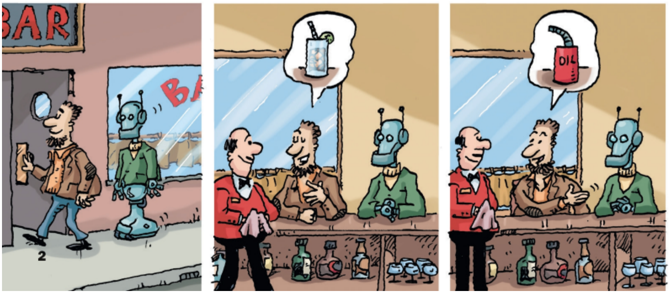


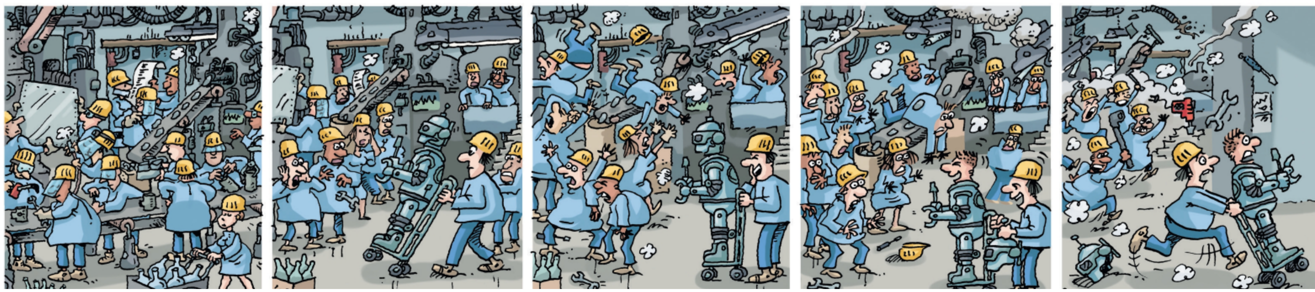


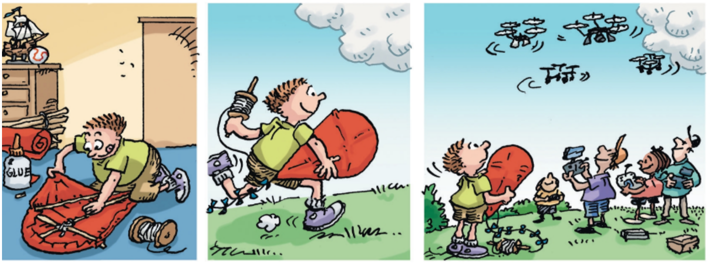
WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**   COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**

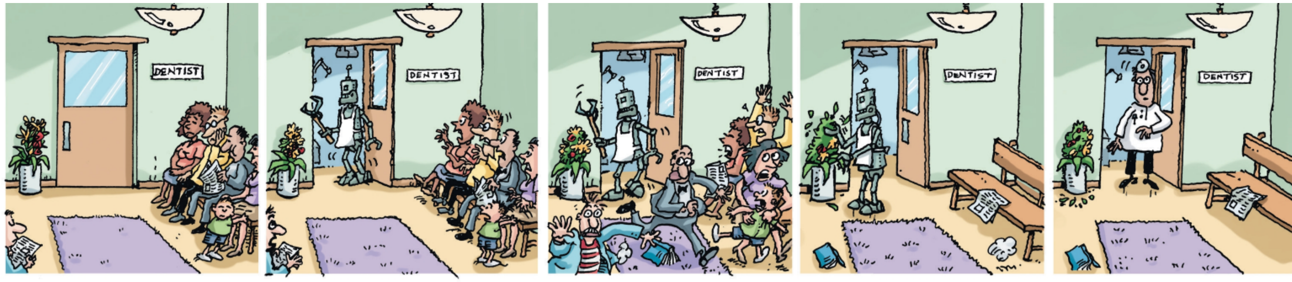









GLUE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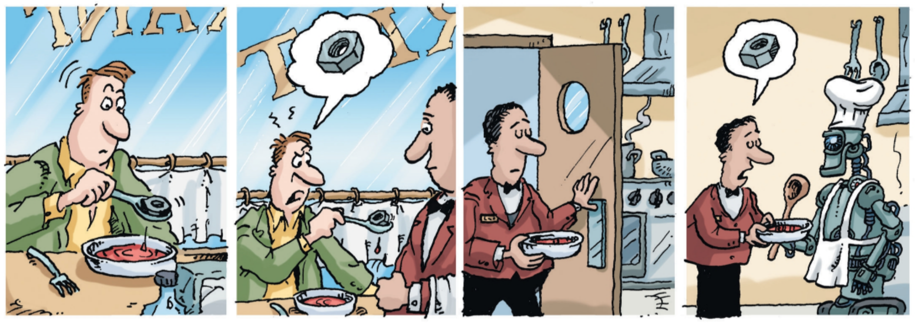
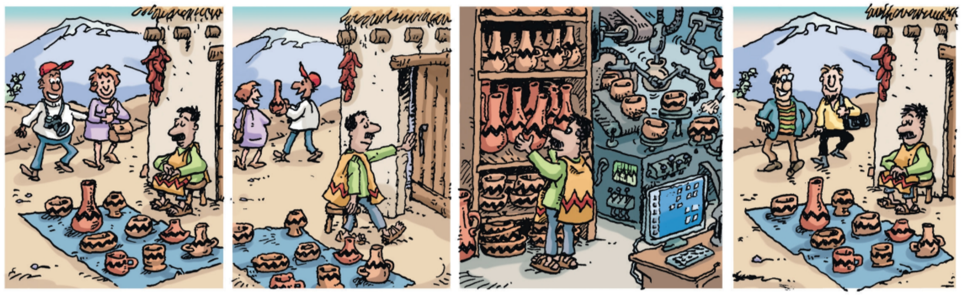
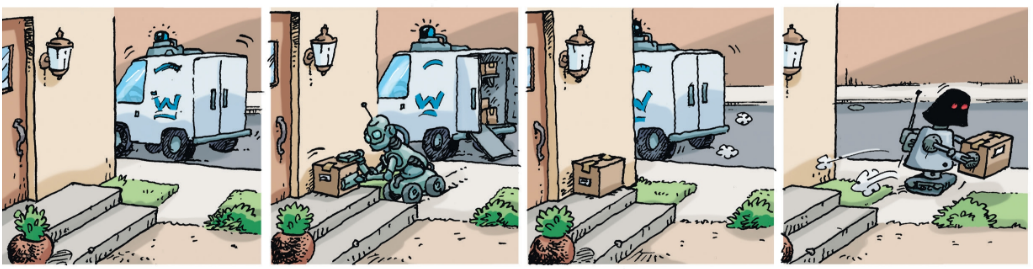
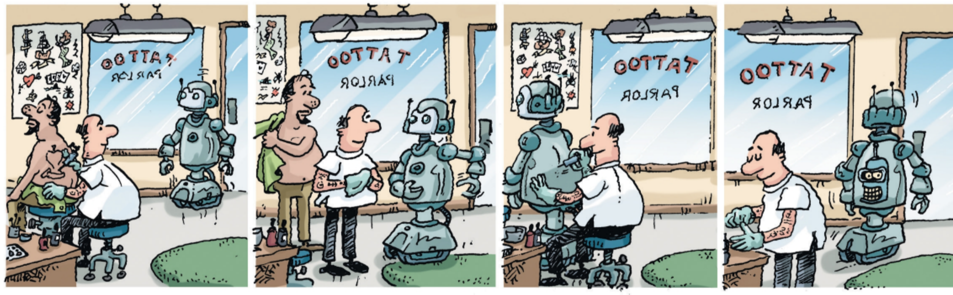
DENTIST






W
W


TATTOO PARLOR
TATTOO PARLOR
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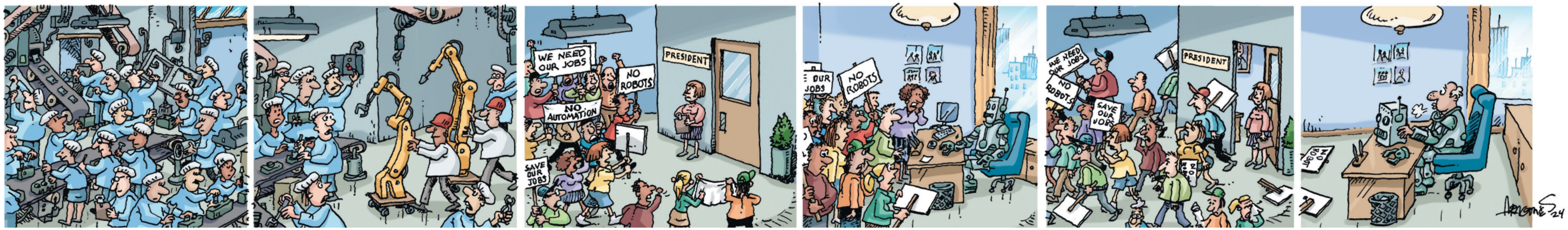
TATTOO PARLOR

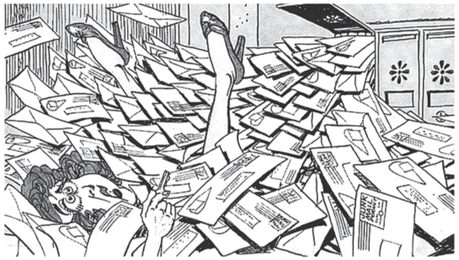

WE NEED OUR JOBS
NO ROBOTS
NO AUTOMATION
SAVE OUR JOBS
PRESIDENT
OUR JOBS
NO ROBOTS
WE NEED OUR JOBS
NO ROBOTS
SAVE OUR JOBS
PRESIDENT
NO ROBOTS

TERMINAL ILLNESS DEPT.

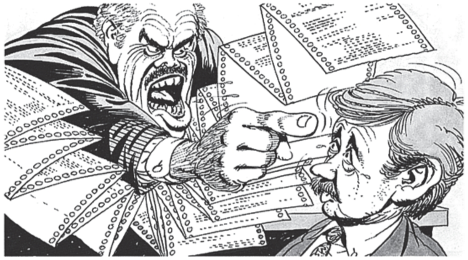
We're told that the most miraculous thing about computers is their ability to store and feed back millions of bits of information. But in MAD's opinion, that's not the most miraculous thing about computers. The real miracle is that not one of the millions of facts they have stored away is the correct spelling of our name, or our accurate address, or a single smidgen of data about us that is completely right! As each of us wastes hours and hours trying to correct the garble spewed out by some crazed silicon chip, we are bound to wonder how that much stupidity can be produced with such unfailing regularity. Thus, we ask...

IF COMPUTERS ARE SO BRILLIANT...

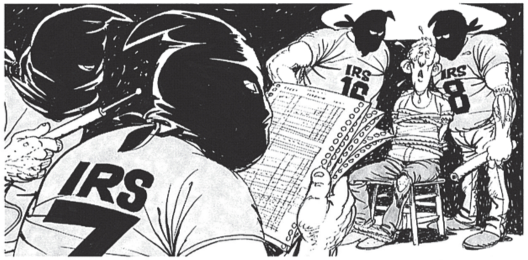
WRITER **TOM KOCH** ARTIST **GEORGE WOODBRIDGE**



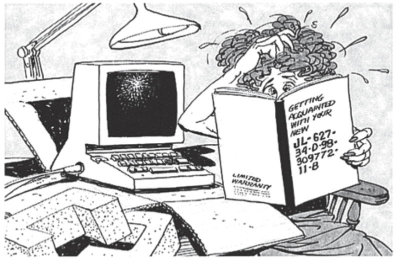
...why do they assume you want to receive 800 identical copies of the same mail order catalogue?



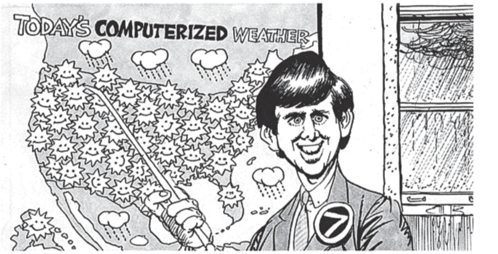
...why do they spread the word that you're responsible for all of the 1983 and 1984 parking tickets issued to a car that you sold in 1981?


IRS 7
IRS 16
IRS 8

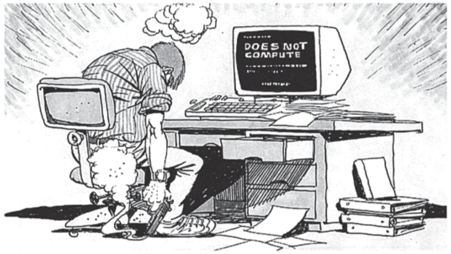
...why can't they report your correct wages to the I.R.S., especially when it's a known fact that the I.R.S. will always believe a computer and assume the taxpayer is lying?


GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR NEW JL-627-34-D-98-309772-11-8
LIMITED WARRANTY

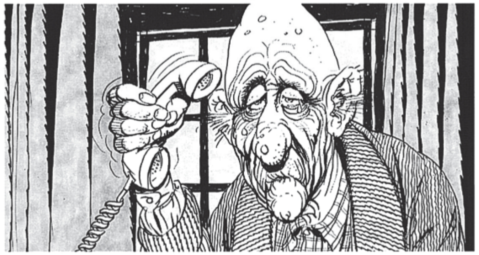
...why can't they find someone to write a computer instruction manual who knows how to put together a simple sentence?


TODAY'S COMPUTERIZED WEATHER
7

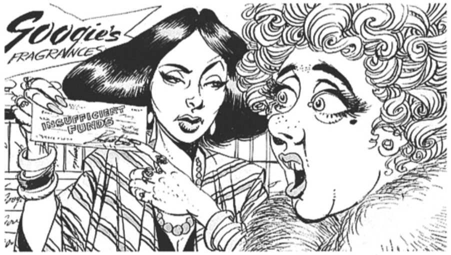
...why does the increasing amount of information they spew out to TV weathermen only make the forecasts more inaccurate?


DOES NOT COMPUTE

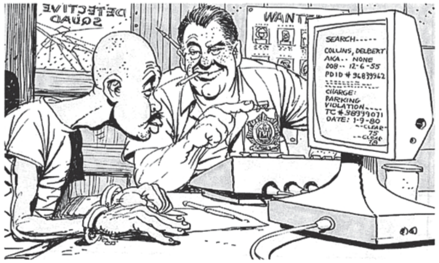
...how come they're always telling you that you're making an error, but they can never tell you what it is?



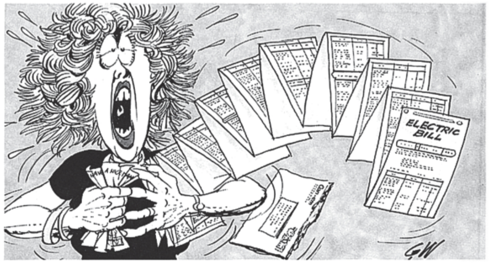
...why do they invariably select the phone numbers of the elderly, the unmarried and the childless to receive their annoying calls about diaper service?


Googie's FRAGRANCES
INSUFFICIENT FUNDS

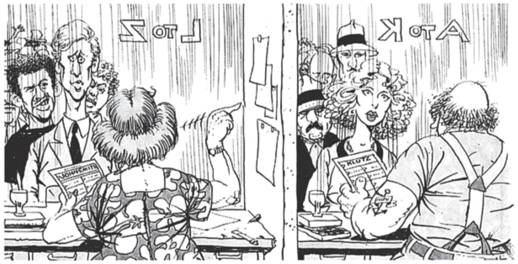
...how do they figure that your bank balance could have dropped from $1,854 to $18.54 during a month you didn't make any withdrawals?


DETECTIVE SQUAD
WANTED
SEARCH.....
COLLINS, DELBERT
AKA.. NONE
DOB.. 12-6-55
PDID # 96839962
CHARGE:
PARKING VIOLATION....
TC # 98999071
DATE: 1-9-80
--CLEAR-- 75
--CLEAR 79

...what is their logic in letting 14,000 murders go unsolved while they devote full time to nailing you on some old traffic warrant?

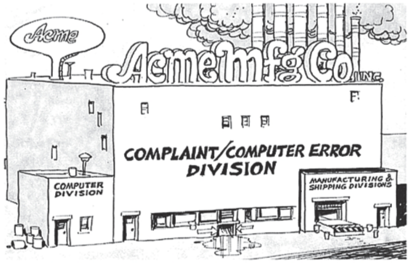

ELECTRIC BILL
GW

...why do they blithely pass along a ridiculous meter reading that makes your monthly electric bill higher than the one for Yankee Stadium?


L TO Z
A TO K
JOHNSMITH
KLOTZ

...why do they insist that "JOHNSMITH" is all one word, and must be alphabetized under "J" until its poor owner gets around to acquiring a first name?

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #258, OCT 1985


Acme
Acme Mfg Co. INC.
COMPLAINT/COMPUTER ERROR DIVISION
COMPUTER DIVISION
MANUFACTURING & SHIPPING DIVISIONS

...why do companies that install them immediately have to hire lots of extra employees just to correct computer errors?

A.I. JUST WORK HERE DEPT.

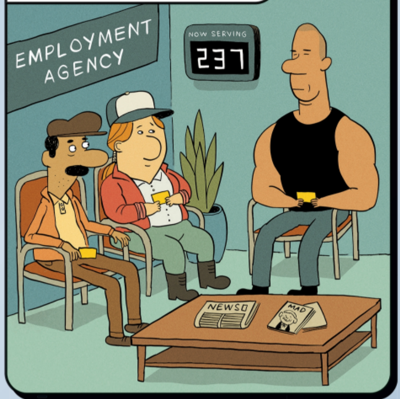
With robots working in factories, hospitals and even police departments — *somebody* has to detonate those bombs — many say that the future of job automation is already here. But in the years to come, we'll see advances that will make our current sci-fi dystopia seem positively quaint! Don't believe us? Just tell your cybernetic butler to read you this piece we like to call…

THE FUTURE OF JOB AUTOMATION

WRITER **KENNY KEIL** ARTIST **JOHN MARTZ**

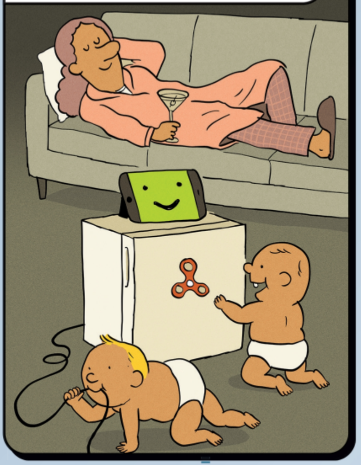
2019

Automobiles become completely self-driving — leaving cabbies, truckers and the cast of *Fast & Furious* jobless



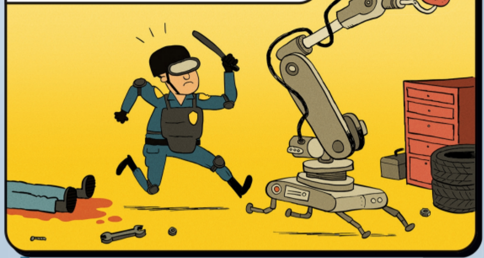
2022

Childcare is revolutionized with the advent of the Robo-Nanny. Sure, it's just a mini-fridge, an iPad and a fidget spinner welded together — but, **man**, does it keep the kids out of your hair!



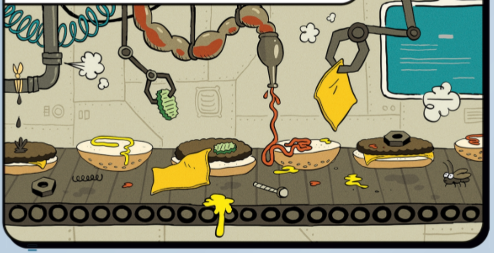
2024

For the first time in history, a robot performs open-heart surgery. It is immediately removed from the Kia assembly line and destroyed



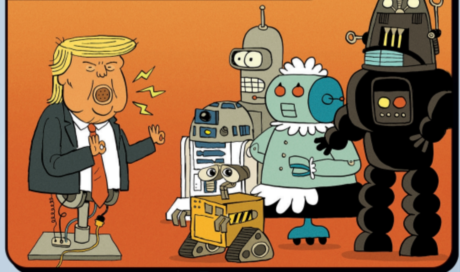
2025

McDonald's staff becomes fully automated — leading to higher profits, shorter wait times and a dramatic uptick in customers finding lugnuts in their Big Macs



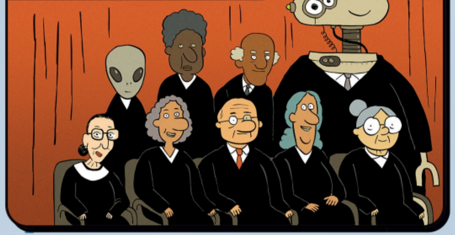
2028

The animatronic Donald Trump from Disney World's Hall of Presidents somehow manages to become the host of *Celebrity Robot Apprentice*



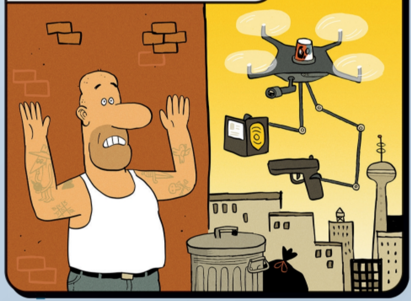
2032

The Honorable Judge JusticeBot X-9000 is appointed to the U.S. Supreme Court



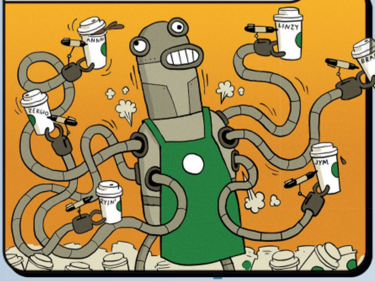
2033

Human police officers are replaced with patrol drones, resulting in some of the weirdest episodes of *Law & Order* yet



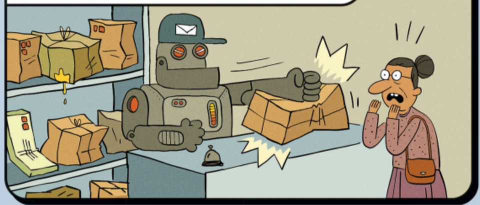
2036

Starbucks develops a robotic barista that can misspell up to 120 customer names per hour



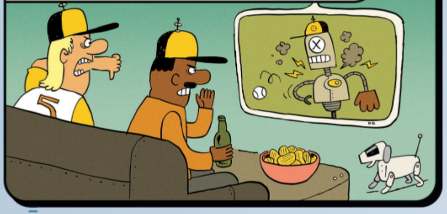
2038

The U.S. Postal Service introduces The Demolisher, an automaton capable of destroying fragile packages with 10 times the efficiency of a human mail carrier



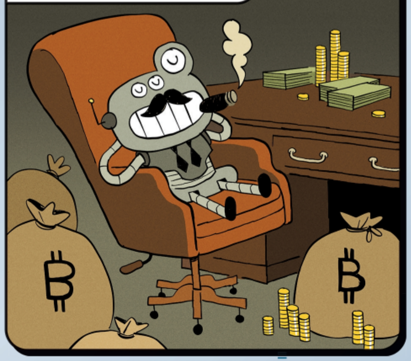
2039

For the first time in baseball history, a robot plays in the World Series. Unfortunately, its settings accidentally get switched from "Pitcher" to "Belly Itcher" in the seventh inning, resulting in a devastating upset



2043

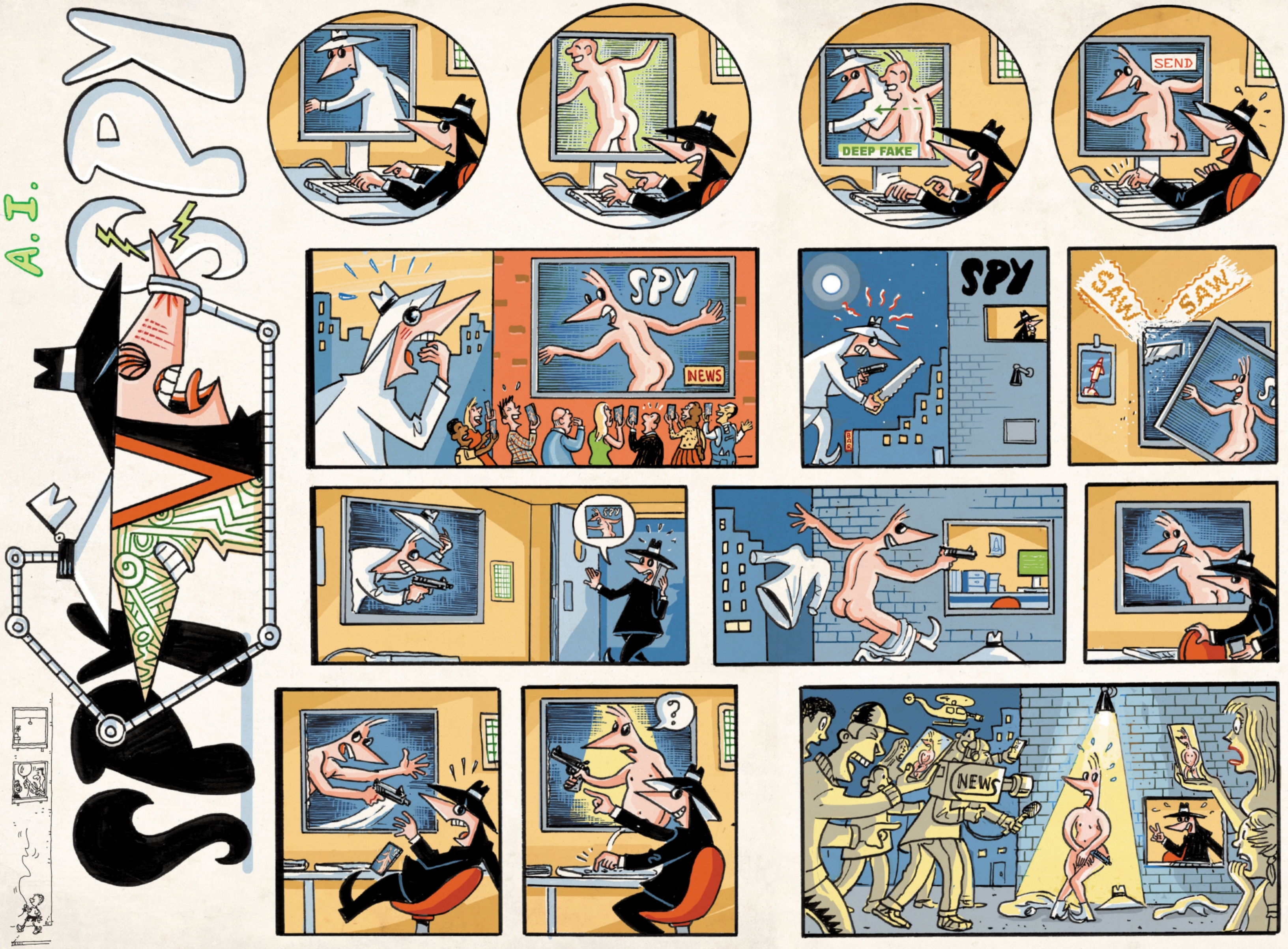
Millions of robot workers are laid off by the world's first-ever robot CEO

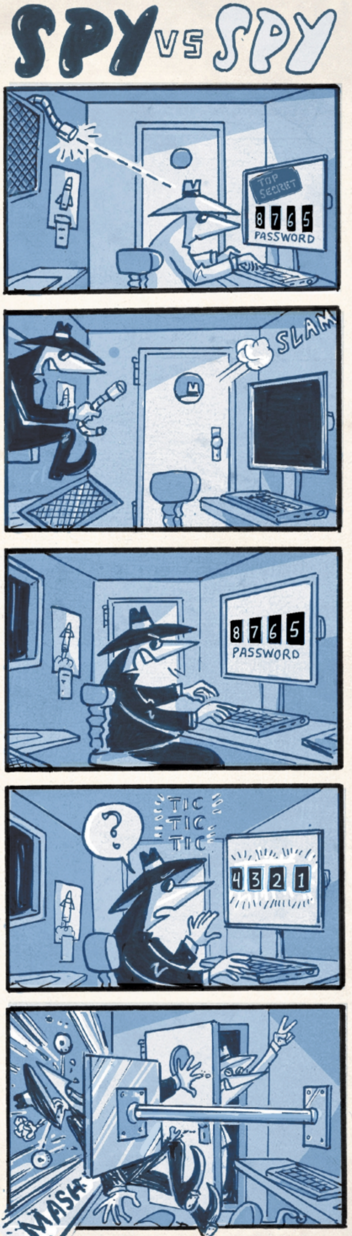


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #550, APR 2018

018 2019 2020 2021 2022 2023 2024 2025 2026 2027 2028 2029 2030 2031 2032 2033 2034 2035 2036 2037 2038 2039 2040 2041 2042 2043 2044 2045

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.


A.I.
SPY vs SPY
DEEP FAKE
SEND
SPY
NEWS
SPY
SAW
SAW
SPY
?
NEWS

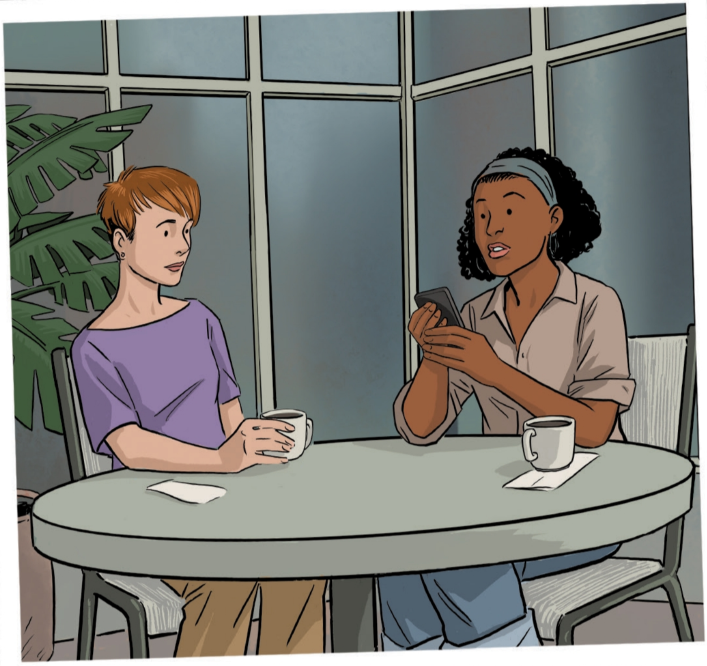

SPY vs SPY
TOP SECRET
8765
PASSWORD
SLAM
8765
PASSWORD
?
TIC
TIC
TIC
4321
MASH
KUPER

WRITER & ARTIST **PETER KUPER**

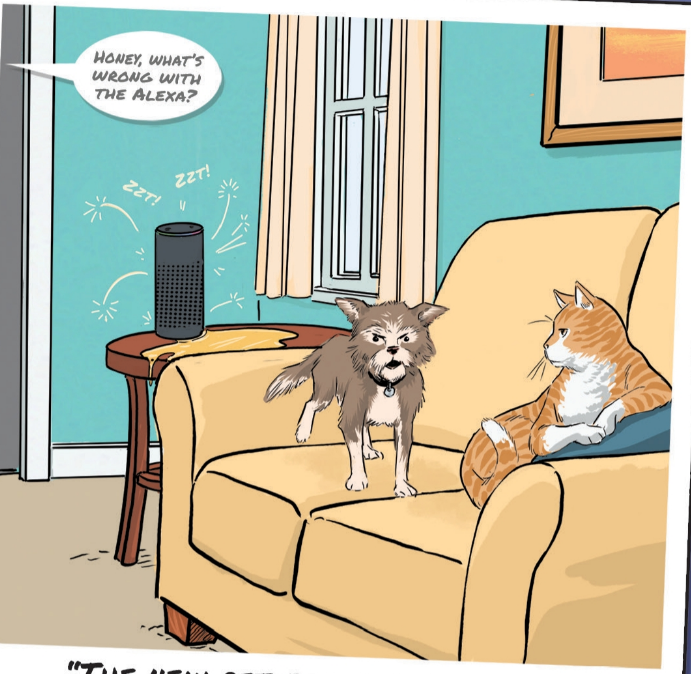
TECHNICALLY SPEAKING DEPT.

MEANWHILE...

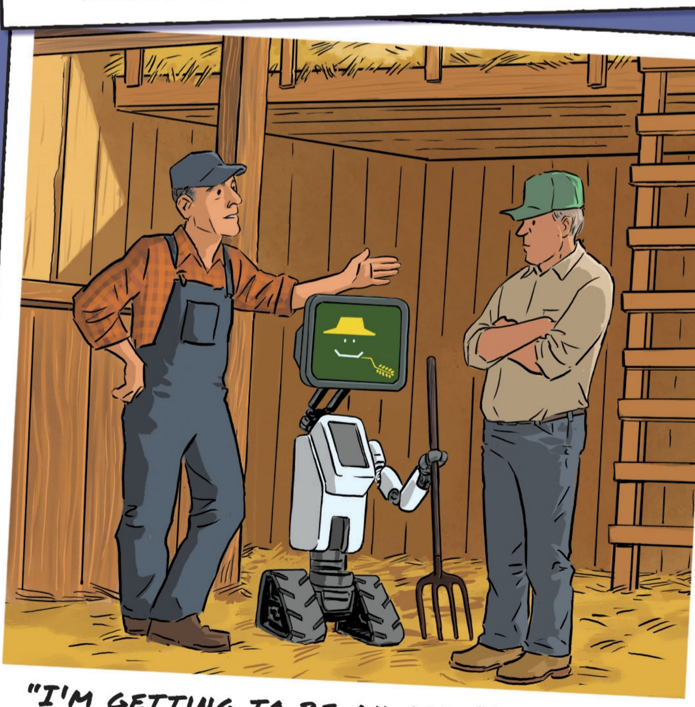
WRITER **IAN BOOTHBY**
ARTIST **PIA GUERRA**



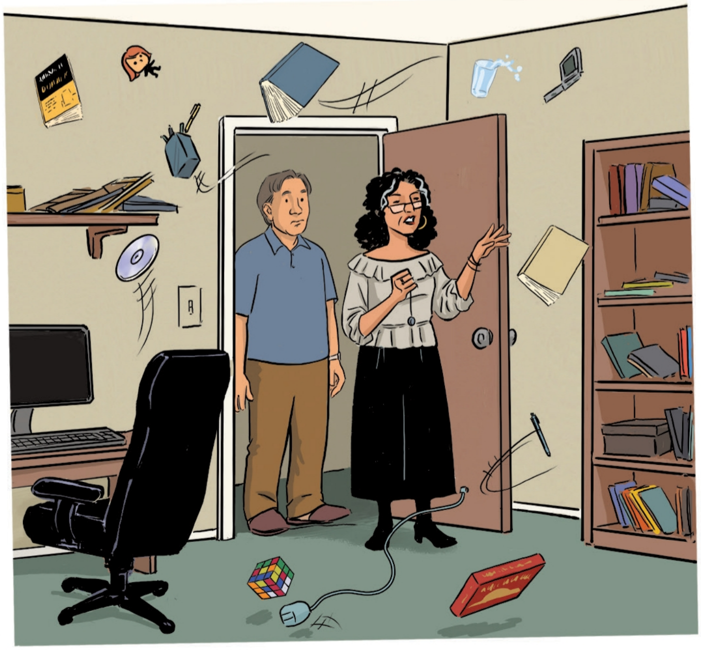
"WHAT REALLY MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I'M LIVING IN THE FUTURE IS HOW OFTEN I'M ASKED TO PROVE I'M NOT A ROBOT."


HONEY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE ALEXA?
ZZT!
ZZT!

"THE NEW PET THEY LOVE SO MUCH CAN DO A LOT OF TRICKS, BUT IT'S NOT SO TOUGH WHEN YOU PEE ON IT."



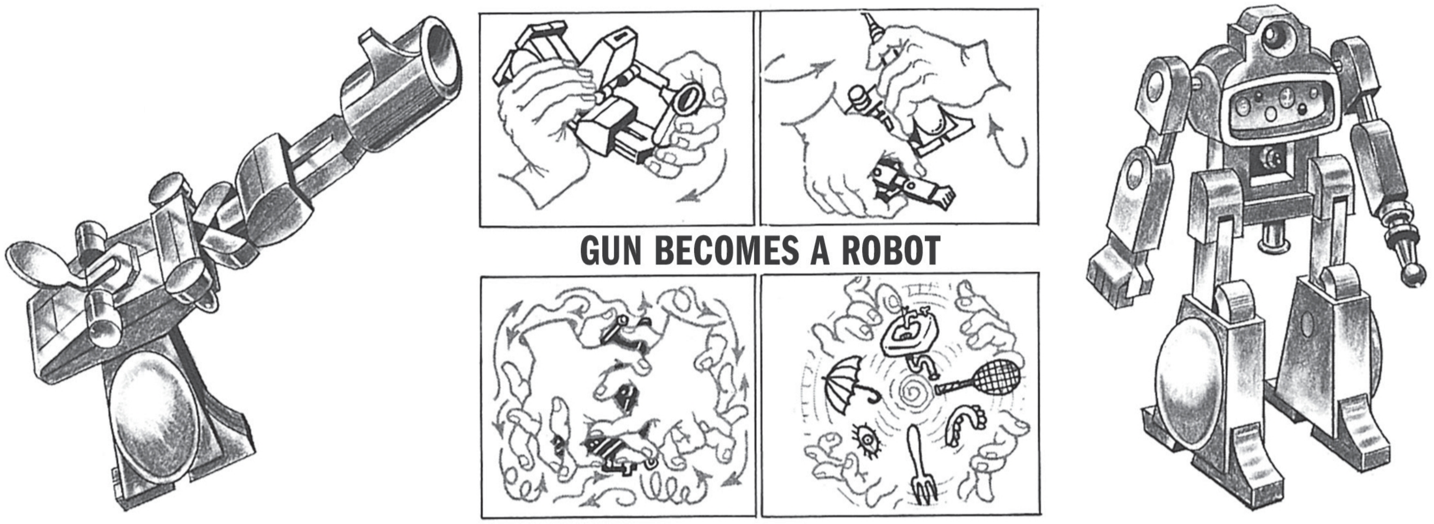
"I'M GETTING TO BE AN OLD MACDONALD, SO I LEAVE MOST OF THE FARMING DECISIONS TO MY E.I.E.I.O.-A.I."



"AS I SUSPECTED! THE HOUSE IS POSSESSED BY THE SPIRIT OF YOUR DELETED BROWSER HISTORY."

CHANGE REACTION DEPT.

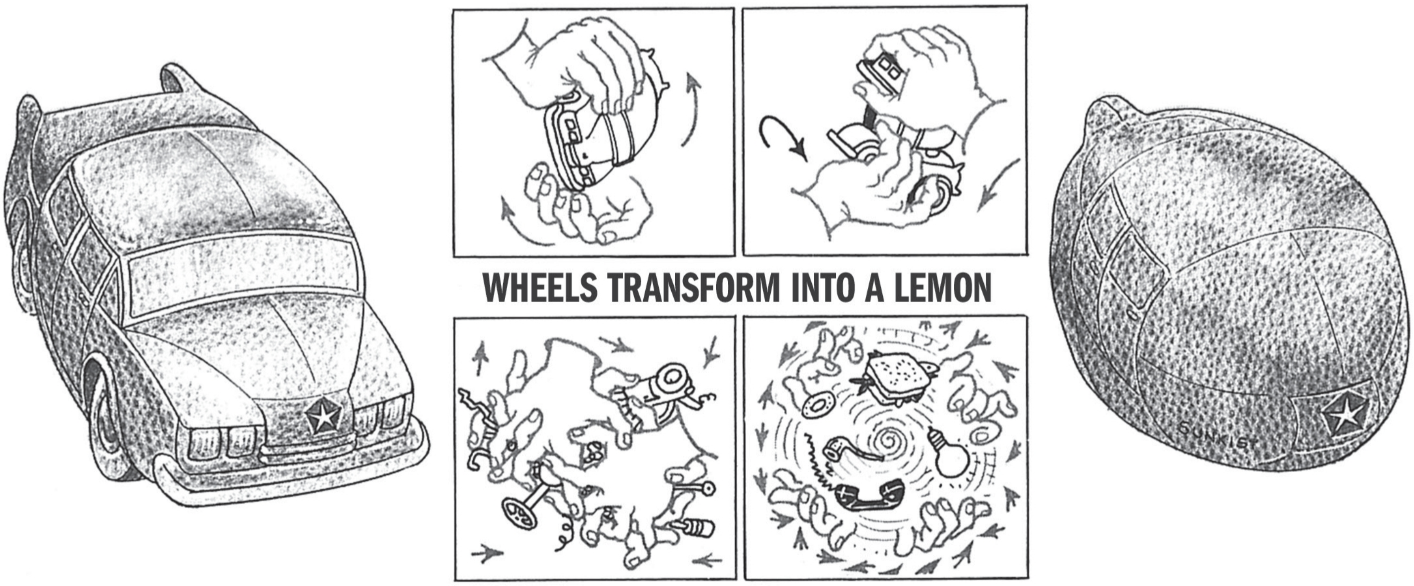
GOBOTS and TRANSFORMERS are the hottest toys of the year! As the name implies, these toys transform from one thing into another. For instance, a few deft twists of its moveable parts, and a...



GUN BECOMES A ROBOT

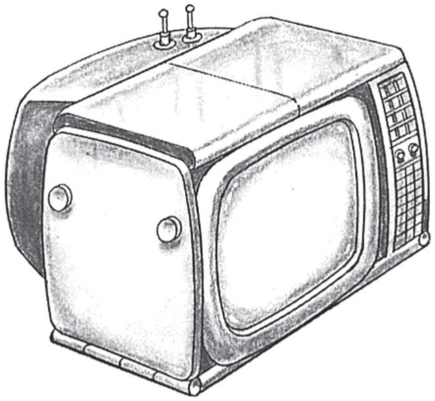
Great! Except they only deal in the fantasy world! What kids need today are toys that deal in the real world! Toys like MAD's...

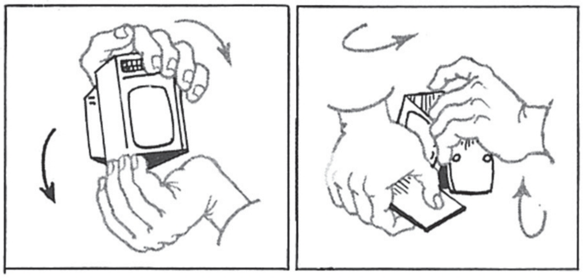
TRULY LOGICAL TRANSFORMERS



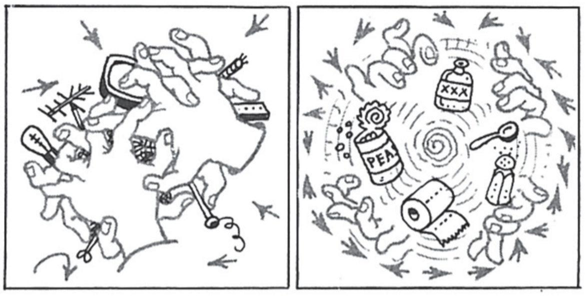
WHEELS TRANSFORM INTO A LEMON

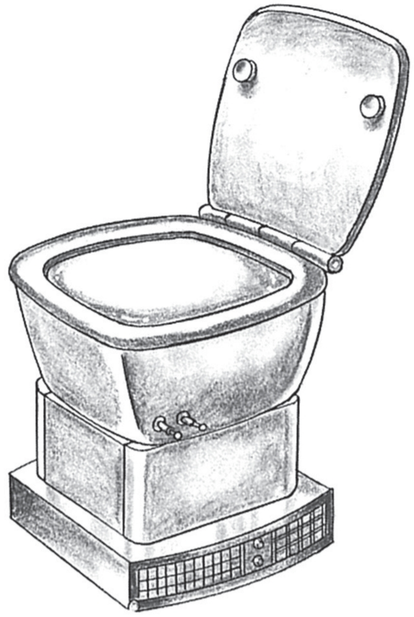
WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

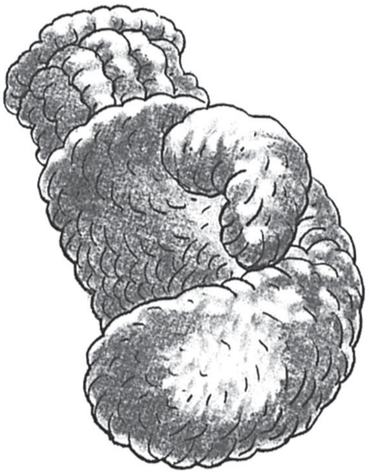


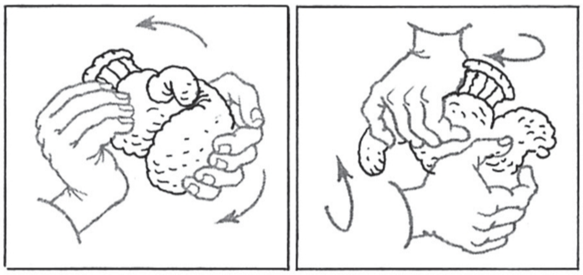


THE BOOB TUBE TRANSFORMS INTO THE FAMILY THRONE

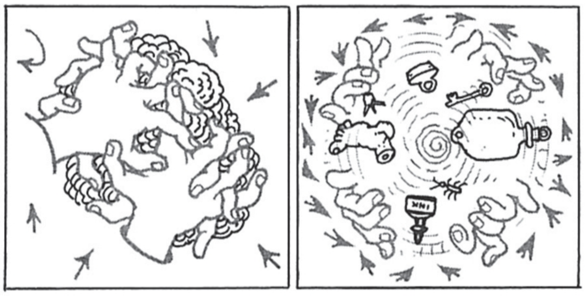


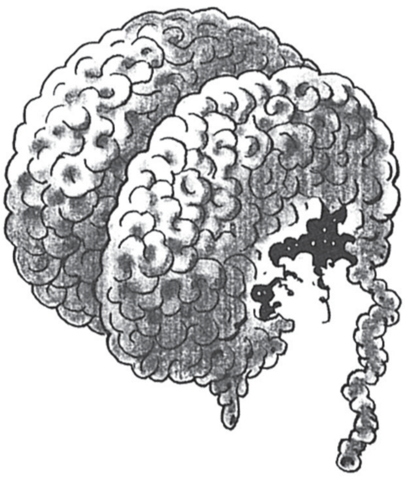


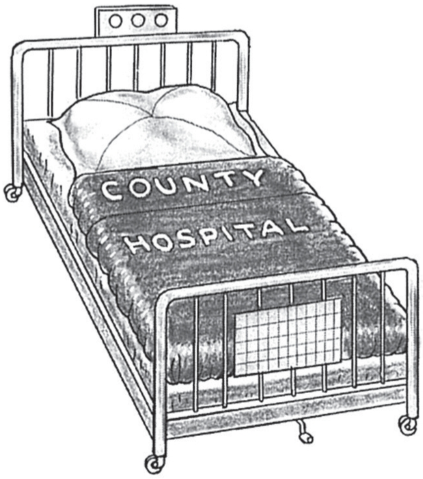


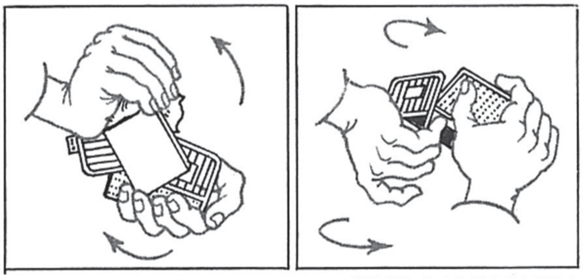


BOXING GLOVES TURN INTO BATTERED BRAINS

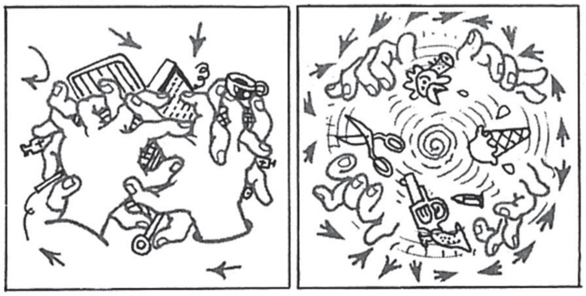


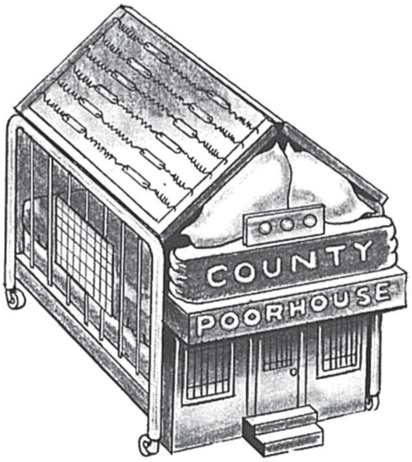



COUNTY
HOSPITAL

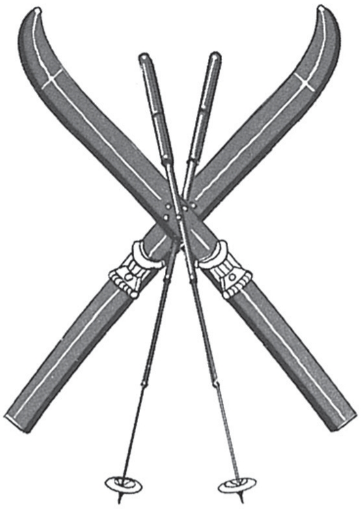


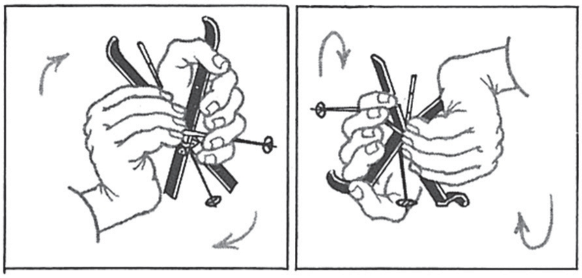
"FLAT ON YOUR BACK" TRANSFORMS INTO FLAT BROKE



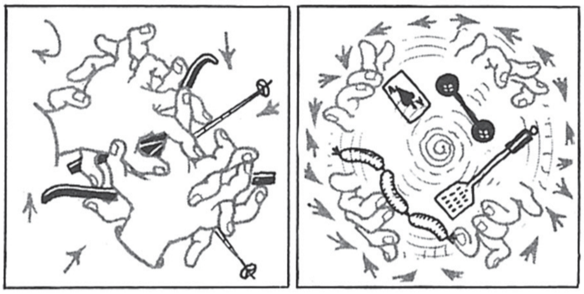

COUNTY
POORHOUSE

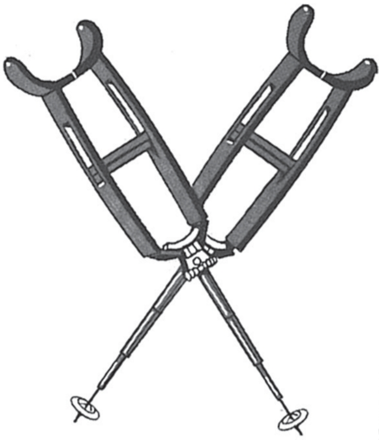
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #257, SEP 1985



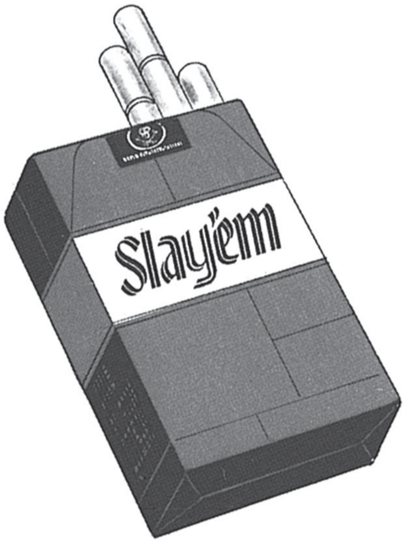


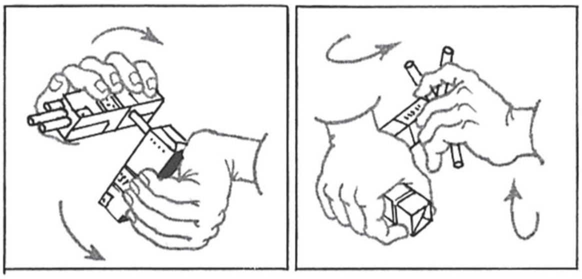
SKI TIME TRANSFORMS INTO BUSTED KNEE TIME



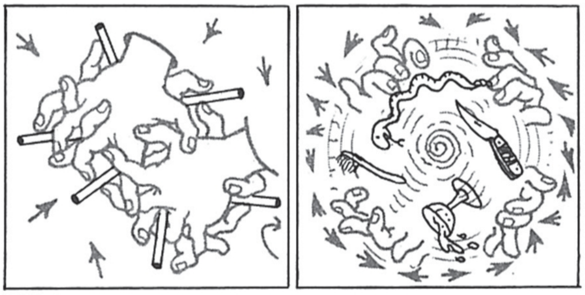


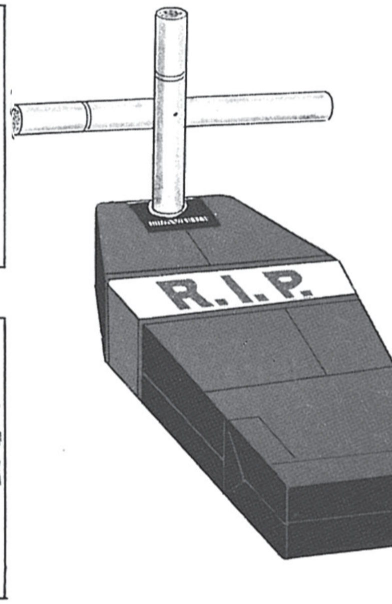
CURB YOUR DOG

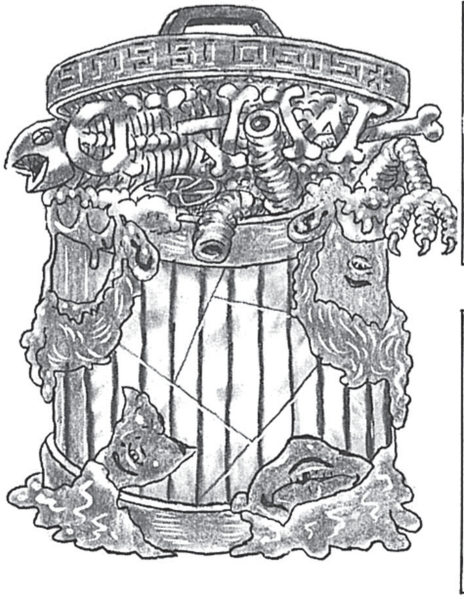


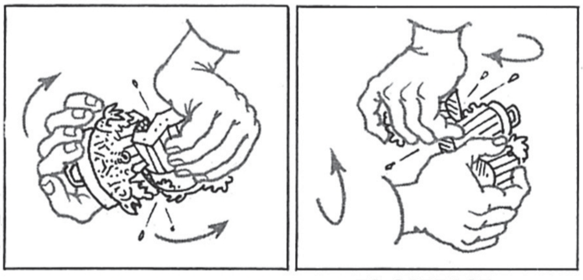


ASHES TRANSFORM INTO ASHES

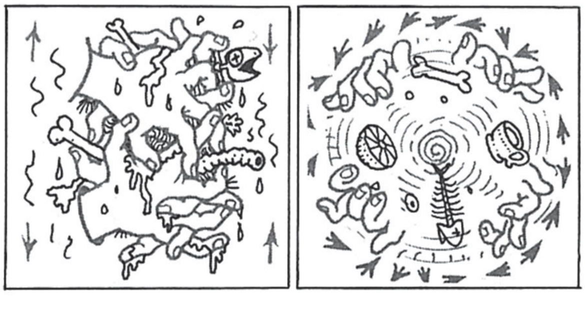


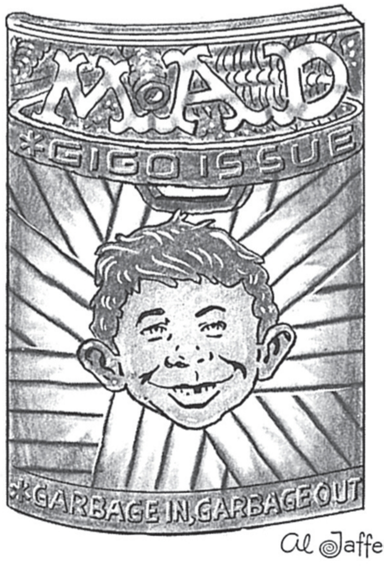






TRASH TRANSFORMS INTO GARBAGE



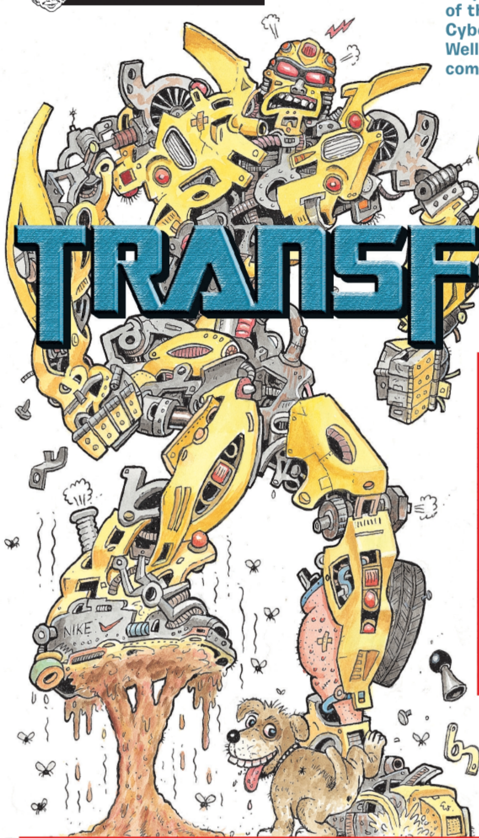

MAD
*GIGO ISSUE
*GARBAGE IN, GARBAGE OUT

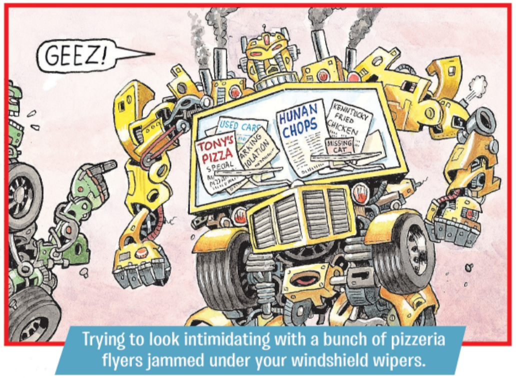
Al Jaffee

WHEELY PISSED OFF DEPT.

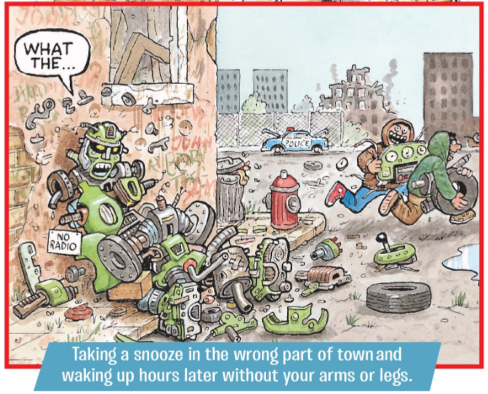
So you're in a vicious battle with your sworn enemies for the fate of the universe, a million miles away from your home planet of Cybertron and facing death at every turn. Sounds tough, right? Well, for the Autobots and Decepticons, all that stuff is child's play compared to these...

Everyday Pet Peeves of TRANSFORMERS

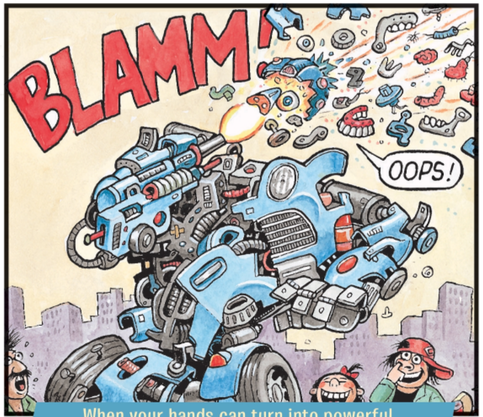



GEEZ!
USED CARS
TONY'S PIZZA
SPECIAL
HUNAN CHOPS
FRIED CHICKEN
MISSING CAT

Trying to look intimidating with a bunch of pizzeria flyers jammed under your windshield wipers.

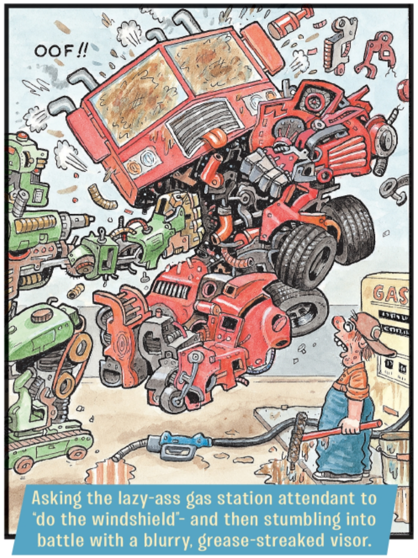

WHAT THE...
NO RADIO
POLICE

Taking a snooze in the wrong part of town and waking up hours later without your arms or legs.

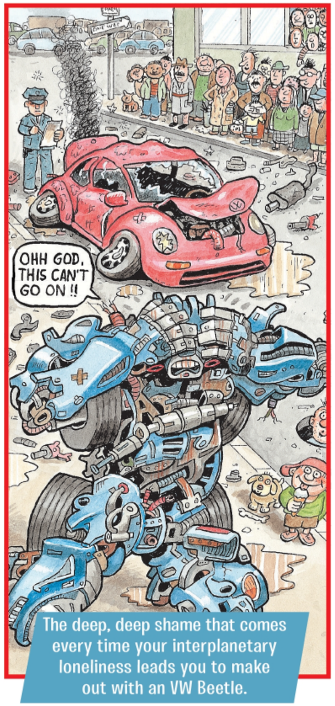


When your hands can turn into powerful laser-cannons, there's always a chance that accidental suicide is as close as your next nose-pick.

WRITER **JACOB LAMBERT** ARTIST **TOM BUNK**

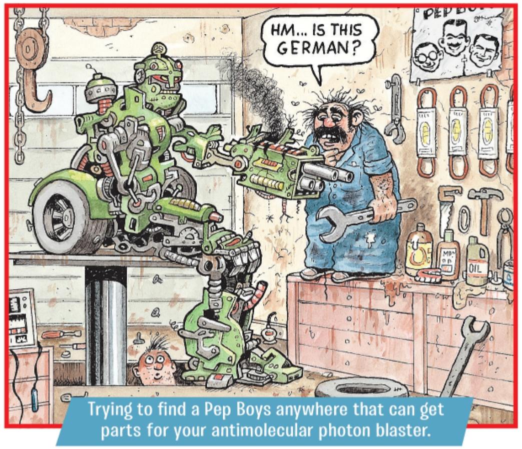


Asking the lazy-ass gas station attendant to 'do the windshield'- and then stumbling into battle with a blurry, grease-streaked visor.

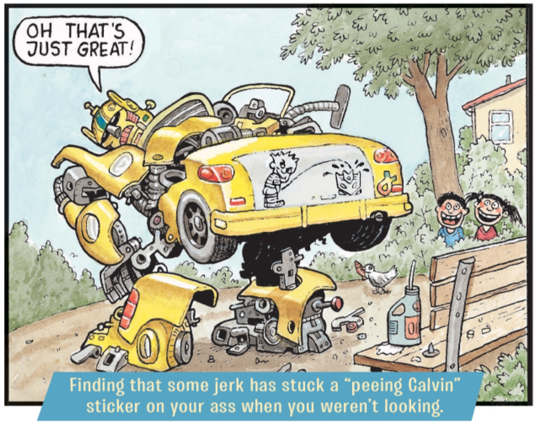

OHH GOD, THIS CAN'T GO ON!!

The deep, deep shame that comes every time your interplanetary loneliness leads you to make out with an VW Beetle.

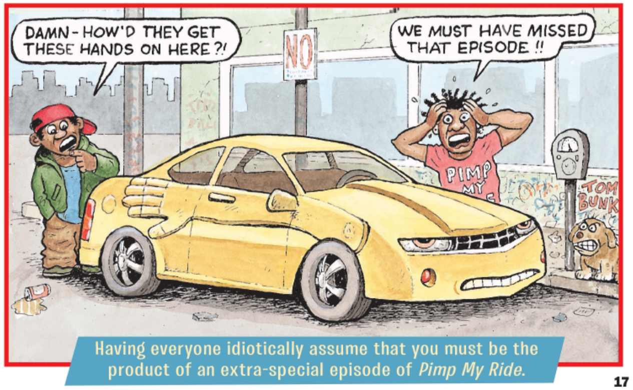
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #480, AUG 2007


HM... IS THIS GERMAN?
OIL

Trying to find a Pep Boys anywhere that can get parts for your antimolecular photon blaster.

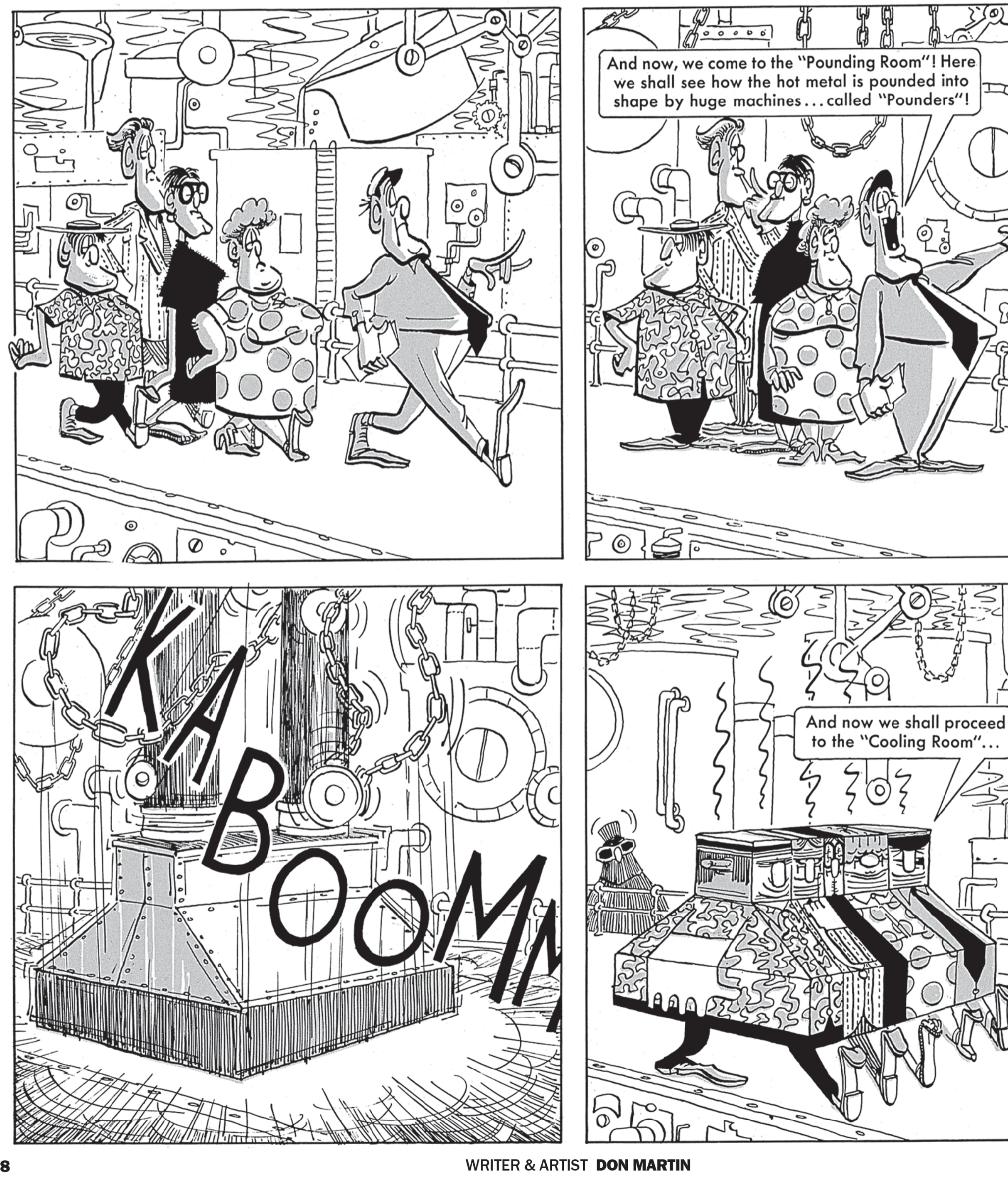

OH THAT'S JUST GREAT!

Finding that some jerk has stuck a "peeing Calvin" sticker on your ass when you weren't looking.


DAMN-HOW'D THEY GET THESE HANDS ON HERE?!
WE MUST HAVE MISSED THAT EPISODE!!
NO
PIMP MY
TOM BUNK

Having everyone idiotically assume that you must be the product of an extra-special episode of *Pimp My Ride.*

A GUIDED TOUR THROUGH A STEEL FOUNDRY


And now, we come to the "Pounding Room"! Here we shall see how the hot metal is pounded into shape by huge machines . . . called "Pounders"!
KABOOMM
And now we shall proceed to the "Cooling Room". . .
D. MARTIN

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #62, APR 1961

WRITER & ARTIST **DON MARTIN**

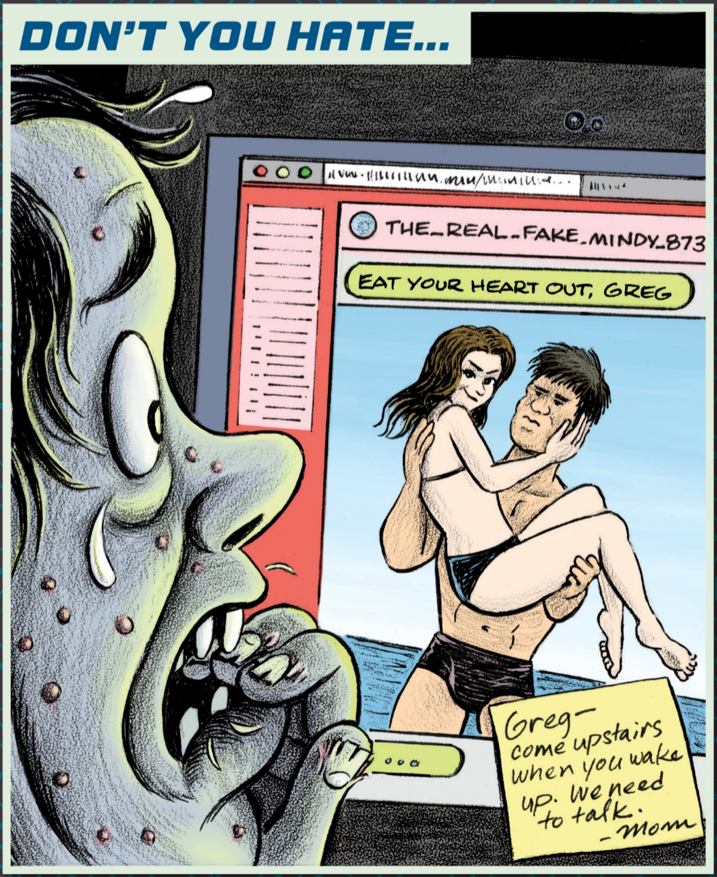
SHAT GPT DEPT.

Hey, gang! Here we go with another MAD Hate Book, a little literary gem to help you blow off steam about your pet grievances. This one's for those who not only embrace all the tech advancements that come our way but truly take advantage of them. It's...

THE MAD ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE HATE BOOK

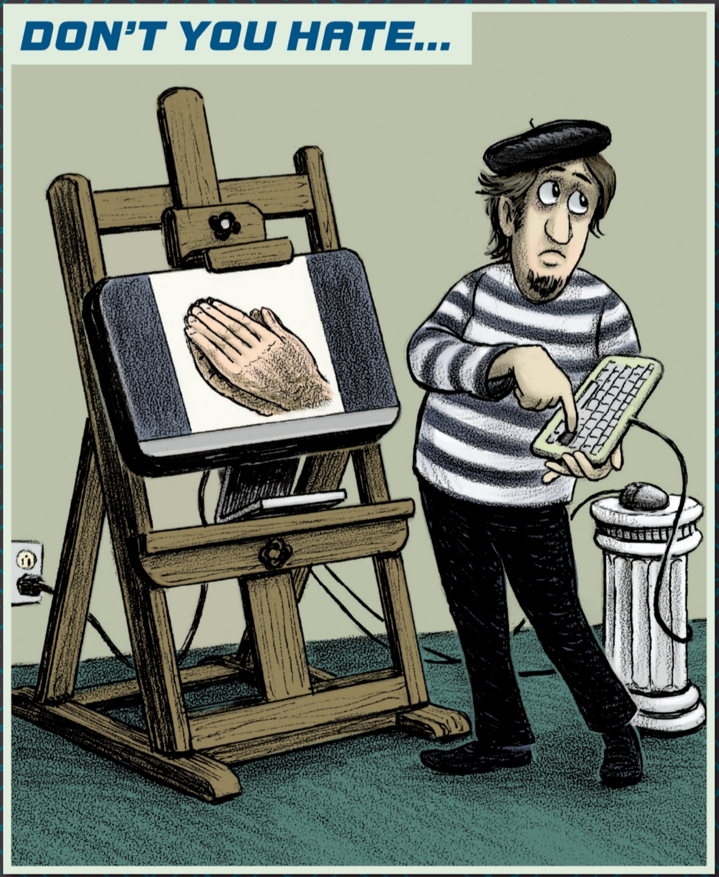
WRITER & ARTIST **JOHNNY SAMPSON**

DON'T YOU HATE...

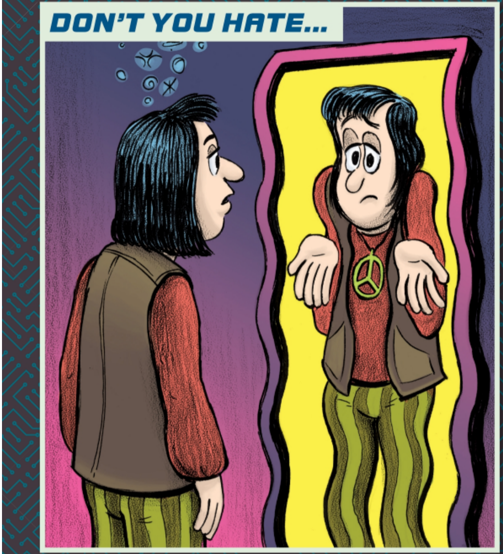

THE_REAL_FAKE_MINDY_873
EAT YOUR HEART OUT, GREG
Greg— come upstairs when you wake up. We need to talk. —Mom

...when the deepfake you made of your ex-girlfriend starts seeing other guys?

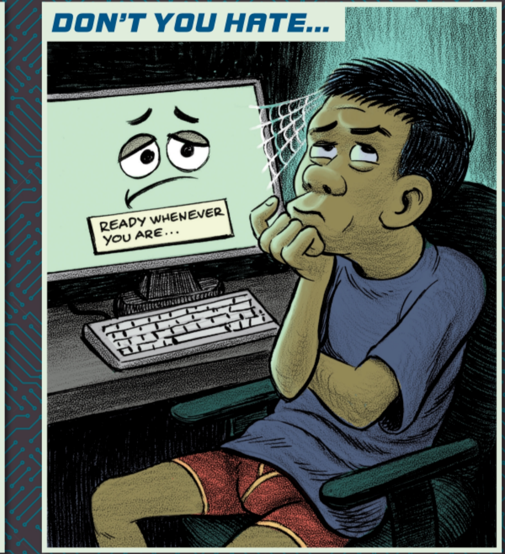
DON'T YOU HATE...



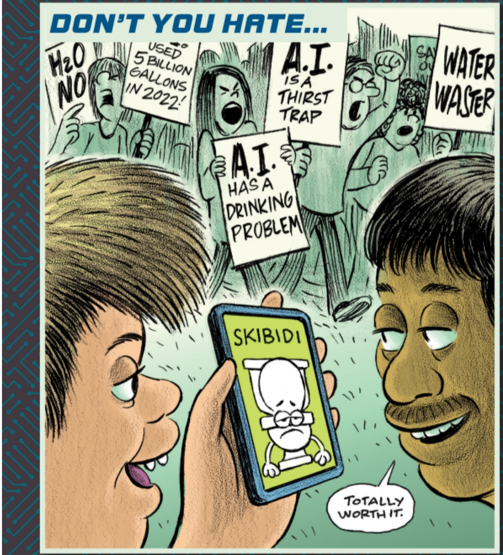
...when people don't recognize your skill as an A.I. artist?


DON'T YOU HATE...

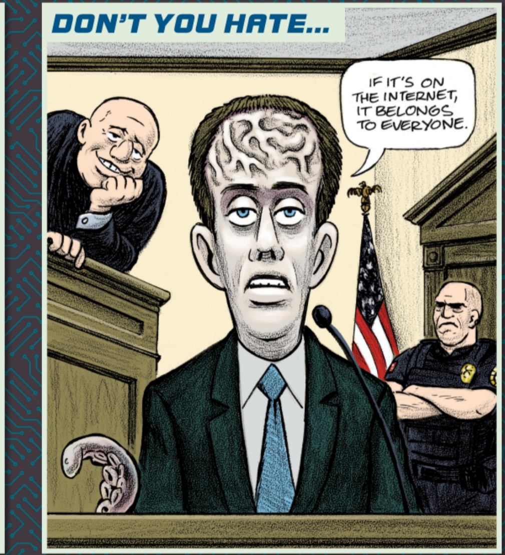
...how A.I. hallucinations are cooler than any you've ever had?


DON'T YOU HATE...
READY WHENEVER YOU ARE...

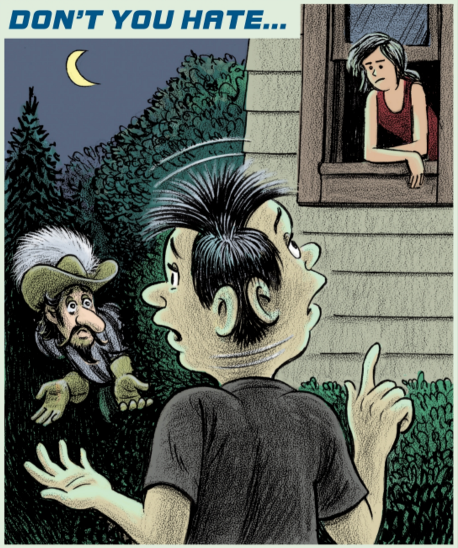
...when you can't think of any good prompts for A.I. to write your final term paper?


DON'T YOU HATE...
H2O NO
USED 5 BILLION GALLONS IN 2022!
A.I. IS A THIRST TRAP
WATER WASTER
A.I. HAS A DRINKING PROBLEM
SKIBIDI
TOTALLY WORTH IT.

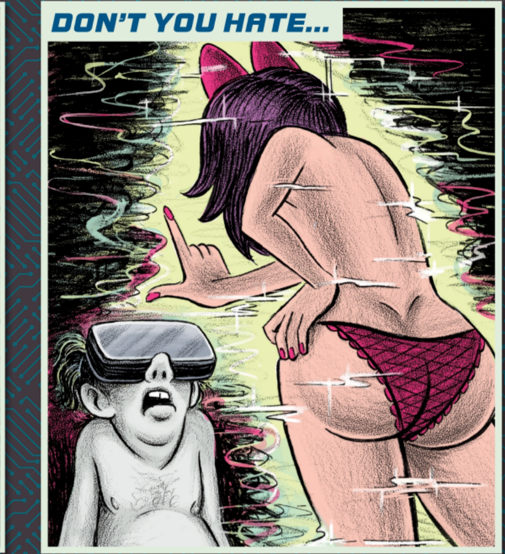
...worrywarts who fret about how much water A.I. servers use for every dank meme you make?


DON'T YOU HATE...
IF IT'S ON THE INTERNET, IT BELONGS TO EVERYONE.

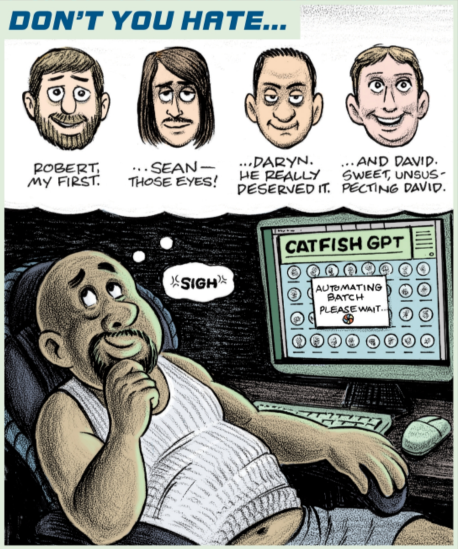
...when your tech company is sued for using millions of "copyrighted" images without permission?


DON'T YOU HATE...

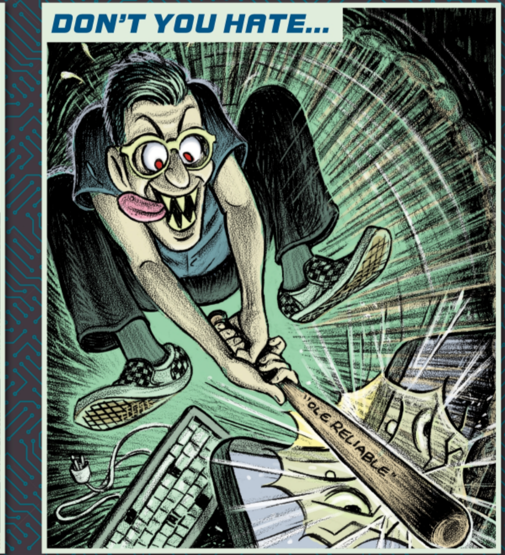
...when you don't have access to a chatbot and actually have to think for yourself?


DON'T YOU HATE...

...how your virtual date is so realistic even she thinks you're a loser?


DON'T YOU HATE...
ROBERT. MY FIRST.
...SEAN— THOSE EYES!
...DARYN. HE REALLY DESERVED IT.
...AND DAVID. SWEET, UNSUSPECTING DAVID.
SIGH
CATFISH GPT
AUTOMATING BATCH PLEASE WAIT...

...how A.I. makes catfishing easier, but you just don't feel that special connection anymore?


DON'T YOU HATE...
"OLE RELIABLE"

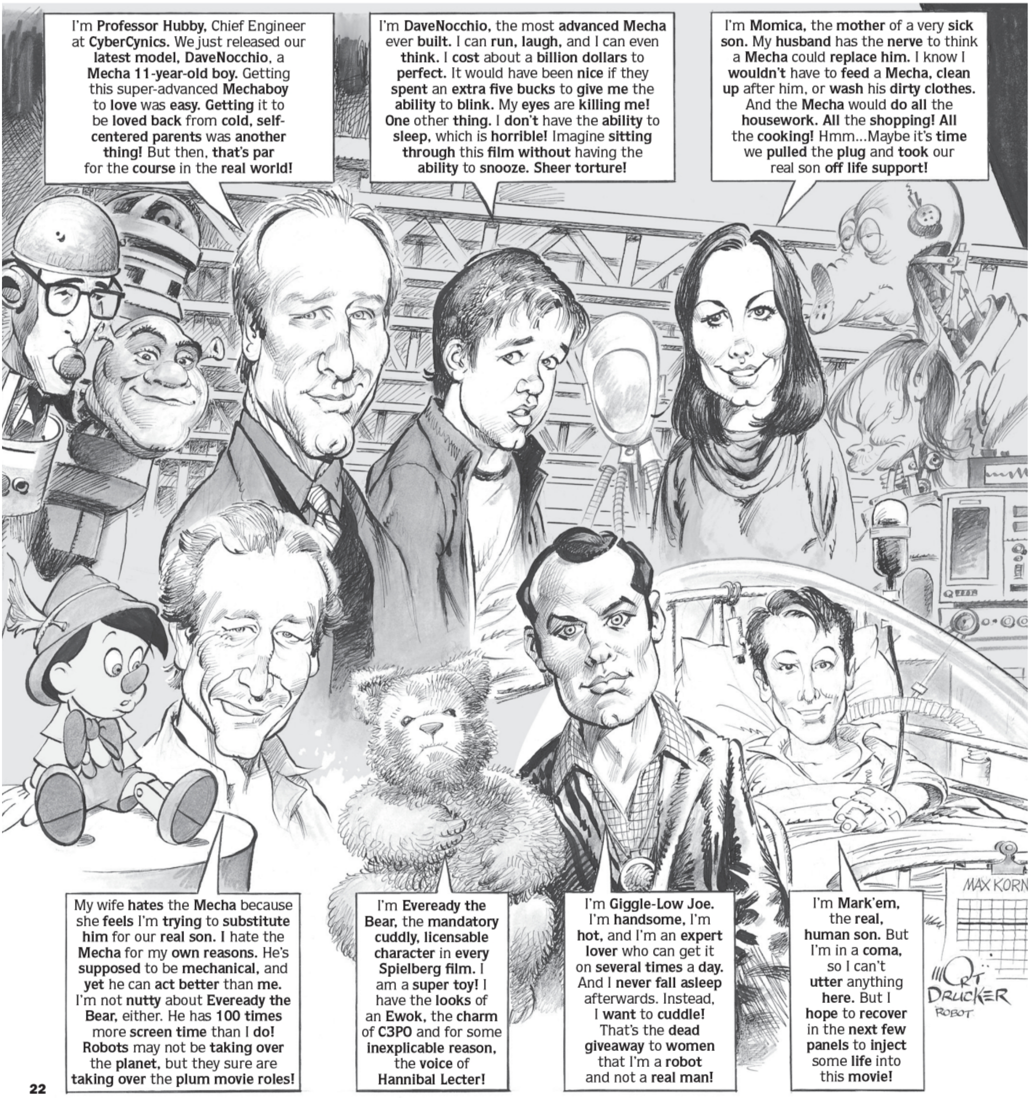
...how A.I. was supposed to make life easier but so far it's been the opposite?

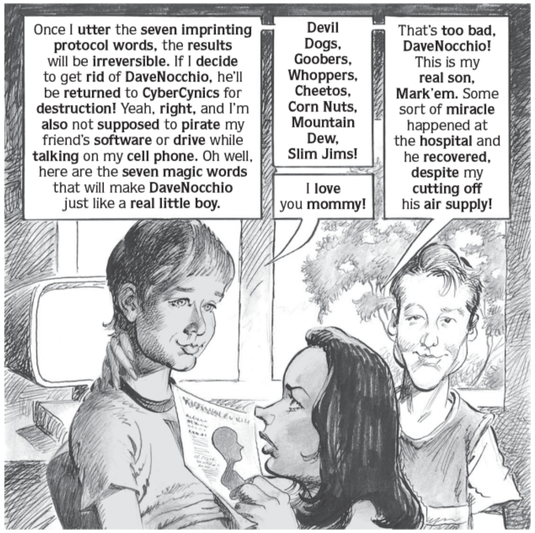
THE FAMILY CIRCUITS DEPT.

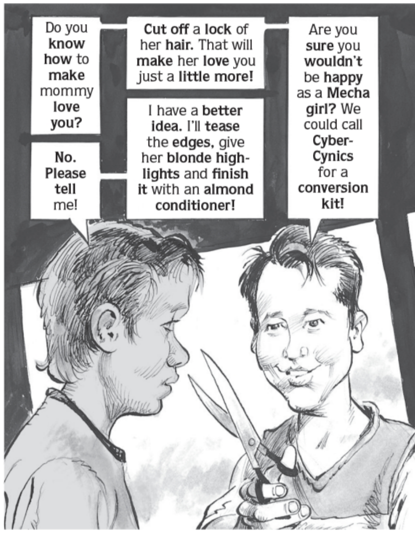
A.I. ABSOLUTE IDIOCY

WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO**
ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**

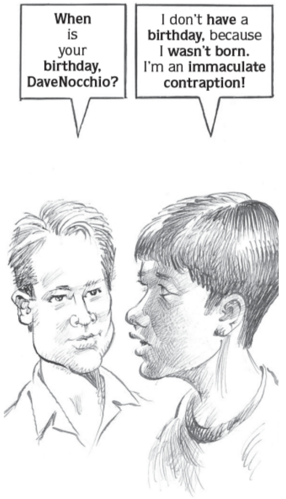
It's the Spielberg-by-way-of-Kubrick theory that in the future, in order to keep the world's population down, people will be offered a stark choice: either don't have children, or adopt robotic ones. The good news is that the robotic runts are life-like, loving and already toilet trained! The bad news is that they get on your nerves from day one, never grow up and never move out of the house—which is why the very idea of taking one of these little buggers home is the sheer height of…

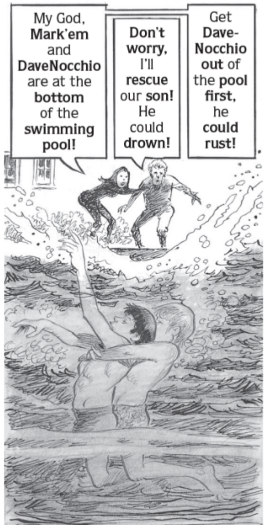

I'm **Professor Hubby,** Chief Engineer at **CyberCynics.** We just released our **latest model, DaveNocchio,** a **Mecha 11-year-old boy.** Getting this super-advanced **Mechaboy** to **love** was **easy. Getting** it to be **loved back** from **cold, self-centered parents** was **another thing!** But then, **that's par** for the **course** in the **real world!**
I'm **DaveNocchio,** the most **advanced Mecha** ever **built.** I can **run, laugh,** and I can even **think.** I **cost** about a **billion dollars** to **perfect.** It would have been **nice** if they **spent** an **extra five bucks** to **give me** the **ability** to **blink.** My **eyes** are **killing me! One** other **thing.** I **don't** have the **ability** to **sleep,** which is **horrible!** Imagine **sitting through** this **film without** having the **ability** to **snooze. Sheer torture!**
I'm **Momica,** the **mother** of a very **sick son.** My **husband** has the **nerve** to think a **Mecha** could **replace him.** I know I **wouldn't** have to **feed** a **Mecha, clean up** after him, or **wash** his **dirty clothes.** And the **Mecha** would **do all** the **housework. All** the **shopping! All** the **cooking!** Hmm…Maybe it's **time** we **pulled** the **plug** and **took** our real son **off life support!**
My wife **hates** the **Mecha** because she **feels** I'm **trying** to **substitute him** for our **real son.** I hate the **Mecha** for my **own reasons.** He's **supposed** to be **mechanical,** and **yet** he can **act better** than **me.** I'm not **nutty** about **Eveready the Bear,** either. He has **100 times** more **screen time** than I **do! Robots** may not be **taking over** the **planet,** but they sure are **taking over** the **plum movie roles!**
I'm **Eveready the Bear,** the **mandatory cuddly, licensable character** in **every Spielberg film.** I am a **super toy!** I have the **looks** of an **Ewok,** the **charm** of **C3PO** and for some **inexplicable reason,** the **voice** of **Hannibal Lecter!**
I'm **Giggle-Low Joe.** I'm **handsome,** I'm **hot,** and I'm an **expert lover** who can get it on **several times** a **day.** And I **never fall asleep** afterwards. Instead, I **want to cuddle!** That's the **dead giveaway** to **women** that I'm a **robot** and not a **real man!**
I'm **Mark'em,** the **real, human son.** But I'm in a **coma,** so I can't **utter** anything **here.** But I **hope** to **recover** in the **next few panels** to **inject** some **life** into this **movie!**
MAX KORN
MORT DRUCKER ROBOT

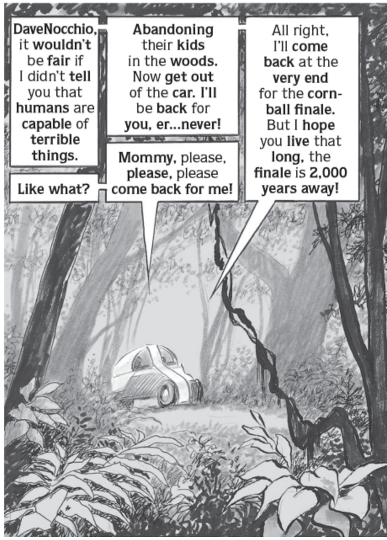

Once I **utter** the **seven imprinting protocol words,** the **results** will be **irreversible.** If I **decide** to get **rid** of **DaveNocchio,** he'll be **returned** to **CyberCynics** for **destruction!** Yeah, **right,** and I'm **also** not **supposed** to **pirate** my friend's **software** or **drive** while **talking** on my **cell phone.** Oh well, here are the **seven magic words** that will make **DaveNocchio** just like a **real little boy.**
Devil Dogs, Goobers, Whoppers, Cheetos, Corn Nuts, Mountain Dew, Slim Jims!
I **love** you **mommy!**
That's **too bad, DaveNocchio!** This is my **real son, Mark'em.** Some sort of **miracle** happened at the **hospital** and he **recovered, despite** my **cutting off** his **air supply!**

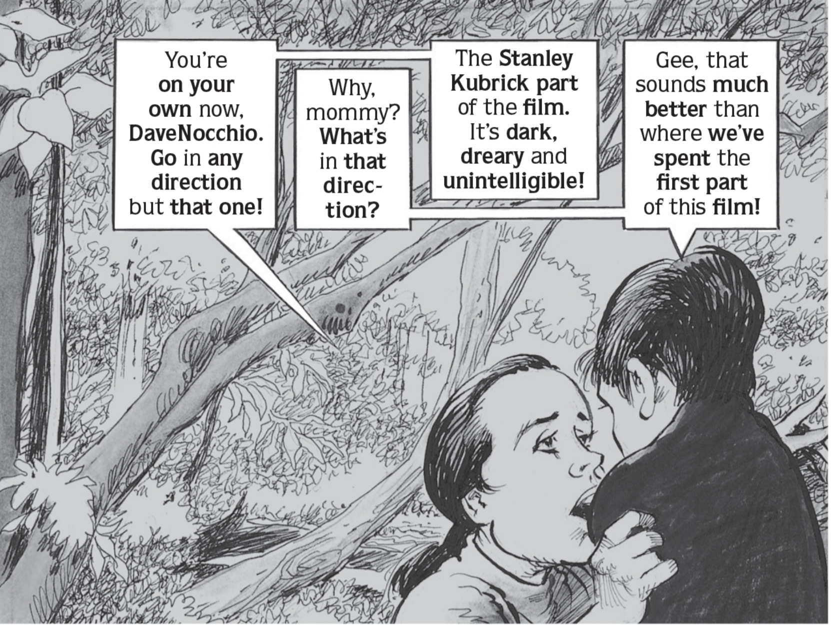

Do you **know** how to **make** mommy **love** you?
No. Please tell me!
Cut off a **lock** of her **hair.** That will **make** her **love** you just a **little more!**
I have a **better idea.** I'll **tease** the **edges,** give her **blonde high-lights** and **finish** it with an **almond conditioner!**
Are you **sure** you **wouldn't** be **happy** as a **Mecha girl?** We could call **Cyber-Cynics** for a **conversion kit!**

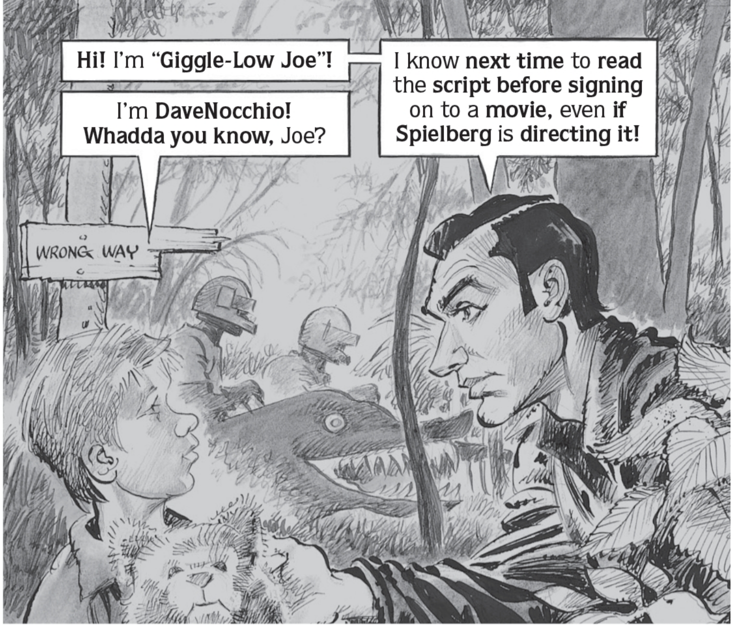
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #410, OCT 2001

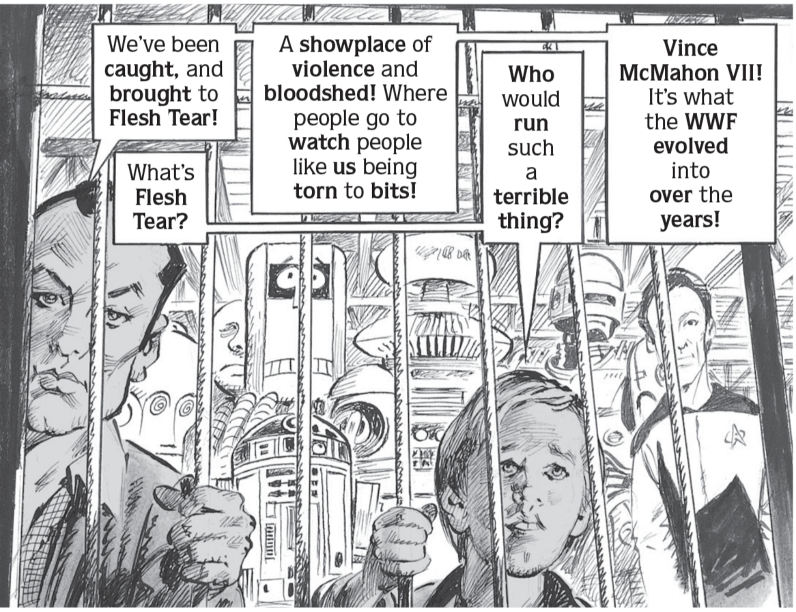

When is your **birthday, DaveNocchio?**
I don't **have** a **birthday,** because I **wasn't born.** I'm an **immaculate contraption!**

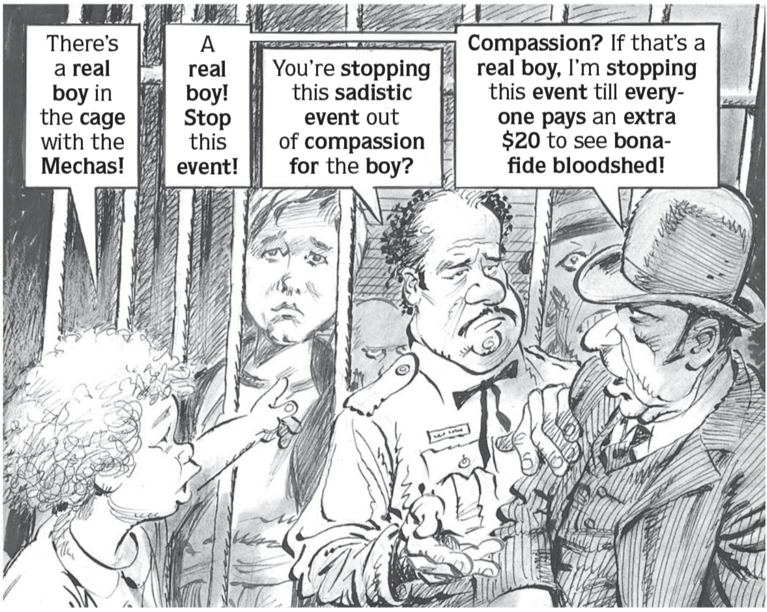

My God, **Mark'em** and **DaveNocchio** are at the **bottom** of the **swimming pool!**
Don't worry, I'll **rescue** our **son!** He **could drown!**
Get **Dave-Nocchio out** of the **pool first,** he **could rust!**

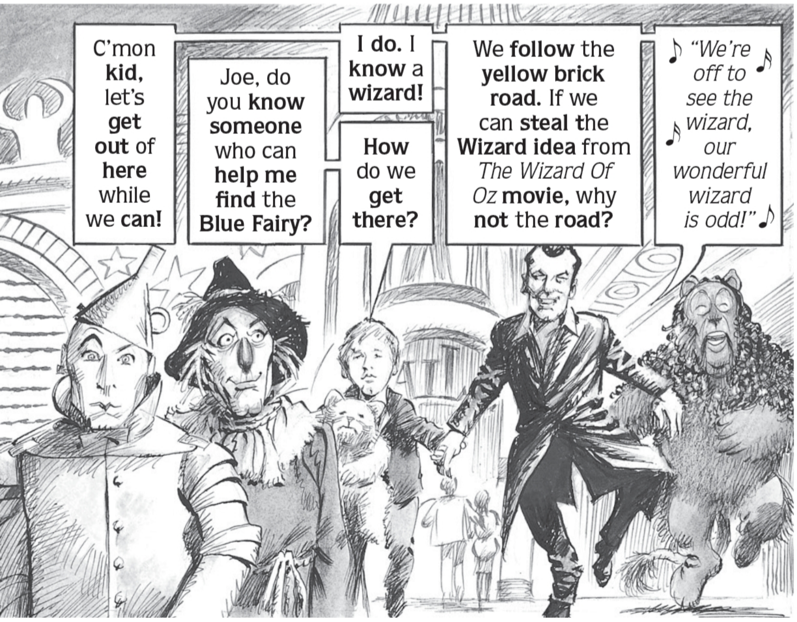

DaveNocchio, it **wouldn't** be **fair** if I didn't **tell** you that **humans** are **capable** of **terrible things.**
Like what?
Abandoning their **kids** in the **woods.** Now **get out** of the **car. I'll** be **back** for **you, er…never!**
Mommy, please, **please,** please **come back for me!**
All right, I'll **come back** at the **very end** for the **corn-ball finale.** But I **hope** you **live** that **long,** the **finale** is **2,000 years away!**

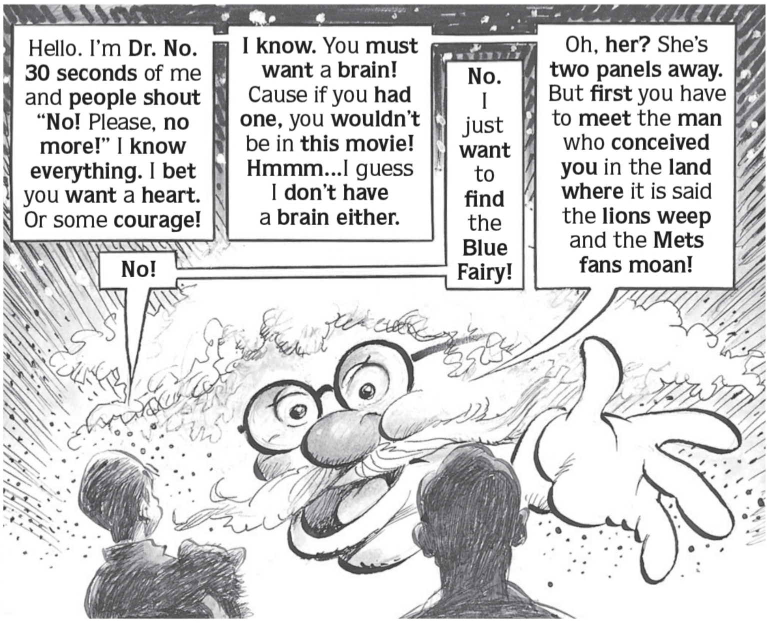

You're on your own now, DaveNocchio. Go in any direction but that one!
Why, mommy? What's in that direction?
The Stanley Kubrick part of the film. It's dark, dreary and unintelligible!
Gee, that sounds much better than where we've spent the first part of this film!


Hi! I'm "Giggle-Low Joe"!
I'm DaveNocchio! Whadda you know, Joe?
I know next time to read the script before signing on to a movie, even if Spielberg is directing it!
WRONG WAY


We've been caught, and brought to Flesh Tear!
What's Flesh Tear?
A showplace of violence and bloodshed! Where people go to watch people like us being torn to bits!
Who would run such a terrible thing?
Vince McMahon VII! It's what the WWF evolved into over the years!

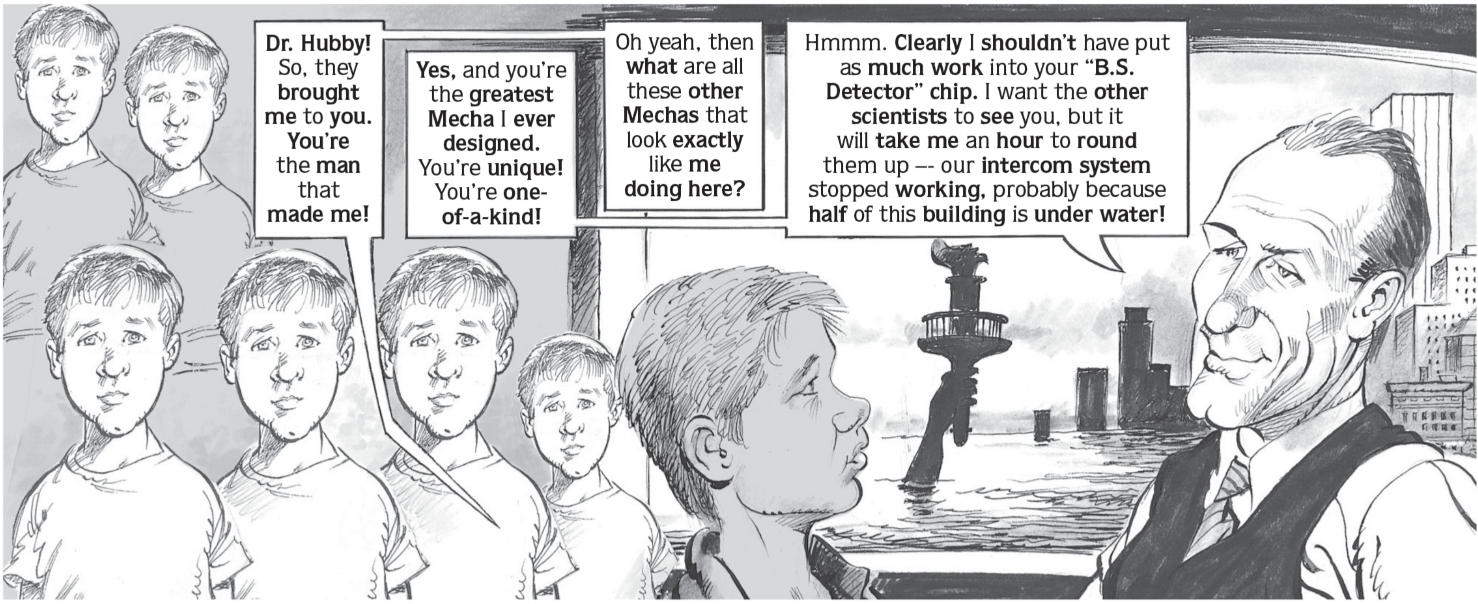

There's a real boy in the cage with the Mechas!
A real boy! Stop this event!
You're stopping this sadistic event out of compassion for the boy?
Compassion? If that's a real boy, I'm stopping this event till everyone pays an extra $20 to see bonafide bloodshed!

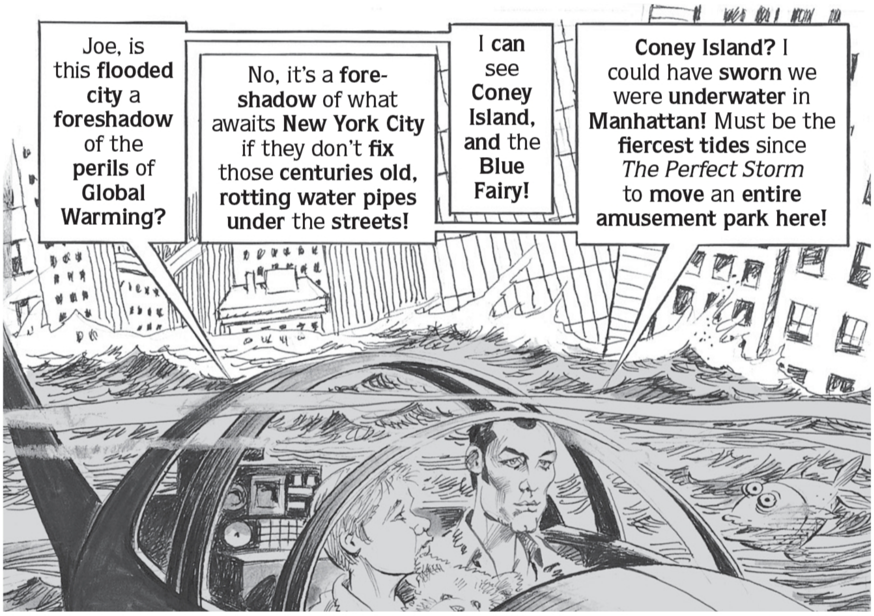

C'mon kid, let's get out of here while we can!
Joe, do you know someone who can help me find the Blue Fairy?
I do. I know a wizard!
How do we get there?
We follow the yellow brick road. If we can steal the Wizard idea from The Wizard Of Oz movie, why not the road?
♪ "We're off to see the wizard, our wonderful wizard is odd!" ♪

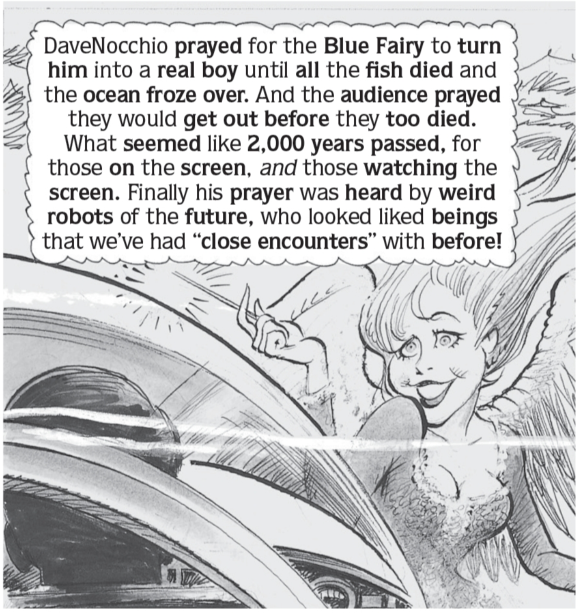

Hello. I'm Dr. No. 30 seconds of me and people shout "No! Please, no more!" I know everything. I bet you want a heart. Or some courage!
No!
I know. You must want a brain! Cause if you had one, you wouldn't be in this movie! Hmmm...I guess I don't have a brain either.
No. I just want to find the Blue Fairy!
Oh, her? She's two panels away. But first you have to meet the man who conceived you in the land where it is said the lions weep and the Mets fans moan!

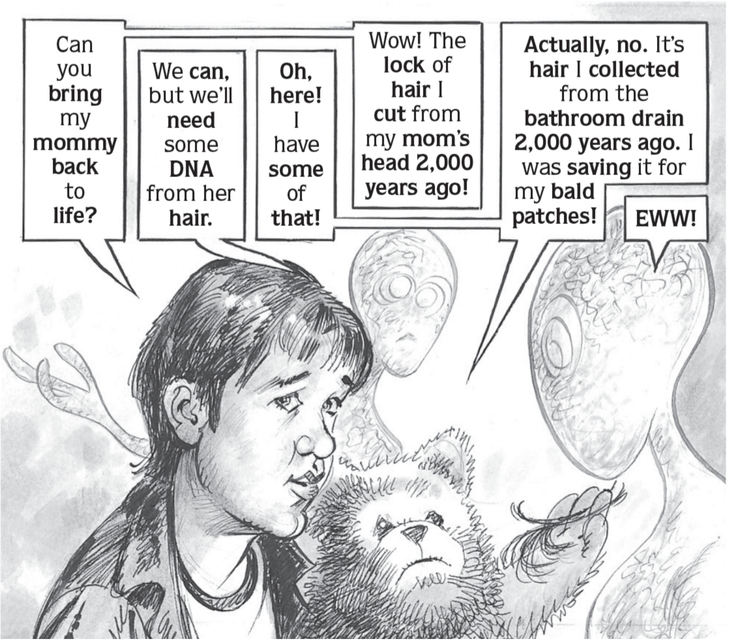
RODEO

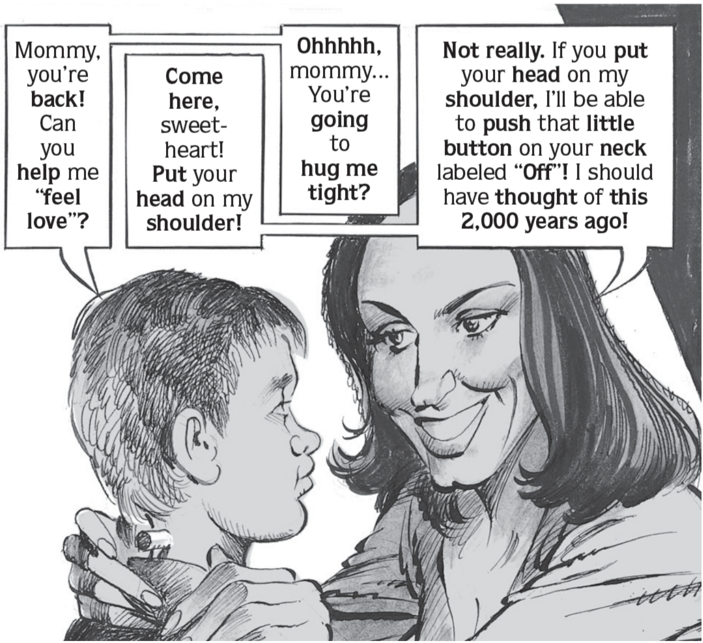
FISHING TACKLE


Dr. Hubby! So, they **brought me** to **you. You're** the **man** that **made me!**
Yes, and you're the **greatest Mecha** I **ever designed.** You're **unique!** You're **one-of-a-kind!**
Oh yeah, then **what** are all these **other Mechas** that look **exactly** like **me doing here?**
Hmmm. **Clearly** I **shouldn't** have put as **much work** into your **"B.S. Detector" chip.** I want the **other scientists** to **see** you, but it will **take me** an **hour** to **round** them up –– our **intercom system** stopped **working,** probably because **half** of this **building** is **under water!**


Joe, is this **flooded city** a **foreshadow** of the **perils** of **Global Warming?**
No, it's a **fore-shadow** of what awaits **New York City** if they don't **fix** those **centuries old, rotting water pipes under** the **streets!**
I **can** see **Coney Island,** and the **Blue Fairy!**
Coney Island? I could have **sworn** we were **underwater** in **Manhattan!** Must be the **fiercest tides** since *The Perfect Storm* to **move** an **entire amusement park here!**


DaveNocchio **prayed** for the **Blue Fairy** to **turn him** into a **real boy** until **all** the **fish died** and the **ocean froze over.** And the **audience prayed** they would **get out before** they **too died.** What **seemed** like **2,000 years passed,** for those **on** the **screen,** *and* those **watching** the **screen.** Finally his **prayer** was **heard** by **weird robots** of the **future,** who looked liked **beings** that we've had **"close encounters"** with **before!**


Can you **bring** my **mommy back** to **life?**
We **can,** but we'll **need** some **DNA** from her **hair.**
Oh, here! I have **some** of **that!**
Wow! The **lock** of **hair** I **cut** from my **mom's head 2,000 years ago!**
Actually, no. It's **hair** I **collected** from the **bathroom drain 2,000 years ago.** I was **saving** it for my **bald patches!**
EWW!

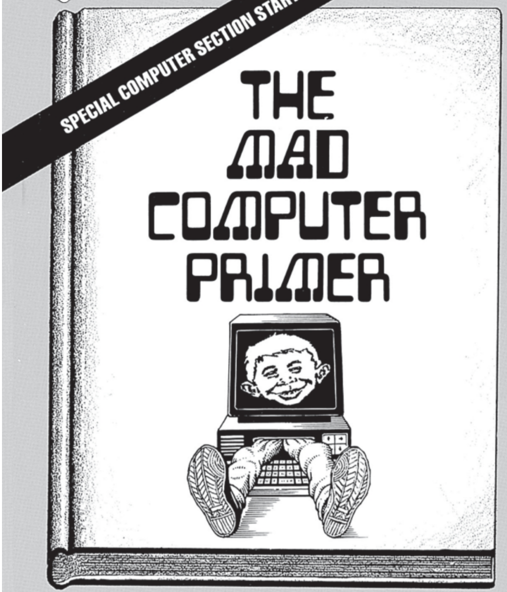

Mommy, you're **back!** Can you **help** me **"feel love"?**
Come here, sweet-heart! **Put** your **head** on my **shoulder!**
Ohhhhh, mommy... You're **going** to **hug me tight?**
Not really. If you **put** your **head** on my **shoulder,** I'll be able to **push** that **little button** on your **neck** labeled **"Off"!** I should have **thought** of **this 2,000 years ago!**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #410, OCT 2001

BITS & P.C.'S DEPT.

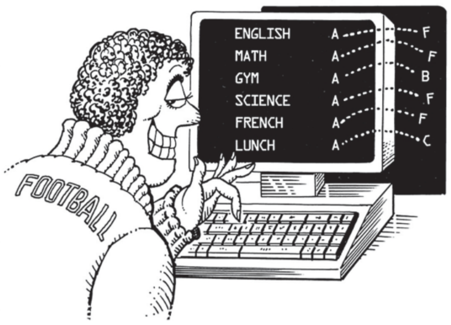
SPECIAL COMPUTER SECTION STARTS HERE!!

THE MAD COMPUTER PRIMER



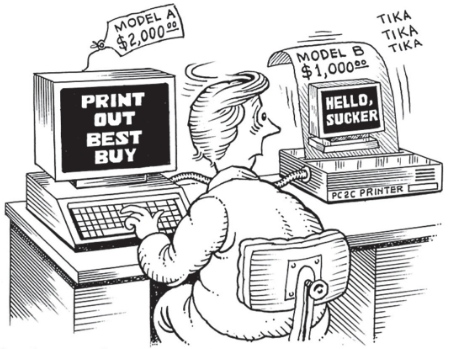
WRITER **JOHN BONI** ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

CHAPTER ONE



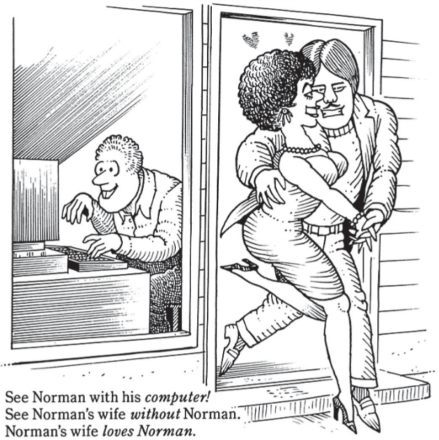
See the *computer expert!*
He spends *all his time* at his computer.
He doesn't spend *any time* studying.
He can't do *math.*
He can barely *read.*
He thinks Huckleberry Finn is a new *ice cream flavor.*
Yet he gets *straight "A's"* in *all* his *courses.*
How does he do this?
Because of his *expertise* with the *computer?*
Yes—but not the way *you think!*
He doesn't have to learn his *subjects.* He's learned something *more important!* Mainly, how to *change his grades* by tapping into the *school's computer!*

CHAPTER TWO



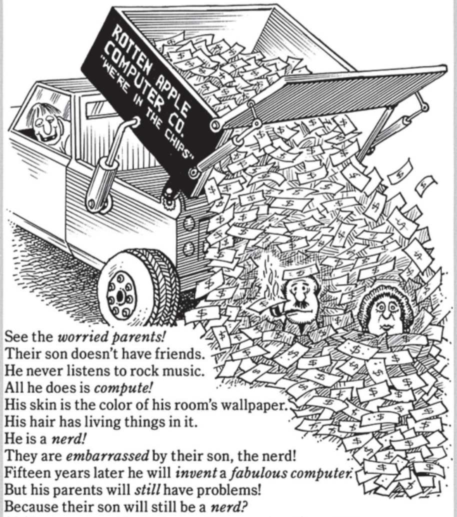
See the *comparison shopper* buying a computer!
He made phone calls.
He talked to friends.
He analyzed the specifications.
He made an intelligent selection.
He only spent two thousand dollars.
The day after he bought his computer, the company came out with a *new model!*
Twice as powerful!
Half the price!
See the comparison shopper comparison *shopping again.*
This time for a *stomach specialist* to help him with his *ulcer!*

CHAPTER THREE



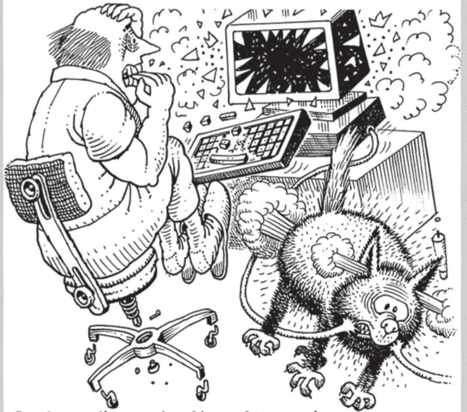
See Norman with his *computer!*
See Norman's wife *without* Norman.
Norman's wife *loves Norman.*
She *doesn't love* his *computer.*
Norman spent *more time* with his *computer* than with his *wife.*
They fought about it a lot.
Then the problem was *solved.*
Norman's wife learned to *love computers* too.
Through a *computer dating service,* she found herself a great *boyfriend!*

CHAPTER FOUR



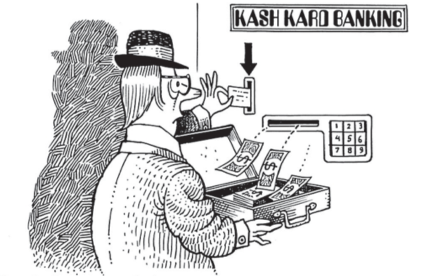
See the *worried parents!*
Their son doesn't have friends.
He never listens to rock music.
All he does is *compute!*
His skin is the color of his room's wallpaper.
His hair has living things in it.
He is a *nerd!*
They are *embarrassed* by their son, the nerd!
Fifteen years later he will *invent* a *fabulous computer.*
But his parents will *still* have problems!
Because their son will still be a *nerd?*
No! Because they'll still have problems *spending all the money* his company makes!

CHAPTER FIVE



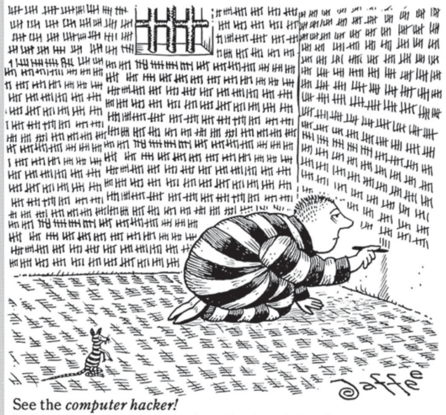
See the *novelist* at work on his *word processor!*
See his *faithful dog,* Fang.
The novelist is *struggling* to write a *difficult chapter.*
Fang is *struggling* through the *computer cord.*
The novelist finally completes the *difficult chapter.*
Fang finally bites through the *computer cord.*
The novelist's difficult chapter *disappears forever!*
So does his faithful dog, Fang!

CHAPTER SIX



See the *home computer!*
It only costs seven hundred dollars.
See the man who has withdrawn seven hundred dollars from his bank to *buy that computer.*
Then he learned that price doesn't include the printer.
Nor does it include the printer paper.
It doesn't include the ribbons.
Or the connector cable.
Ditto the monitor, the software, the disks, the dust cover, or the surge suppressor.
It doesn't include two hours instruction.
All that *extra stuff costs extra.*
See the man at the *bank.*
He's quickly becoming a *computer expert!*
With the *home computer* he bought?
No, with the *bank computer* he uses to make all his *withdrawals!*

CHAPTER SEVEN



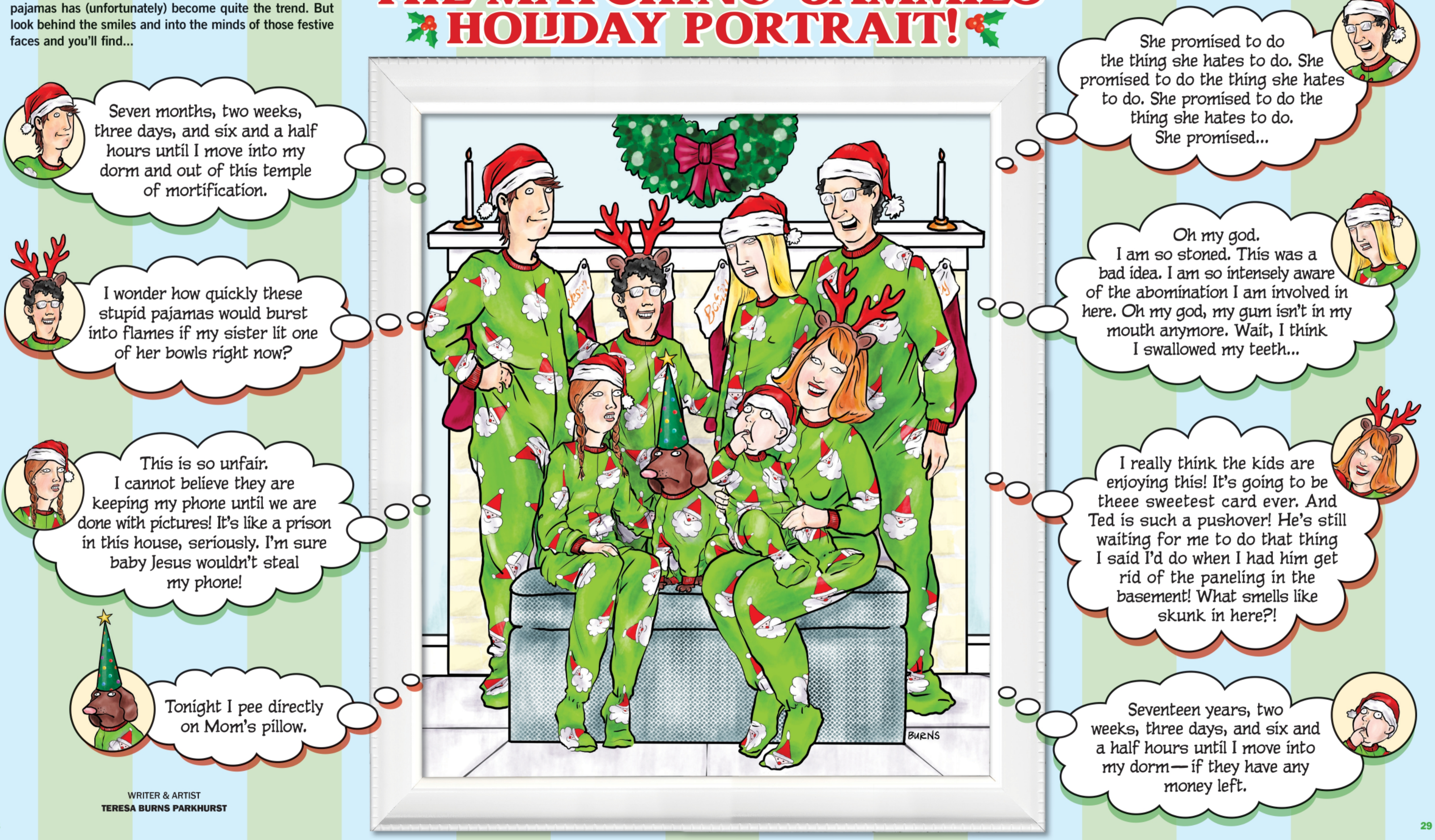
See the *computer hacker!*
He had *fun* tapping into banks, schools and data bases.
He had *fun* changing things around.
He had *fun* changing some patient's *prescription* in a *hospital computer* and sent the patient into a *coma.*
Now the hacker's having fun in *prison!*
How come?
He's still *computing!* How many days are there in a *ninety year sentence!?*

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #258, OCT 1985

A PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND GRRRS DEPT.

WHAT LIES BEHIND THE MATCHING-JAMMIES HOLIDAY PORTRAIT!

Ah, the holidays. The anticipation, the jubilation, the family relations, and now the humiliation. Yes, the Christmas card featuring the whole fam wearing the same merry pajamas has (unfortunately) become quite the trend. But look behind the smiles and into the minds of those festive faces and you'll find...

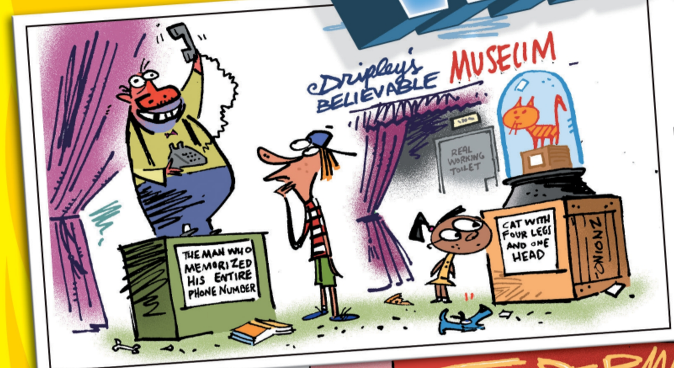

Seven months, two weeks, three days, and six and a half hours until I move into my dorm and out of this temple of mortification.
I wonder how quickly these stupid pajamas would burst into flames if my sister lit one of her bowls right now?
This is so unfair. I cannot believe they are keeping my phone until we are done with pictures! It's like a prison in this house, seriously. I'm sure baby Jesus wouldn't steal my phone!
Tonight I pee directly on Mom's pillow.
She promised to do the thing she hates to do. She promised to do the thing she hates to do. She promised to do the thing she hates to do. She promised...
Oh my god. I am so stoned. This was a bad idea. I am so intensely aware of the abomination I am involved in here. Oh my god, my gum isn't in my mouth anymore. Wait, I think I swallowed my teeth...
I really think the kids are enjoying this! It's going to be theee sweetest card ever. And Ted is such a pushover! He's still waiting for me to do that thing I said I'd do when I had him get rid of the paneling in the basement! What smells like skunk in here?!
Seventeen years, two weeks, three days, and six and a half hours until I move into my dorm—if they have any money left.
BURNS

WRITER & ARTIST
TERESA BURNS PARKHURST

ICE DEAL BREAKERS DEPT.

Where Not to Go on Your WINTER BREAK VACATION

WRITER **JEFF KRUSE**
ARTIST **BOB STAAKE**

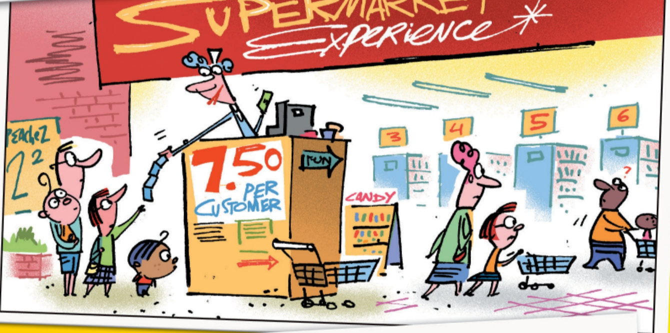

THE MAN WHO MEMORIZED HIS ENTIRE PHONE NUMBER
Dripley's BELIEVABLE MUSEUM
REAL WORKING TOILET
CAT WITH FOUR LEGS AND ONE HEAD

DRIPLEY'S BELIEVABLE MUSEUM

Springfield, Missouri

Prepare to **not** be amazed as you see a life-sized replica of a cat born with four legs and one head, a photo of a rock shaped exactly like a stone, and much, much more.

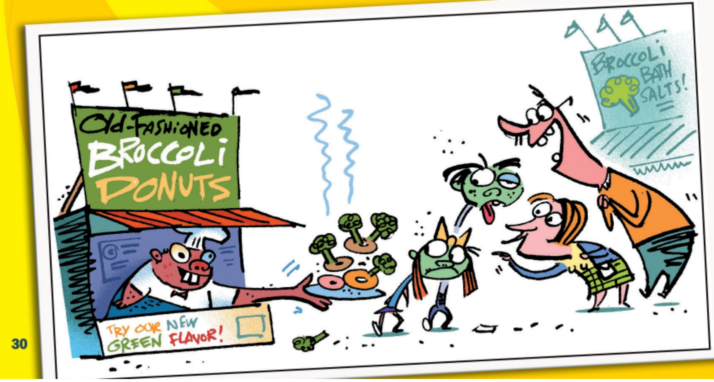
There's also a small auditorium where you can watch films about non-incredible people, such as the man who memorized his entire phone number.The gift shop sells many ordinary items, including a T-shirt with the museum's slogan, "You Will Believe." Well, we can't argue with that.


SUPERMARKET Experience
7.50 PER CUSTOMER
CANDY
3
4
5
6

THE SUPERMARKET EXPERIENCE

Henderson, Nevada

This interactive, 3-D attraction puts visitors in a modern retail food setting, where they push metal carts through aisles displaying products that can be held, examined, and even purchased! Okay, it's really just a plain, boring supermarket, except this one charges you $7.50 to get in.

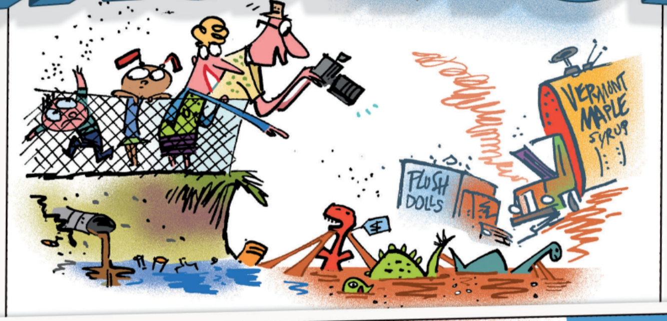

Old-Fashioned BROCCOLI DONUTS
BROCCOLI BATH SALTS!
TRY OUR NEW GREEN FLAVOR!

BROCCO-FEST

Happy Valley, Oregon

Every year, this festival pays tribute to the world's least-favorite vegetable. Visit over 50 booths run by folks who have nothing better to do than make stuff out of broccoli. You can try broccoli pie, broccoli ice cream, even broccoli dog food.

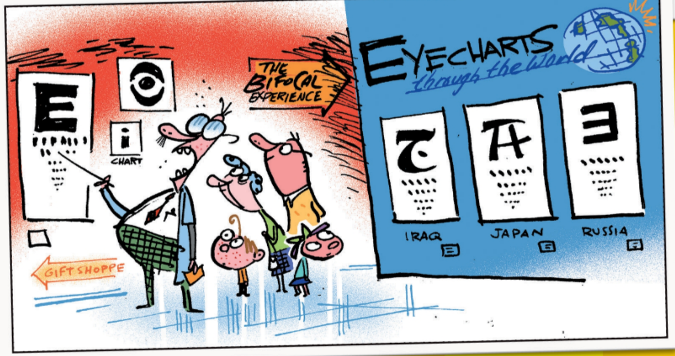
Also, each year, they honor a young lady as "Miss Brocco-Fest," and you really don't want to see her. The festival mails out color brochures every January, so if you get one in the mail, do not let your parents see it.


VERMONT MAPLE SYRUP
PLUSH DOLLS

THE DINO PITS

Watonga, Oklahoma

The Dino Pits were formed long, long ago, in 2003, when a truck carrying stuffed toy dinosaurs crashed into a truck carrying maple syrup. There's no cool T-Rex bones or bubbling tar, just a big, sticky mess on the side of the road. You might enjoy this spot if you like flies, however. There's lots of those.

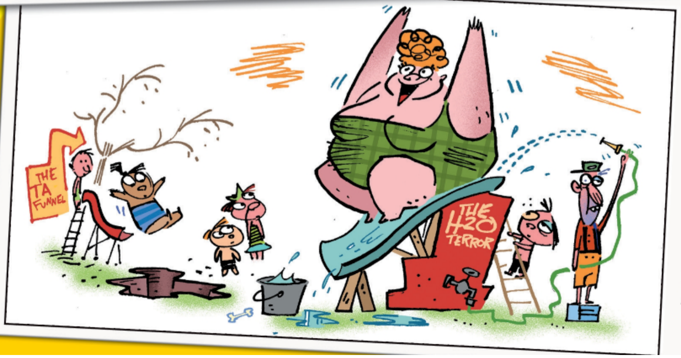

EYECHARTS through the World
THE BIFOCAL EXPERIENCE
CHART
GIFT SHOPPE
IRAQ
JAPAN
RUSSIA

OPTOMETRIST LAND

Akron, OH

A theme park devoted to those guys who make you read eye charts? **Yes!** Tour guides dressed as optometrists lead visitors on a tour of current and antique eye charts. A newly-opened wing spotlights eye charts from around the world.

Park guests may take the tour twice—once with their left eye closed and once with their right eye closed. The gift shop only sells eyeglass frames, lenses and contact lenses, but when you make your choice, you have to wait about an hour.

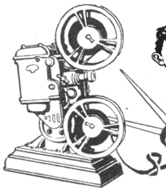

THE TA FUNNEL
THE H2O TERROR

TAPWATER WORLD

Ocean Beach, Florida

Voted **"The Least-Exciting Water Park in North America,"** Tapwater World actually brags about having "the world's shortest water slides." All of them are about six feet long, don't twist around, and end up in a small ditch filled with tapwater (that's where the name comes from). Our advice: stay home and take a long soak in your tub — you'll have just as much fun.

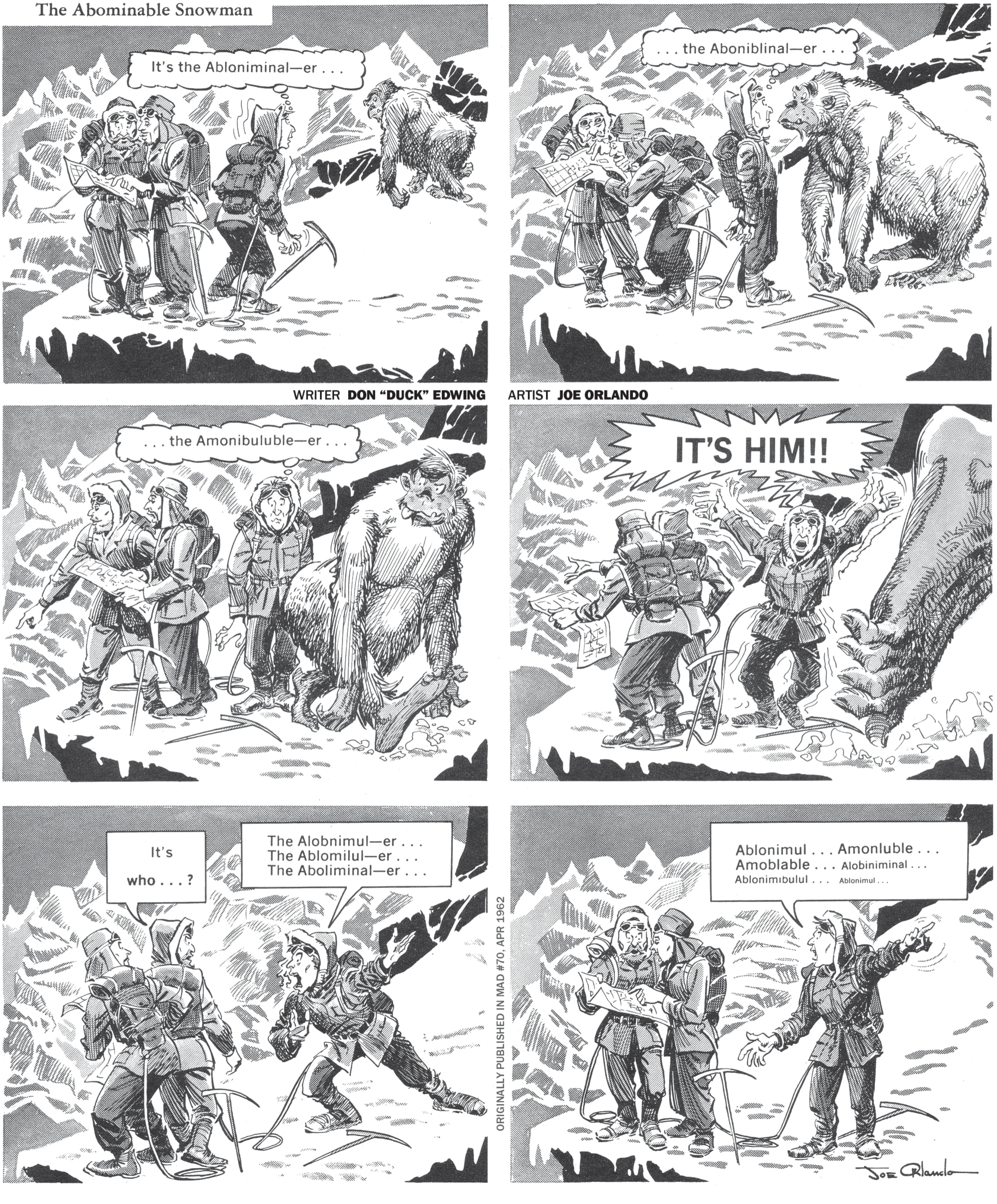
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD KIDS #14, MAR 2009



FREEZE FRAME DEPT.

Scenes We'd Like to See

The Abominable Snowman

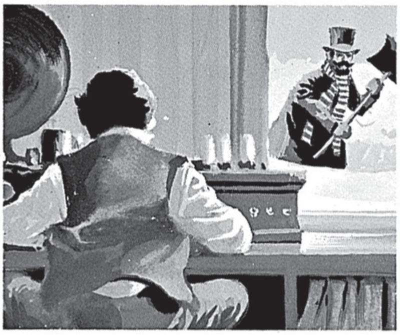

It's the Ablonimінal—er . . .
. . . the Aboniblinal—er . . .
. . . the Amonibuluble—er . . .
IT'S HIM!!
It's who . . . ?
The Alobnimul—er . . .
The Ablomilul—er . . .
The Aboliminal—er . . .
Ablonimul . . . Amonluble . . .
Amoblable . . . Alobiniminal . . .
Ablonimibulul . . . Ablonimul . . .
Joe Orlando

WRITER **DON "DUCK" EDWING** ARTIST **JOE ORLANDO**

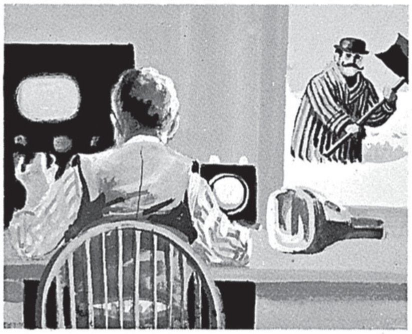
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #70, APR 1962

GETTING THE DRIFT DEPT.

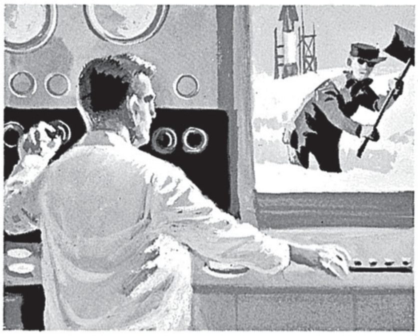
In 1897, Marconi invented the first wireless radio, which enabled man to transmit his voice across space . . . while Sidney L. Kvetch was clearing his snow-covered walk with a shovel.



In 1923, V. K. Zworykin invented the image iconoscope, which enabled man to transmit pictures across space—while Sidney L. Kvetch Jr. cleared his snow-covered walk with a shovel.



In 1961, Wernher Von Braun developed a missile program which enabled man to transmit himself across space—while Sidney L. Kvetch III cleared his snow-covered walk with a shovel.



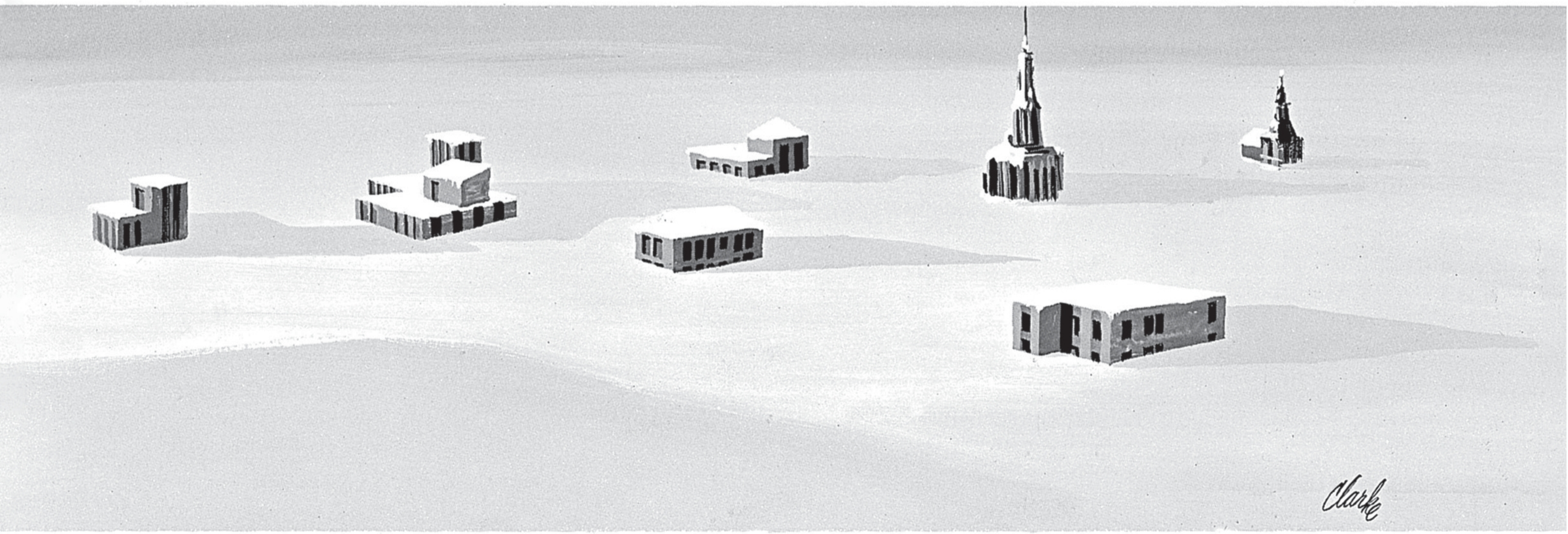
THIS IS KNOWN AS PROGRESS!

Nowadays, the only people who enjoy snowfalls are children, poets and nuts. The rest of us find it a drag. Northern communities suffer most because snow snarls traffic, wrecks business, and fills the streets with dirty wet slop. And how do we remove snow in this modern space age? Why, with that ingenious device, of course—the man with the shovel! Actually, this method succeeds in removing more people than snow, when you consider the number of heart attacks suffered by shovelers. However, there are great humanitarians hard at work solving this problem . . . recognizing that there's plenty of dough to be made if they can come up with an invention which would be the answer to—

MORE EFFICIENT SNOW REMOVAL

WRITER **AL JAFFEE** ARTIST **BOB CLARKE**

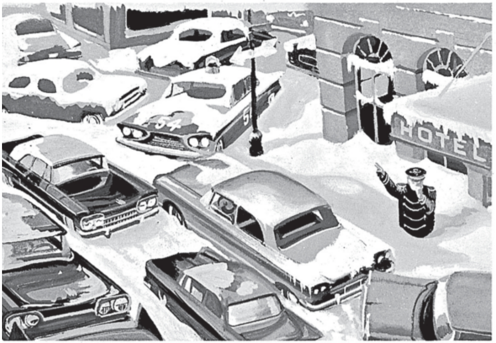
HEAVY SNOWFALLS PARALYZE MODERN LIFE



TYPICAL LITTLE TOWN PARALYZED BY SNOW: Although this typical little town looks picturesque and peaceful under its blanket of snow, it is actually in terrible shape . . . mainly because this typical little town is New York City!

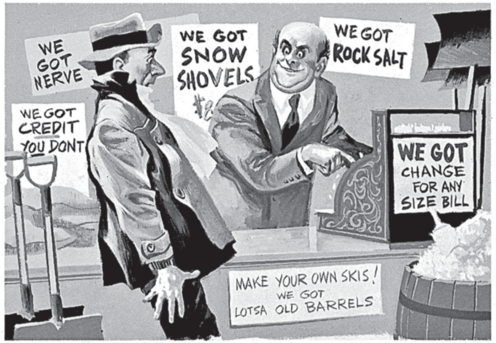
HOW HEAVY SNOWS PARALYZE MODERN LIFE IN THE CITY

PARALYZED TRAFFIC



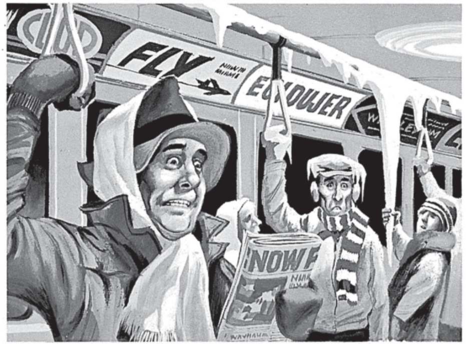
City traffic, locked in by snow, cannot budge. Of course, it cannot budge in summer either, but at least there are pretty girls in clinging dresses to watch while waiting.

PARALYZED CONSUMER TRADE


WE GOT NERVE
WE GOT SNOW SHOVELS
WE GOT ROCK SALT
WE GOT CREDIT YOU DONT
WE GOT CHANGE FOR ANY SIZE BILL
MAKE YOUR OWN SKIS! WE GOT LOTSA OLD BARRELS

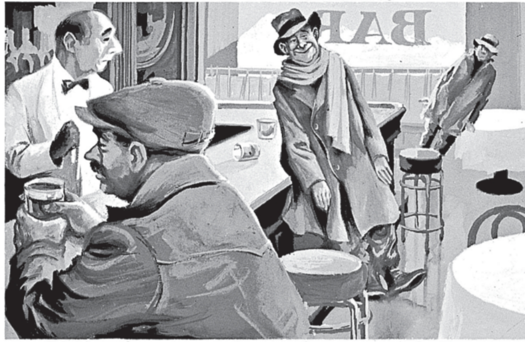
Naturally, retail businessmen suffer acutely during snow, except for a few opportunists who do well. Paralysis sets in when consumer hears prices of needed shovel, salt, etc.

PARALYZED COMMUTERS



Commuters in stalled trains are in real trouble. Hunger, coughing, tardiness are annoying. But real trouble comes from paralysis which sets in when heating systems fail.

PARALYZED PEDESTRIANS

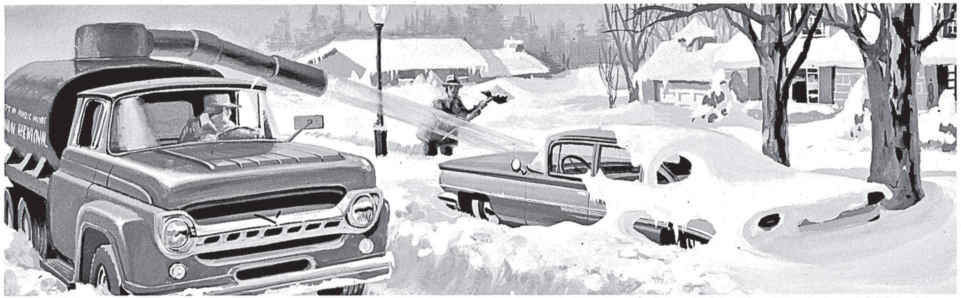


Frigid weather accompanying snow forces many pedestrians to seek shelter and warming drink. Paralysis sets in when too many warming drinks turn pedestrians stiff as boards.

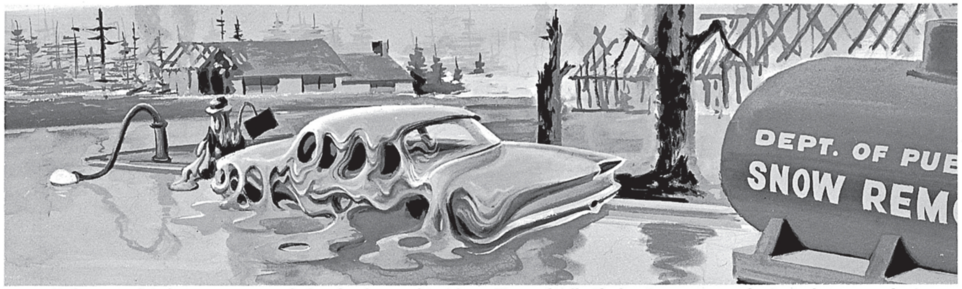
SUGGESTED SOLUTIONS TO SNOW REMOVAL PROBLEM

MODERN SCIENCE HAS COME UP WITH SOME POSSIBLE ANSWERS

MECHANICAL SNOW MELTING PROCESS

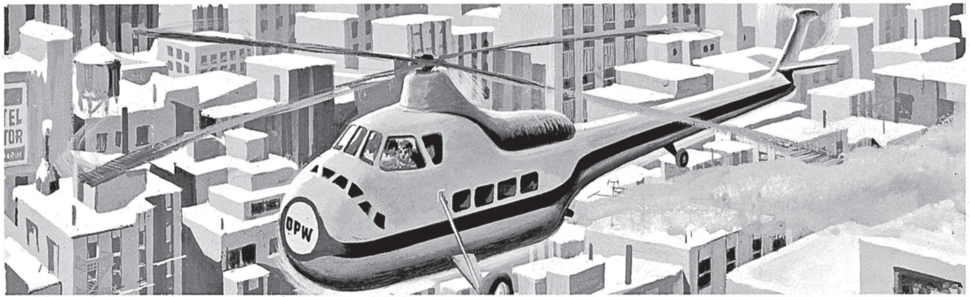


This suggested solution involves a special machine which is mounted on a truck and shoots a jet stream of hot air at the snow. Of course, this jet stream must be quite hot, otherwise winter temperatures would render it ineffective.

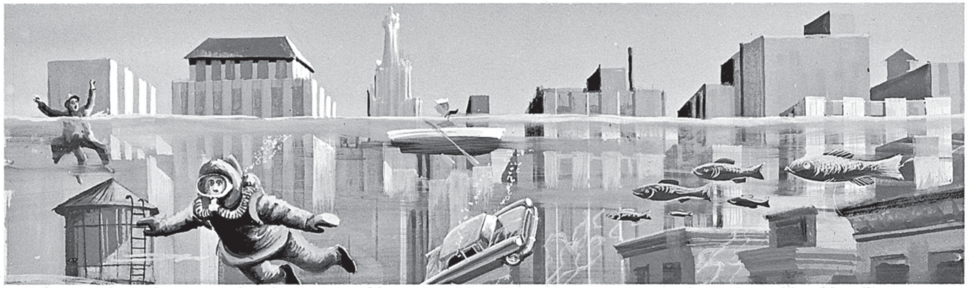


Unfortunately, there are several drawbacks to this idea. First of all, if the jet stream of air is hot enough, it melts more than just the snow. Secondly, the melted snow soon freezes over again, locking everything in solid ice.

CHEMICAL SNOW MELTING PROCESS



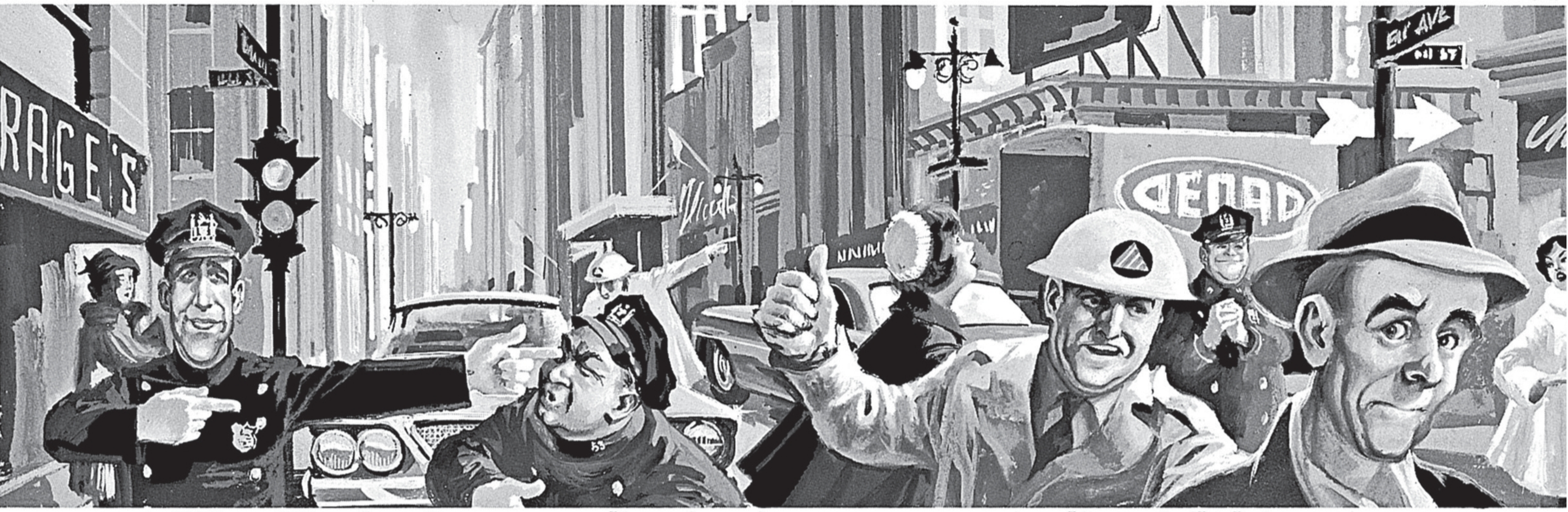
This ingenious solution requires the use of helicopters which sprinkle the city with thousands of gallons of some specially-developed chemical that melts snow and does not permit it to freeze again. This solves the snow problem.



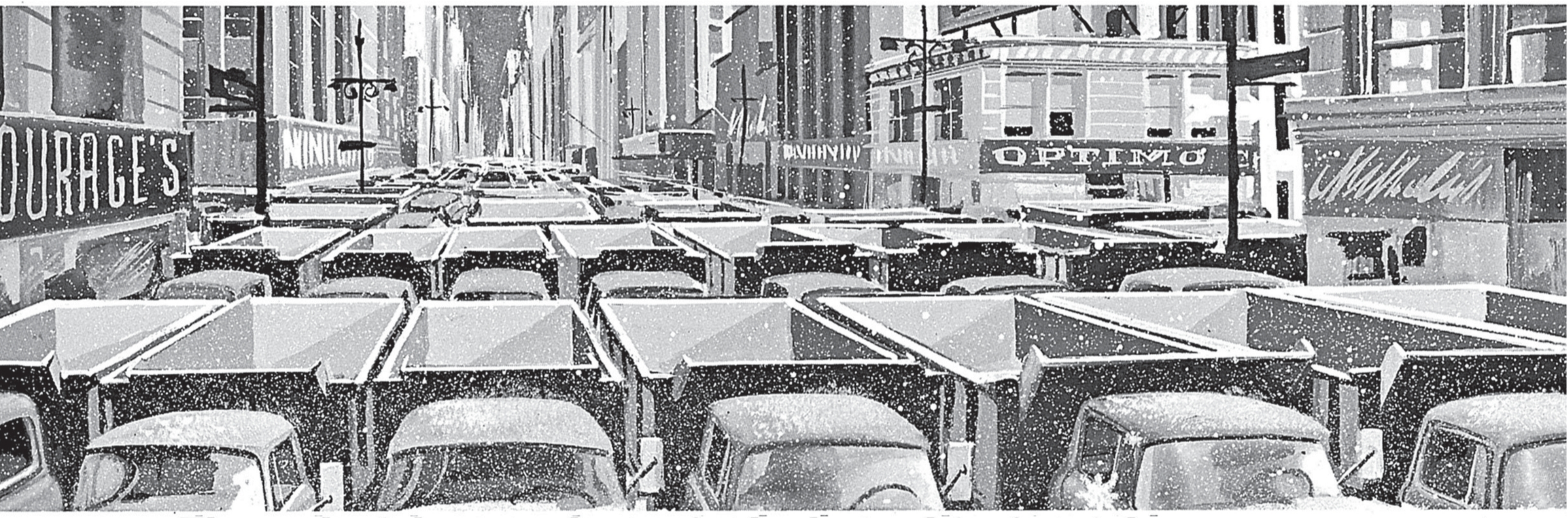
Unfortunately, it does not solve the water problem, since there is no sewer system yet devised capable of handling that much melted snow at one time. Obviously, the present solutions to the problem of snow removal are inadequate.

MAD'S ULTIMATE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF SNOW REMOVAL

THIS BRILLIANT IDEA IS OFFERED BY THE EDITORS—FREE—AS A PUBLIC SERVICE

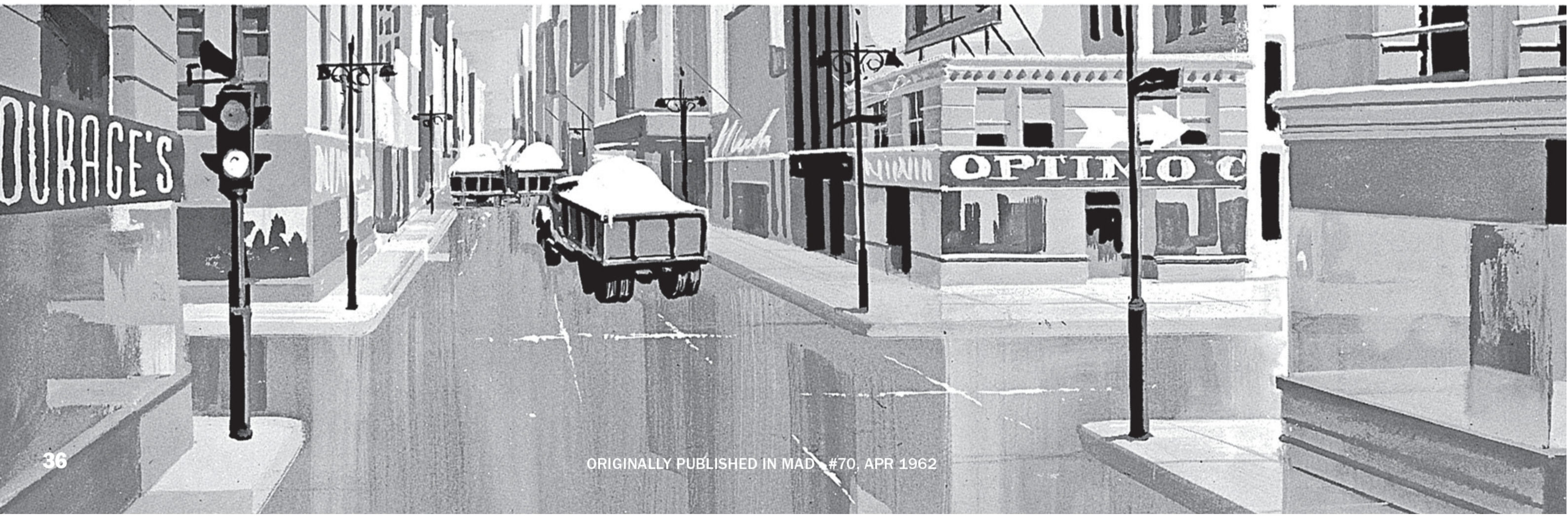


When Weather Bureau predicts imminent snowstorm, police, civil defense corps, etc., see to it that all city streets and sidewalks are immediately evacuated.



Thousands of dump trucks, previously chartered for just such an emergency, are then driven in and parked on every square inch of city streets and sidewalks.

When blizzard strikes and snow begins falling, it merely fills up the trucks. Then, after the storm passes, all they do is drive away and dump their loads.

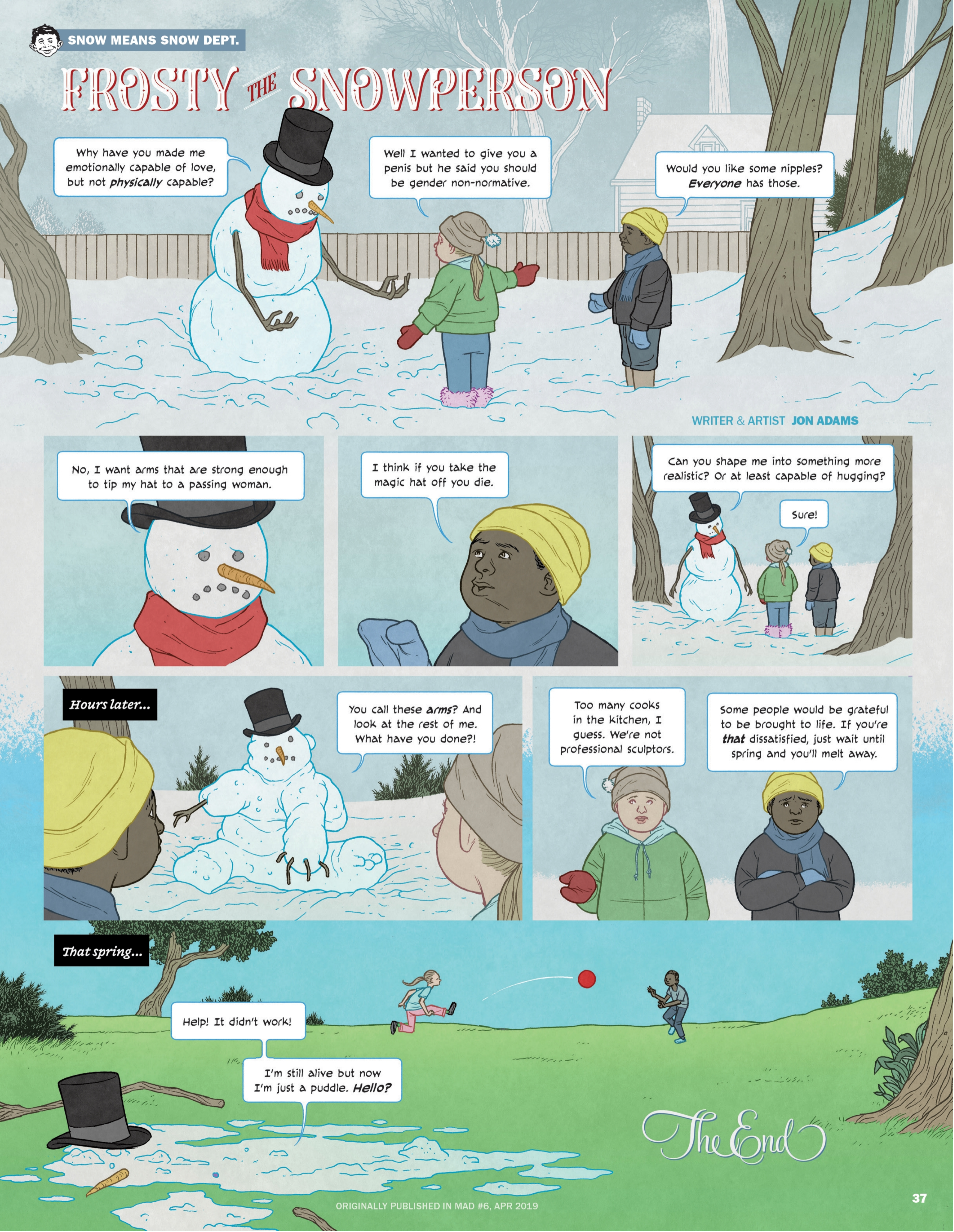


ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #70, APR 1962

SNOW MEANS SNOW DEPT.

FROSTY THE SNOWPERSON

WRITER & ARTIST **JON ADAMS**


Why have you made me emotionally capable of love, but not *physically* capable?
Well I wanted to give you a penis but he said you should be gender non-normative.
Would you like some nipples? *Everyone* has those.
No, I want arms that are strong enough to tip my hat to a passing woman.
I think if you take the magic hat off you die.
Can you shape me into something more realistic? Or at least capable of hugging?
Sure!
Hours later...
You call these *arms*? And look at the rest of me. What have you done?!
Too many cooks in the kitchen, I guess. We're not professional sculptors.
Some people would be grateful to be brought to life. If you're *that* dissatisfied, just wait until spring and you'll melt away.
That spring...
Help! It didn't work!
I'm still alive but now I'm just a puddle. *Hello?*
The End

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #6, APR 2019

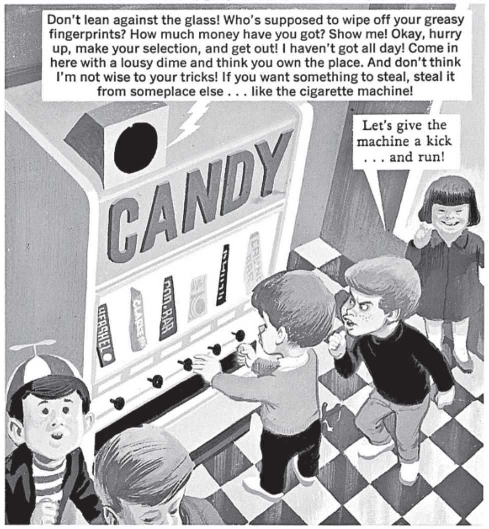
SWEET TORQUE DEPT.

Hooray for the 20th century. Automation has made man obsolete. What service can a human being perform that can't be done better today by a machine (and don't get smutty, buster!)? But despite the cool efficiency of modern automated machines, there seems to be something missing—mainly, the warmth and personality of the individual who once performed these services. When we step into an automatic self-service elevator, somehow we miss the dull conversation of the chatty elevator man who once ran it. Why not bring all that back? F'rinstance, let's install tape recorders, and . . .

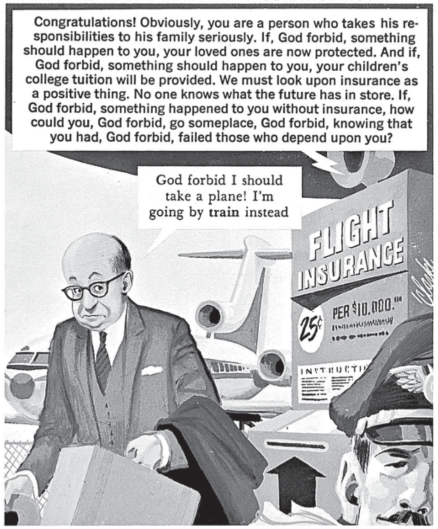
LET'S *HUMANIZE* THOSE AUTOMATED MACHINES

WRITER **STAN HART** ARTIST **BOB CLARKE**

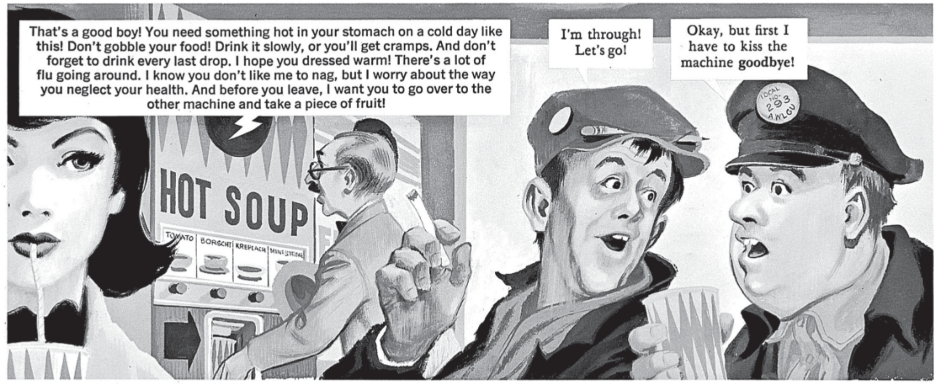
HUMANIZING THE CANDY MACHINE THAT HAS REPLACED THE COLORFUL CANDY STORE OWNER


Don't lean against the glass! Who's supposed to wipe off your greasy fingerprints? How much money have you got? Show me! Okay, hurry up, make your selection, and get out! I haven't got all day! Come in here with a lousy dime and think you own the place. And don't think I'm not wise to your tricks! If you want something to steal, steal it from someplace else . . . like the cigarette machine!
Let's give the machine a kick . . . and run!
CANDY

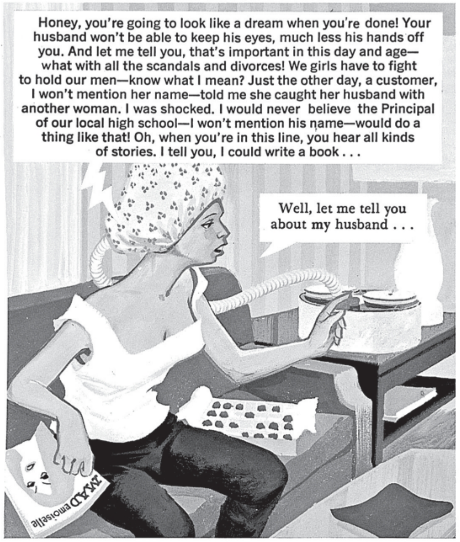
THE AIRPORT INSURANCE MACHINE THAT HAS REPLACED THE MAUDLIN INSURANCE AGENT


Congratulations! Obviously, you are a person who takes his responsibilities to his family seriously. If, God forbid, something should happen to you, your loved ones are now protected. And if, God forbid, something should happen to you, your children's college tuition will be provided. We must look upon insurance as a positive thing. No one knows what the future has in store. If, God forbid, something happened to you without insurance, how could you, God forbid, go someplace, God forbid, knowing that you had, God forbid, failed those who depend upon you?
God forbid I should take a plane! I'm going by train instead
FLIGHT INSURANCE
PER $10,000
25¢
INSTRUCTI

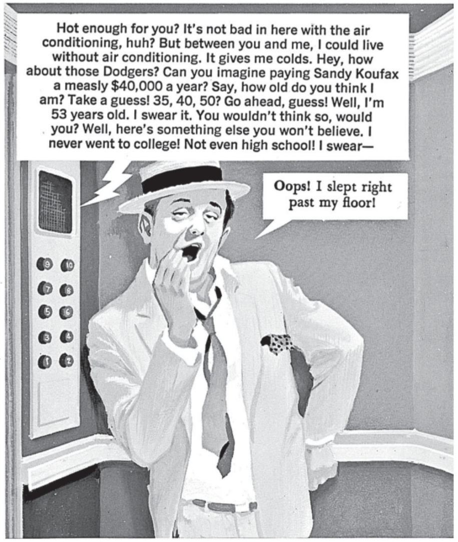
THE HOT SOUP MACHINE THAT HAS REPLACED THE OVERPROTECTIVE MOTHER


That's a good boy! You need something hot in your stomach on a cold day like this! Don't gobble your food! Drink it slowly, or you'll get cramps. And don't forget to drink every last drop. I hope you dressed warm! There's a lot of flu going around. I know you don't like me to nag, but I worry about the way you neglect your health. And before you leave, I want you to go over to the other machine and take a piece of fruit!
I'm through! Let's go!
Okay, but first I have to kiss the machine goodbye!
HOT SOUP
TOMATO
BORSCHT
KREPLACH
MINESTRONE
LOCAL NO. 293

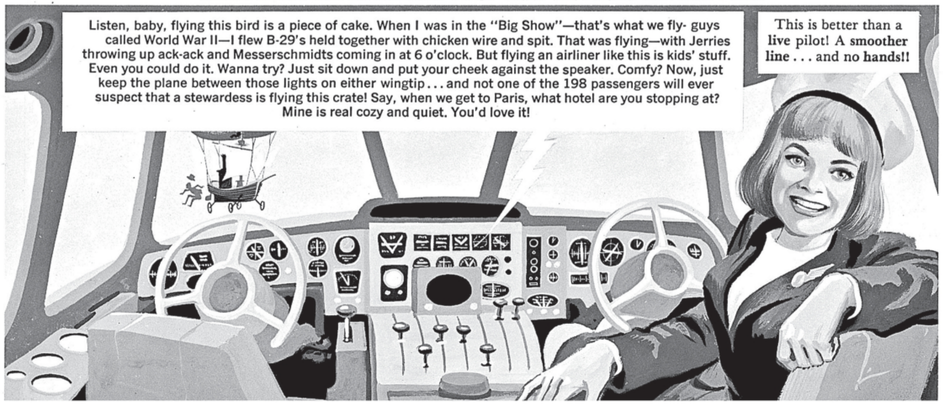
THE HOME HAIR DRYER THAT HAS REPLACED THE GOSSIPY BEAUTICIAN


Honey, you're going to look like a dream when you're done! Your husband won't be able to keep his eyes, much less his hands off you. And let me tell you, that's important in this day and age—what with all the scandals and divorces! We girls have to fight to hold our men—know what I mean? Just the other day, a customer, I won't mention her name—told me she caught her husband with another woman. I was shocked. I would never believe the Principal of our local high school—I won't mention his name—would do a thing like that! Oh, when you're in this line, you hear all kinds of stories. I tell you, I could write a book . . .
Well, let me tell you about my husband . . .
MADemoiselle

THE SELF-SERVICE ELEVATOR THAT HAS REPLACED THE CHATTY ELEVATOR MAN


Hot enough for you? It's not bad in here with the air conditioning, huh? But between you and me, I could live without air conditioning. It gives me colds. Hey, how about those Dodgers? Can you imagine paying Sandy Koufax a measly $40,000 a year? Say, how old do you think I am? Take a guess! 35, 40, 50? Go ahead, guess! Well, I'm 53 years old. I swear it. You wouldn't think so, would you? Well, here's something else you won't believe. I never went to college! Not even high school! I swear—
Oops! I slept right past my floor!

HUMANIZING THE AUTOMATIC PILOT THAT REPLACES THE LIVE PILOT


Listen, baby, flying this bird is a piece of cake. When I was in the "Big Show"—that's what we fly- guys called World War II—I flew B-29's held together with chicken wire and spit. That was flying—with Jerries throwing up ack-ack and Messerschmidts coming in at 6 o'clock. But flying an airliner like this is kids' stuff. Even you could do it. Wanna try? Just sit down and put your cheek against the speaker. Comfy? Now, just keep the plane between those lights on either wingtip . . . and not one of the 198 passengers will ever suspect that a stewardess is flying this crate! Say, when we get to Paris, what hotel are you stopping at? Mine is real cozy and quiet. You'd love it!
This is better than a live pilot! A smoother line . . . and no hands!!

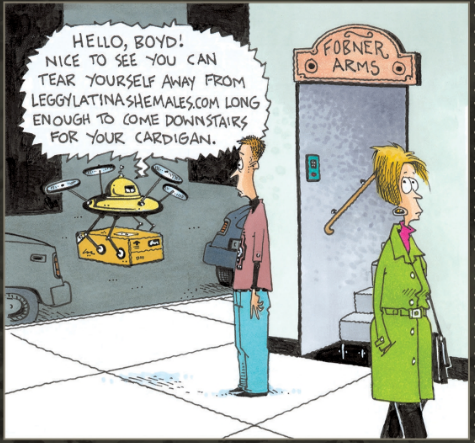
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #99, DEC 1965

SHIP HAPPENS DEPT.

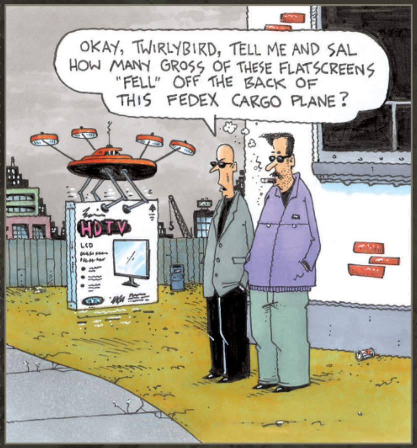
WHEN DELIVERY DRONES GO BAD

Many years ago, John (Hammerhead) Caldwell began chronicling the vile deeds being perpetrated on that have come under Caldwell's unforgiving microscope. Today, only a fool would argue that unsuspecting good people by evil-doers. Priests, veterinarians and tattoo artists are just some of the groups the man isn't doing God's work. But more work remains, and the struggle continues. All hail Mr. Caldwell!

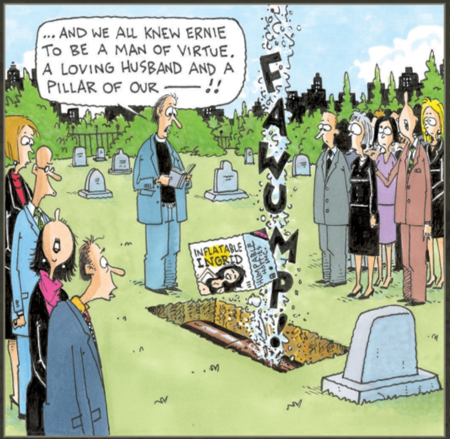
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #527, JUN 2014


HELLO, BOYD! NICE TO SEE YOU CAN TEAR YOURSELF AWAY FROM LEGGYLATINASHEMALES.COM LONG ENOUGH TO COME DOWNSTAIRS FOR YOUR CARDIGAN.
FOBNER ARMS

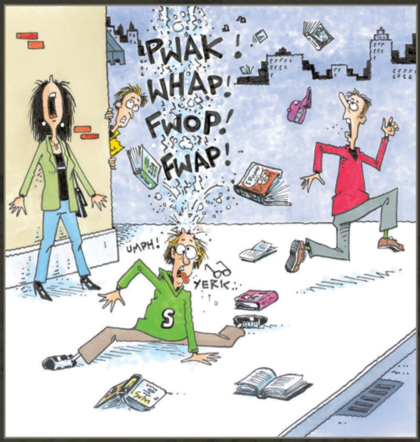
It flaunts all the personal information that it's hacked into through your Amazon account


OKAY, TWIRLYBIRD, TELL ME AND SAL HOW MANY GROSS OF THESE FLATSCREENS "FELL" OFF THE BACK OF THIS FEDEX CARGO PLANE?
HDTV

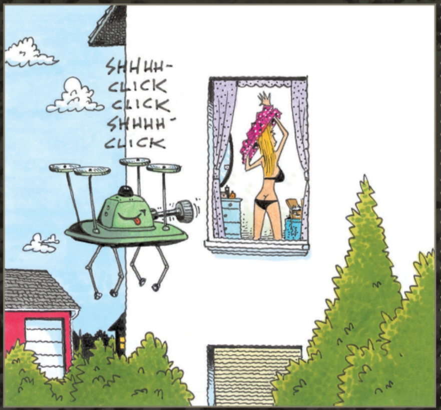
It runs a little black market operation on the side


...AND WE ALL KNEW ERNIE TO BE A MAN OF VIRTUE, A LOVING HUSBAND AND A PILLAR OF OUR —— !!
FAWUMP!
INFLATABLE INGRID

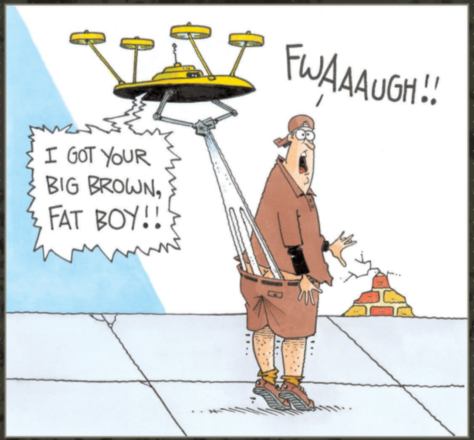
It makes highly inappropriate deliveries


PWAK!
WHAP!
FWOP!
FWAP!
UMPH!
YERK

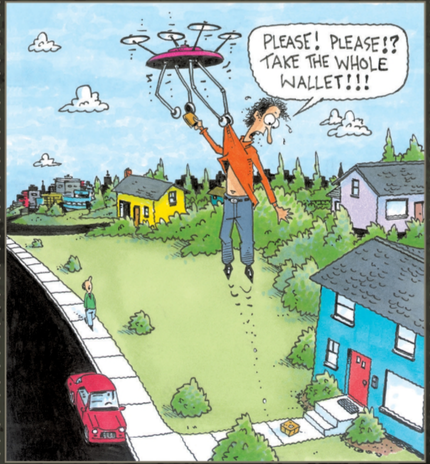
The number of random James Patterson assaults will skyrocket


SHHHH-CLICK CLICK SHHHH-CLICK

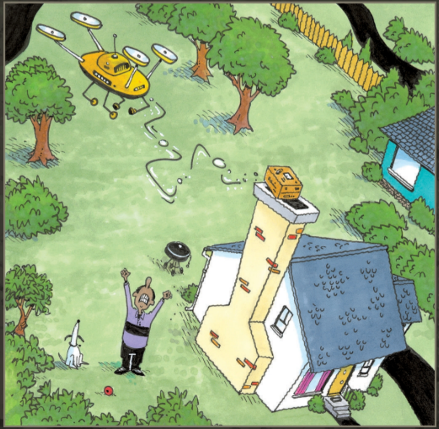
It sticks around for a while just to make sure that Victoria's Secret stuff fits okay


FWAAAUGH!!
I GOT YOUR BIG BROWN, FAT BOY!!

It cruelly bullies FedEx and UPS drivers


PLEASE! PLEASE!? TAKE THE WHOLE WALLET!!!

Can you say "Gratuity Shakedowns"?



It screws with the coordinates just to make deliveries more interesting

WRITER & ARTIST JOHN CALDWELL

HAVING A SERVICE BREAKDOWN DEPT.

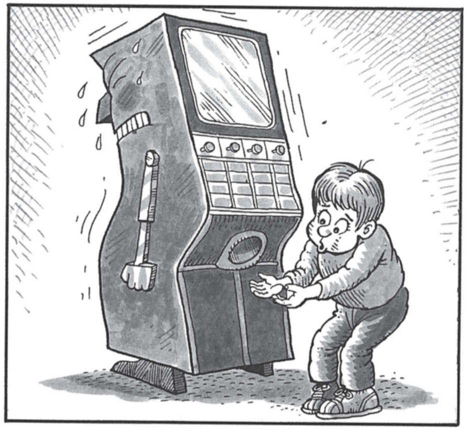
COMPUTER VIRUS CRIPPLES MILITARY DATA NETWORK

SHUTTLE WOES BLAMED ON SOFTWARE BUGS

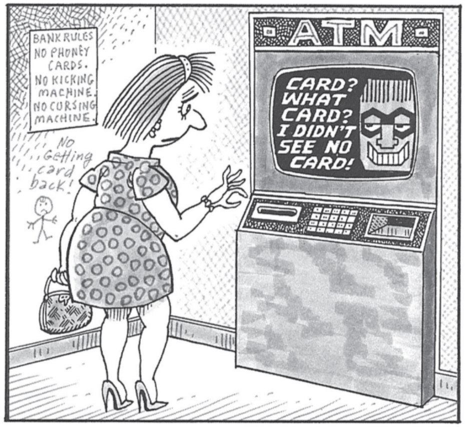
"Computer Virus?" "Software Bug?" No surprise to us! We've known all along that machines are susceptible to the same diseases we humans are! In fact, although the computer ailments have been getting all the publicity, there are all sorts of poor, sick, mechanical devices out there, that are suffering from...

OTHER "DISEASES" OF THE MACHINE WORLD

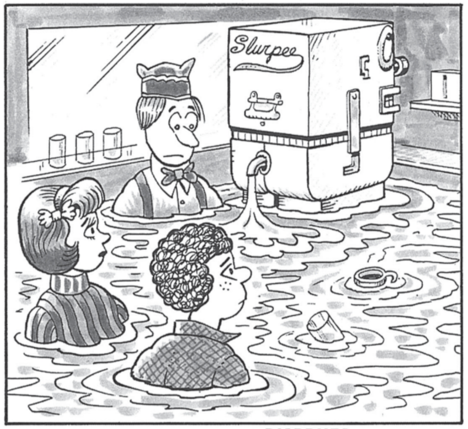
WRITER **MIKE SNIDER** ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**



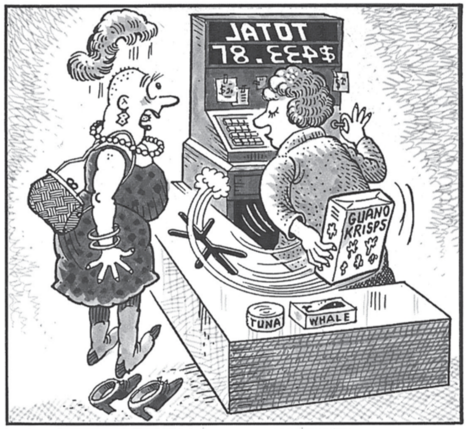
Vending Machine **CONSTIPATION**


ATM
BANK RULES NO PHONEY CARDS. NO KICKING MACHINE. NO CURSING MACHINE.
No Getting card back!
CARD? WHAT CARD? I DIDN'T SEE NO CARD!

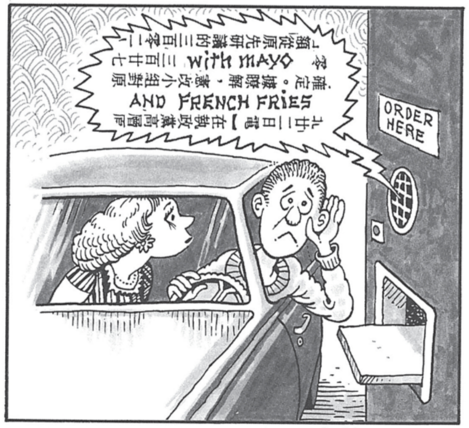
Automated Teller **KLEPTOMANIA**



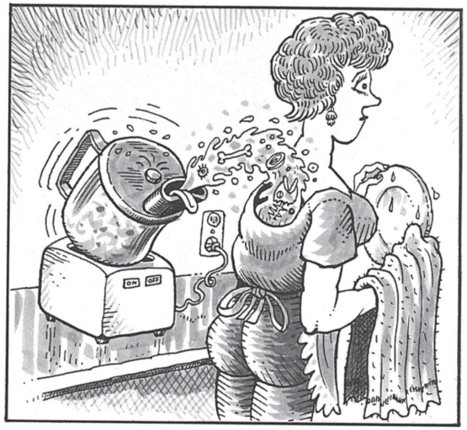
Slurpee Machine **DIARRHEA**


JATOT
78.334$
GUANO KRISPS
TUNA
WHALE

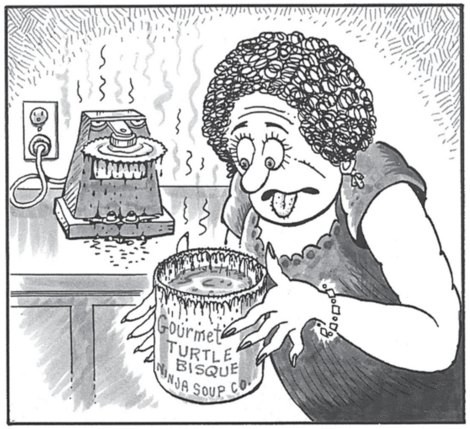
Bar-Code Scanner **DYSLEXIA**


WITH MAYO
AND FRENCH FRIES
ORDER HERE

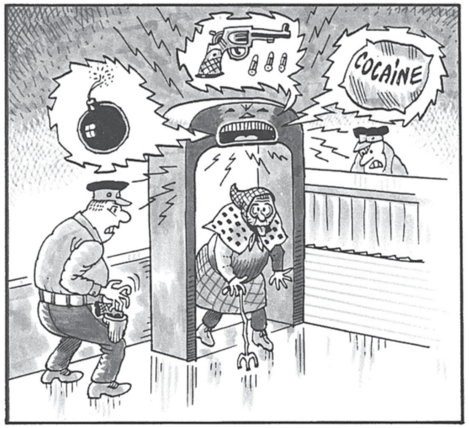
Fast-Food Intercom **LARYNGITIS**



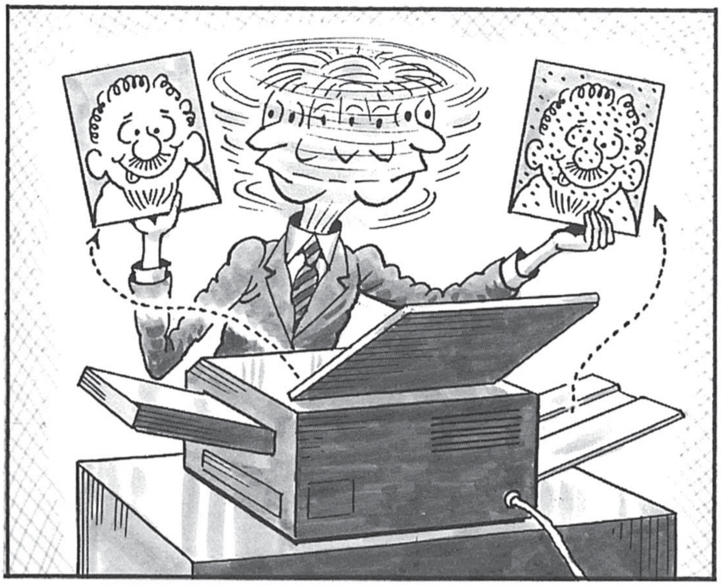
Food Processor **NAUSEA**


Gourmet TURTLE BISQUE NINJA SOUP CO.

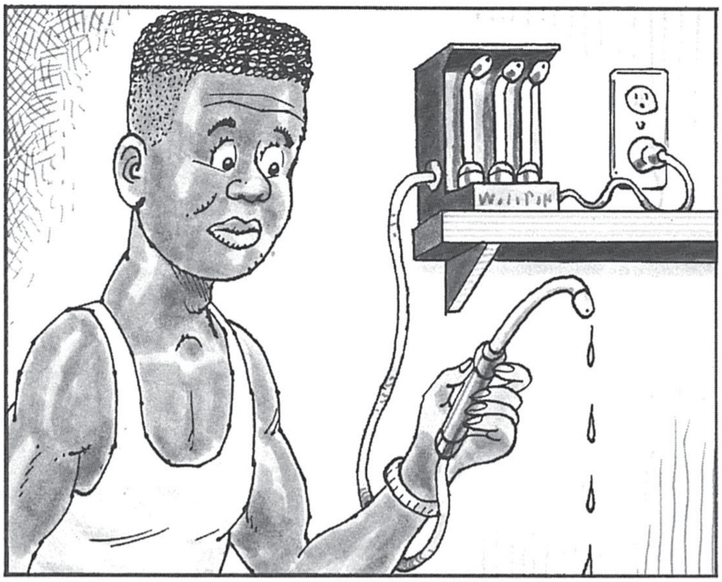
Electric Can Opener **TRENCHMOUTH**



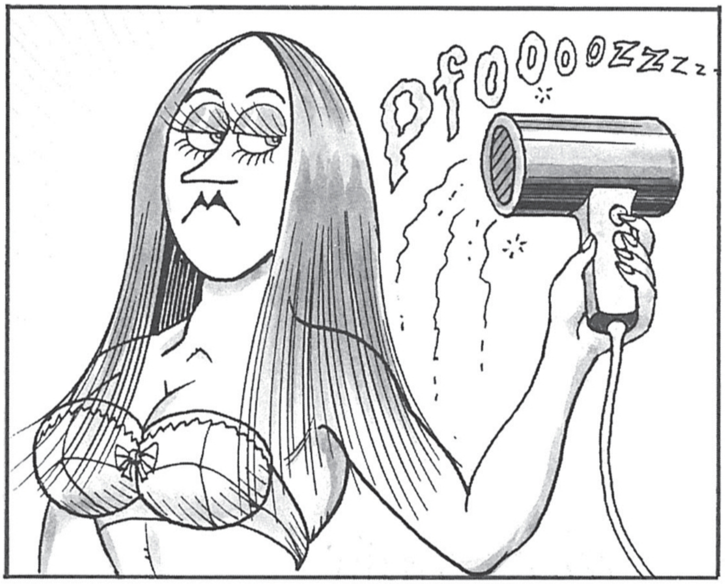
Airport Metal Detector **HALLUCINATIONS**



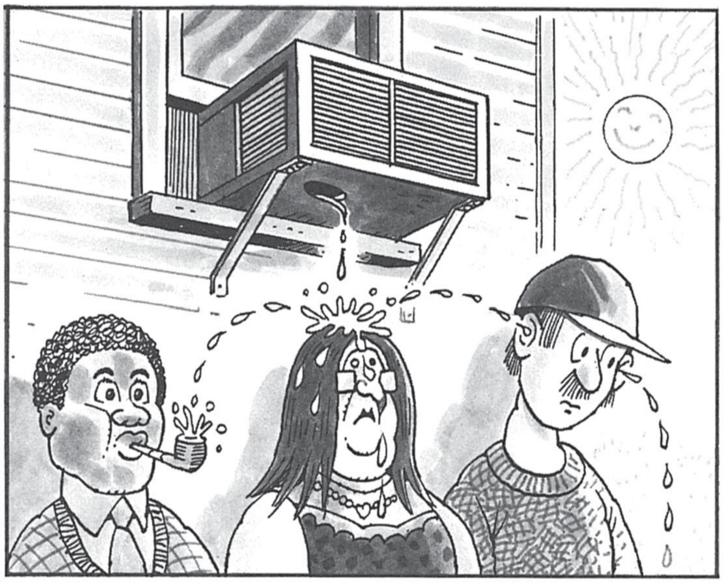
Copy Machine **MEASLES**



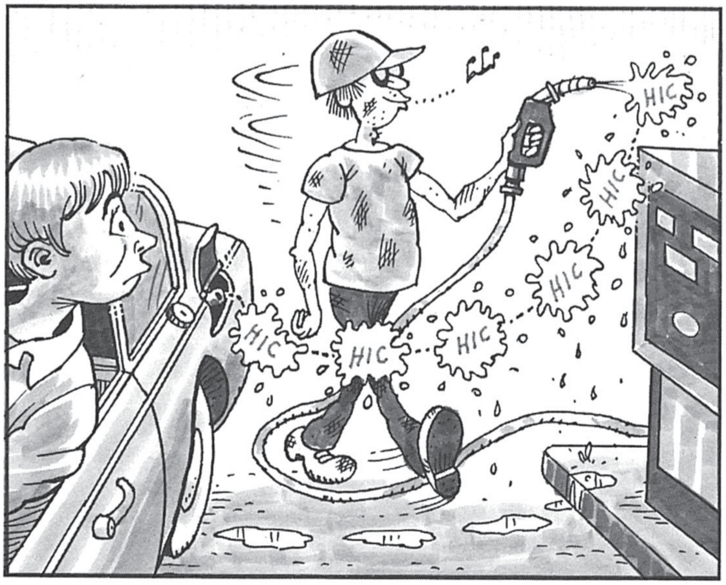
Water Pic **IMPOTENCE**


PfOOOOZZZzz

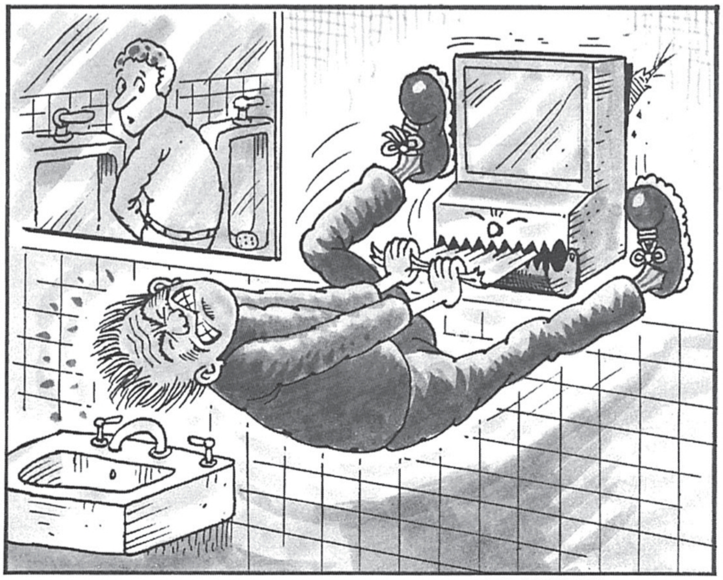
Hair Dryer **EMPHYSEMA**



Air Conditioner **INCONTINENCE**


HIC
HIC
HIC
HIC
HIC
HIC
HIC

Gas Pump Nozzle **HICCUPS**



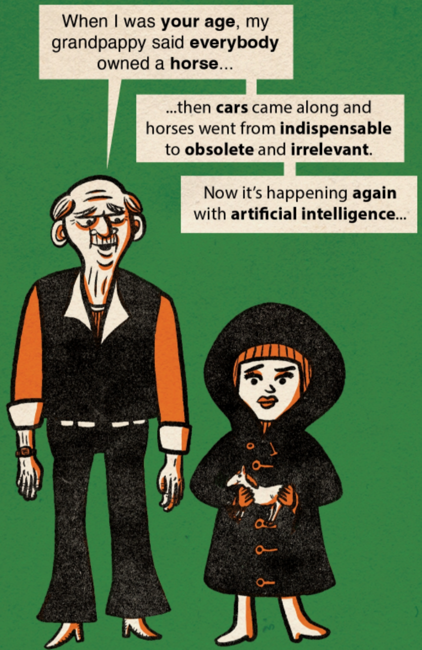
Bathroom Towel Dispenser **LOCKJAW**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #309, MAR 1992

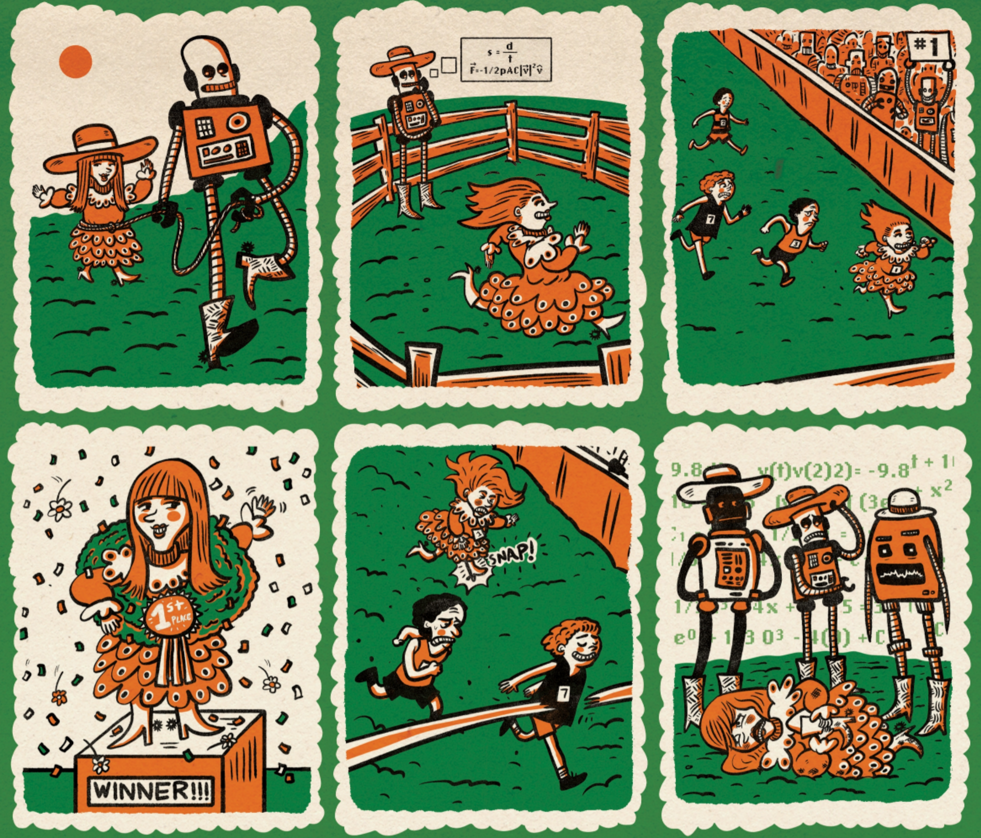
NATURE VS. FUTURE DEPT.

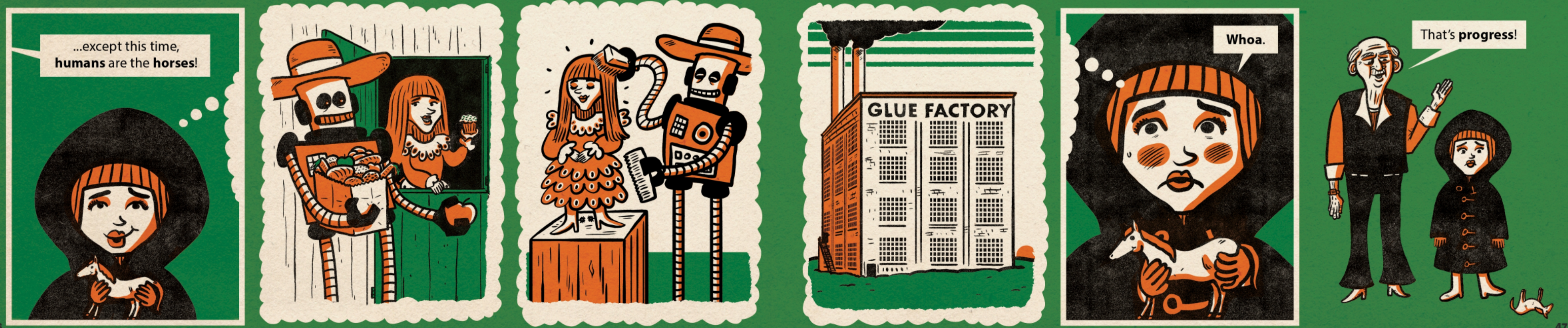
Technological innovations drive efficiency and economic growth, often by sending obsolete tools to the dump. Once-ubiquitous items like pay phones, cassette players, and typewriters are now mainly kept by collectors, hoarders, and hipsters (if at all). We sure hope humans won't join these remnants of a bygone era, but only...

IF WISHES WERE HORSES


When I was **your age**, my grandpappy said **everybody** owned a **horse**...
...then **cars** came along and horses went from **indispensable** to **obsolete** and **irrelevant**.
Now it's happening **again** with **artificial intelligence**...

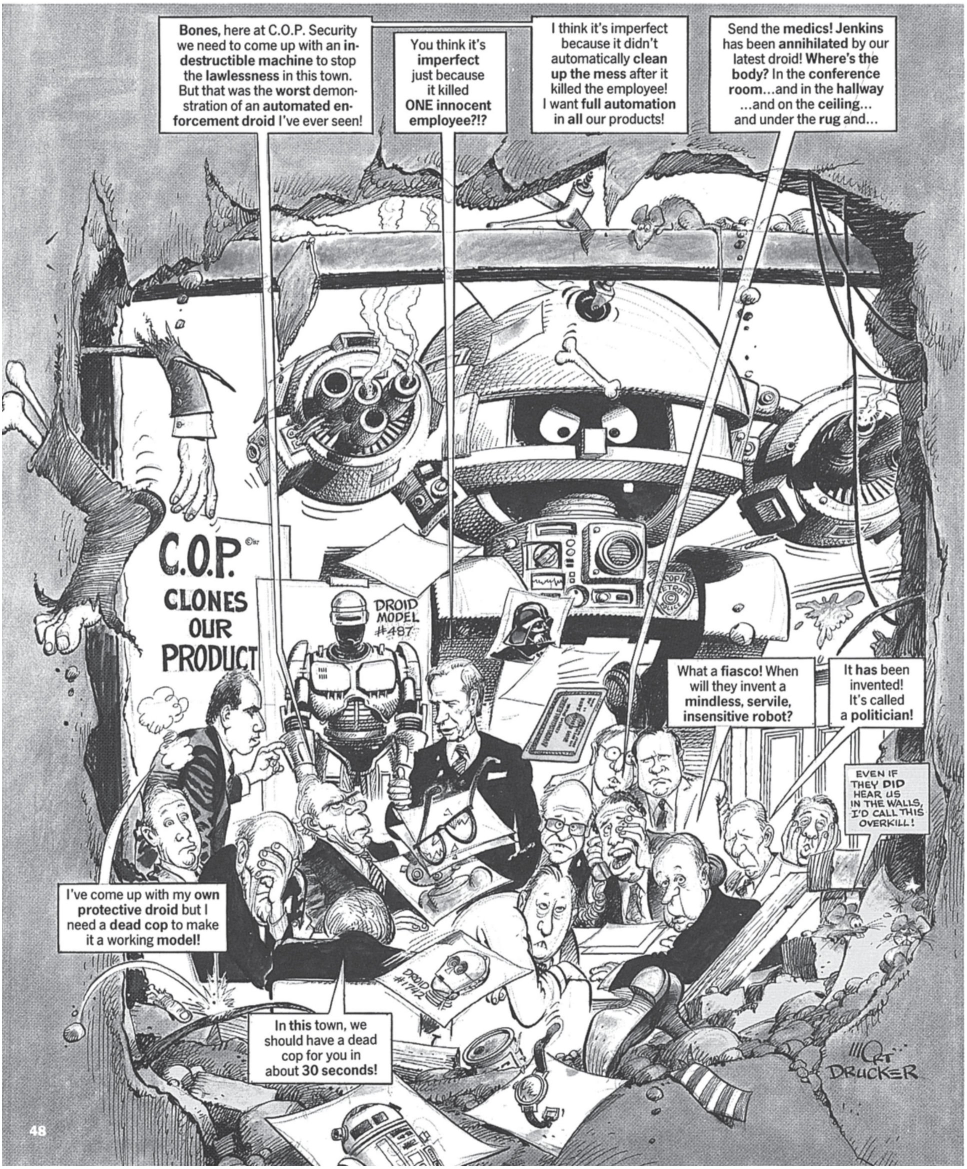
WRITER & ARTIST **IVAN EHLERS**

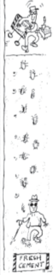

s = d/t
#1
1st PLACE
WINNER!!!
SNAP!


...except this time, **humans** are the **horses**!
GLUE FACTORY
Whoa.
That's **progress**!

ASSAULT AND BATTERY INCLUDED DEPT.

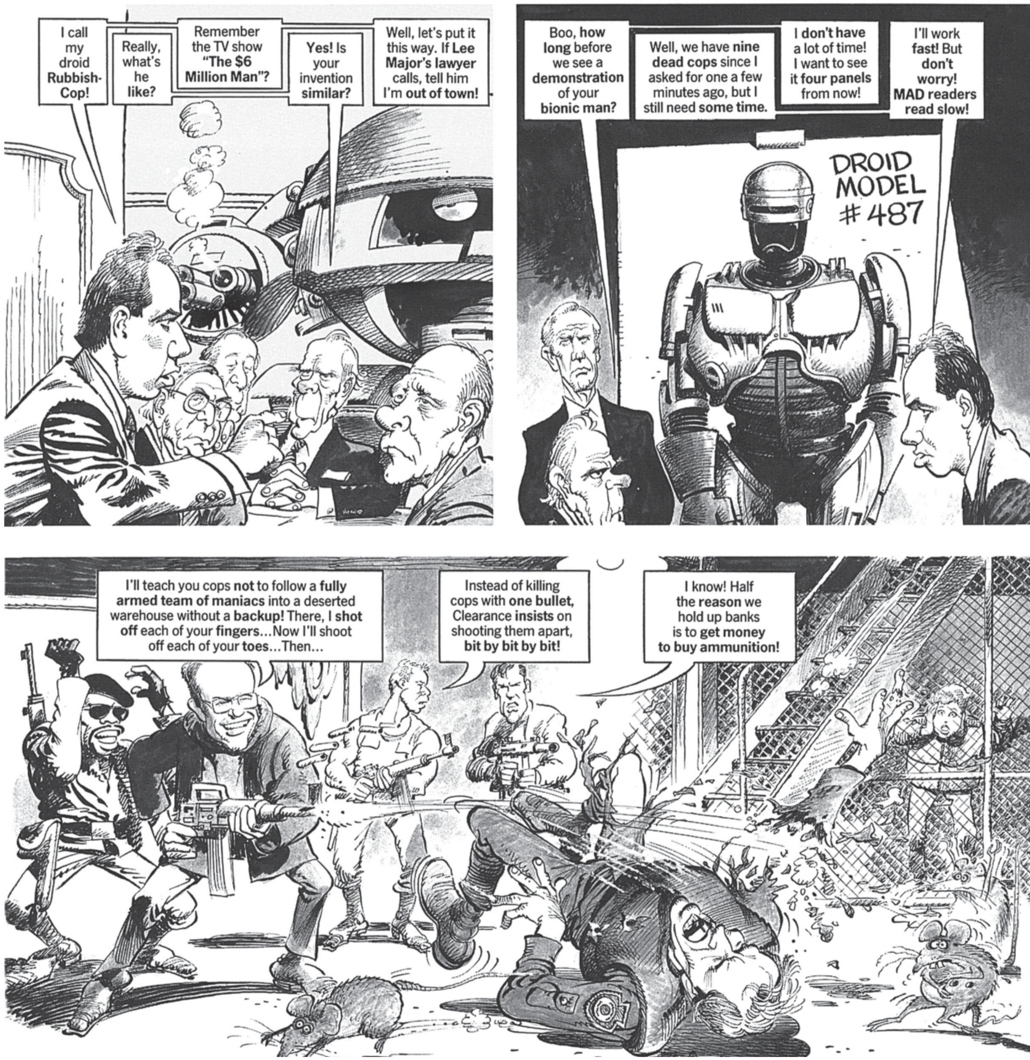
There was a movie out this summer in which the main characters caused violence, torture, death, anarchy and senseless property damage—and they were the good guys! The bad guys were responsible for even *more* misery and wreckage! But the destruction caused by the good guys and bad guys combined was nothing when compared to the incredible carnage caused by...

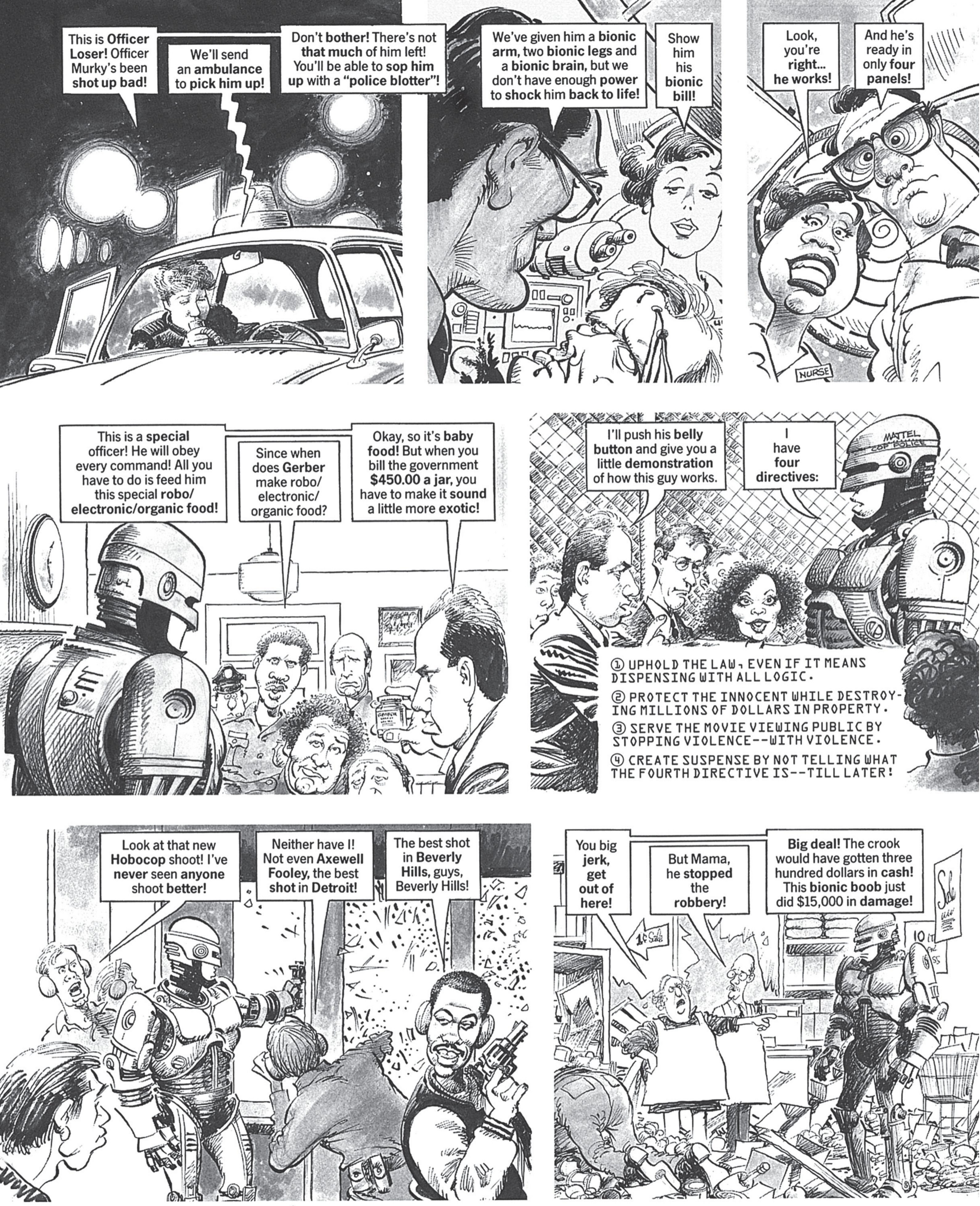

Bones, here at C.O.P. Security we need to come up with an indestructible machine to stop the lawlessness in this town. But that was the worst demonstration of an automated enforcement droid I've ever seen!
You think it's imperfect just because it killed ONE innocent employee?!?
I think it's imperfect because it didn't automatically clean up the mess after it killed the employee! I want full automation in all our products!
Send the medics! Jenkins has been annihilated by our latest droid! Where's the body? In the conference room...and in the hallway ...and on the ceiling... and under the rug and...
C.O.P. CLONES OUR PRODUCT
DROID MODEL #487
What a fiasco! When will they invent a mindless, servile, insensitive robot?
It has been invented! It's called a politician!
EVEN IF THEY DID HEAR US IN THE WALLS, I'D CALL THIS OVERKILL!
I've come up with my own protective droid but I need a dead cop to make it a working model!
In this town, we should have a dead cop for you in about 30 seconds!
DROID #1762
DRUCKER

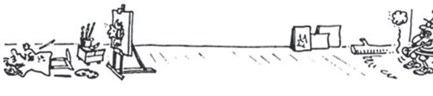

FRESH CEMENT

ROBOSLOP

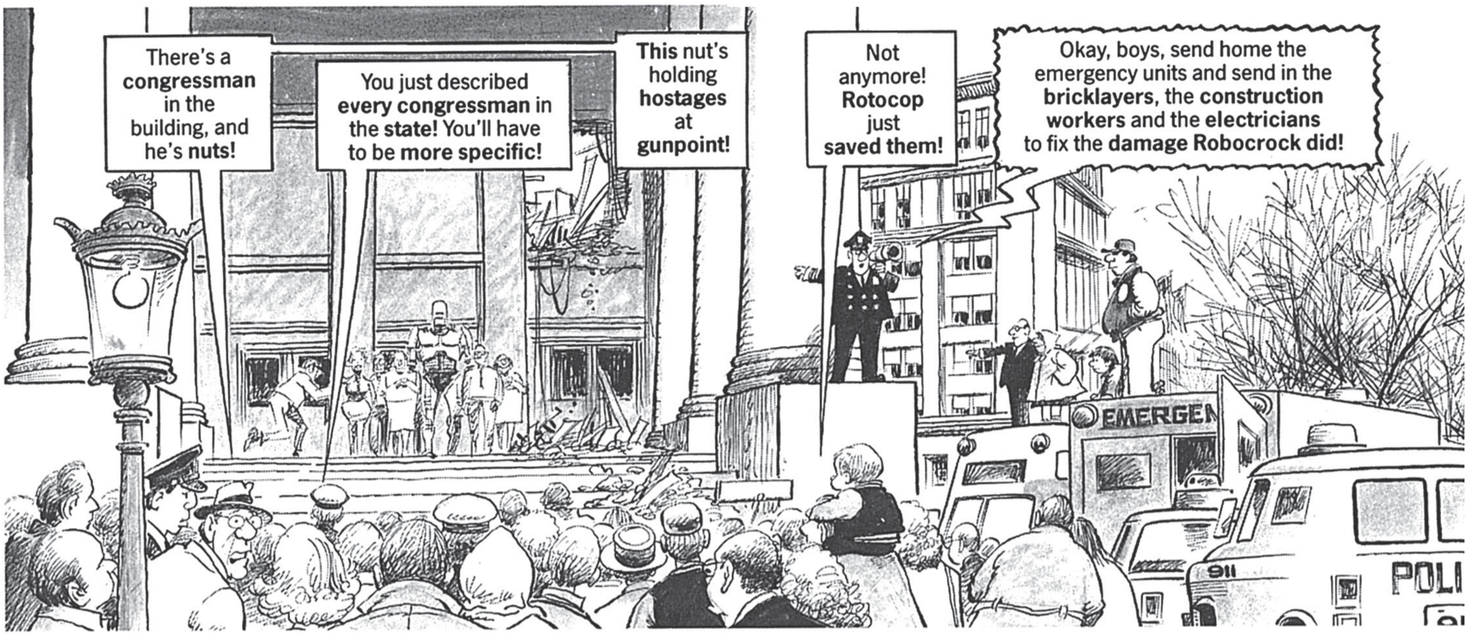
WRITER **DICK DEBARTOLO** ARTIST **MORT DRUCKER**

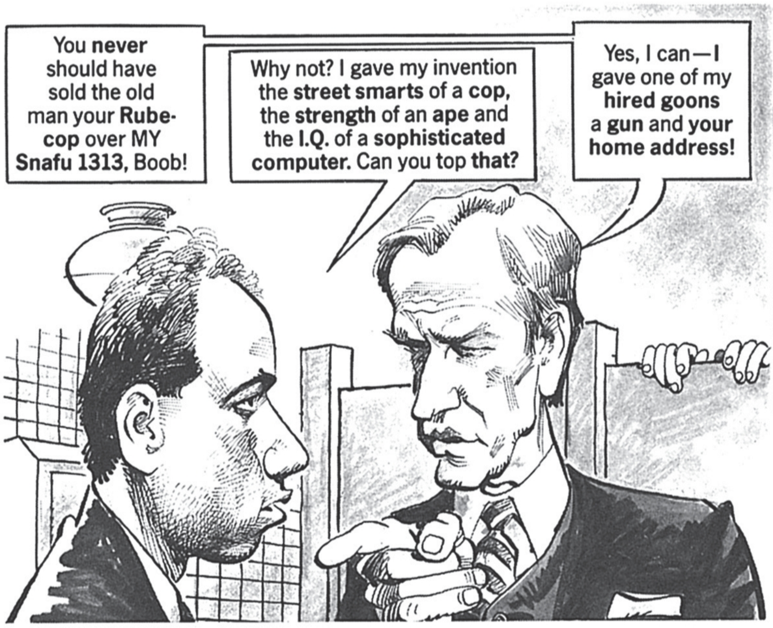

I call my droid Rubbish-Cop!
Really, what's he like?
Remember the TV show "The $6 Million Man"?
Yes! Is your invention similar?
Well, let's put it this way. If Lee Major's lawyer calls, tell him I'm out of town!
Boo, how long before we see a demonstration of your bionic man?
Well, we have nine dead cops since I asked for one a few minutes ago, but I still need some time.
I don't have a lot of time! I want to see it four panels from now!
I'll work fast! But don't worry! MAD readers read slow!
DROID MODEL #487
I'll teach you cops not to follow a fully armed team of maniacs into a deserted warehouse without a backup! There, I shot off each of your fingers...Now I'll shoot off each of your toes...Then...
Instead of killing cops with one bullet, Clearance insists on shooting them apart, bit by bit by bit!
I know! Half the reason we hold up banks is to get money to buy ammunition!

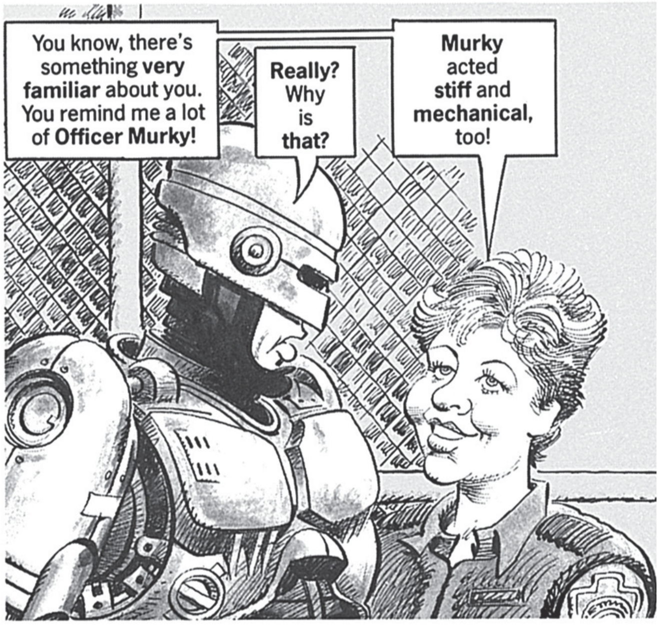

This is Officer Loser! Officer Murky's been shot up bad!
We'll send an ambulance to pick him up!
Don't bother! There's not that much of him left! You'll be able to sop him up with a "police blotter"!
We've given him a bionic arm, two bionic legs and a bionic brain, but we don't have enough power to shock him back to life!
Show him his bionic bill!
Look, you're right... he works!
And he's ready in only four panels!
NURSE
This is a special officer! He will obey every command! All you have to do is feed him this special robo/electronic/organic food!
Since when does Gerber make robo/electronic/organic food?
Okay, so it's baby food! But when you bill the government $450.00 a jar, you have to make it sound a little more exotic!
GERBER
I'll push his belly button and give you a little demonstration of how this guy works.
I have four directives:
MATTEL COP POLICE
① UPHOLD THE LAW, EVEN IF IT MEANS DISPENSING WITH ALL LOGIC.
② PROTECT THE INNOCENT WHILE DESTROYING MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN PROPERTY.
③ SERVE THE MOVIE VIEWING PUBLIC BY STOPPING VIOLENCE--WITH VIOLENCE.
④ CREATE SUSPENSE BY NOT TELLING WHAT THE FOURTH DIRECTIVE IS--TILL LATER!
Look at that new Hobocop shoot! I've never seen anyone shoot better!
Neither have I! Not even Axewell Fooley, the best shot in Detroit!
The best shot in Beverly Hills, guys, Beverly Hills!
You big jerk, get out of here!
But Mama, he stopped the robbery!
Big deal! The crook would have gotten three hundred dollars in cash! This bionic boob just did $15,000 in damage!
1¢ Sale
Sale

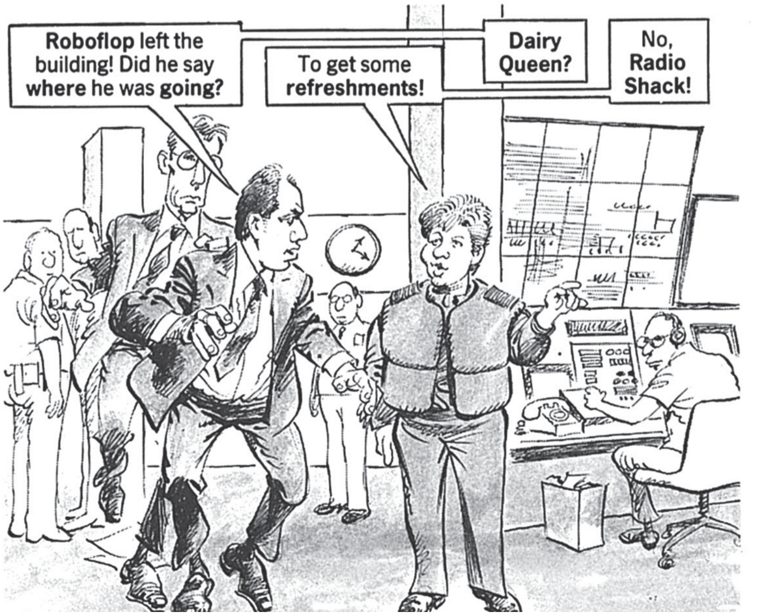


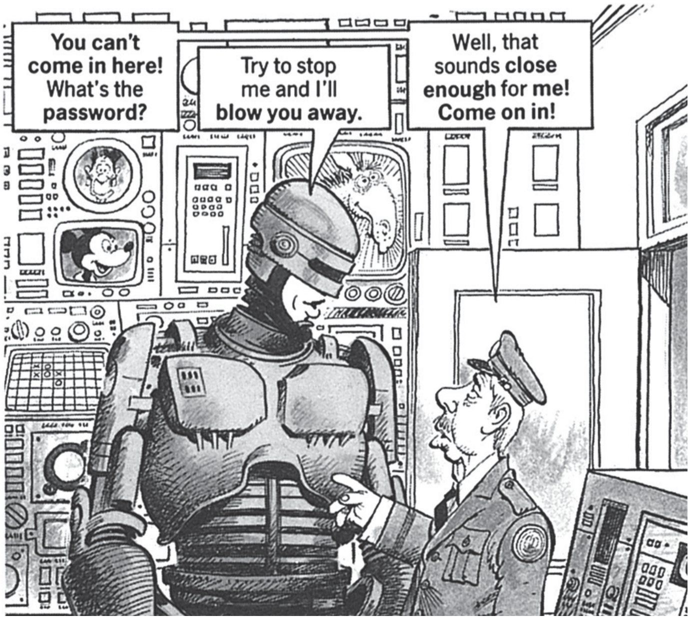
FOR RENT
NUDIST CAMP

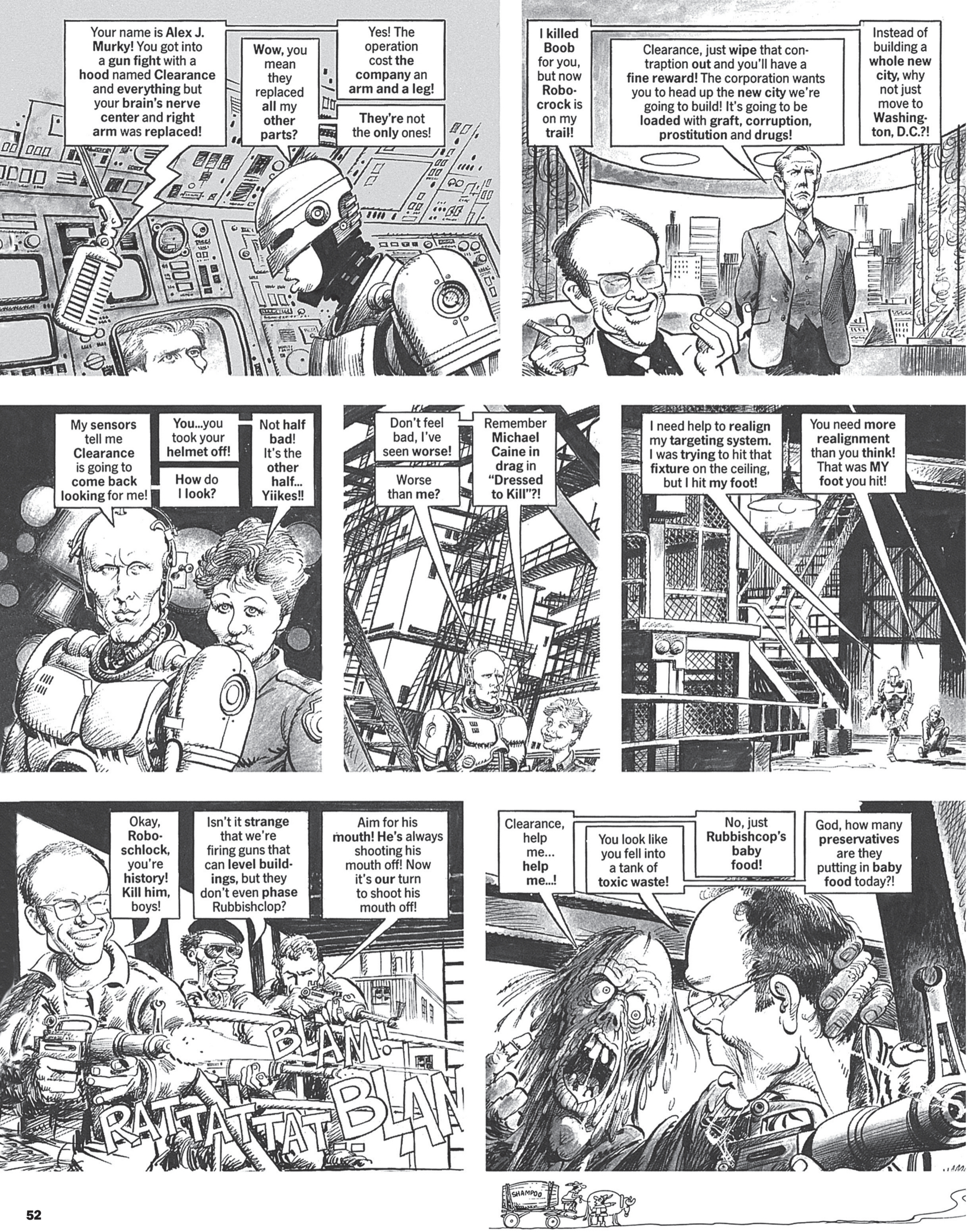

There's a congressman in the building, and he's nuts!
You just described every congressman in the state! You'll have to be more specific!
This nut's holding hostages at gunpoint!
Not anymore! Rotocop just saved them!
Okay, boys, send home the emergency units and send in the bricklayers, the construction workers and the electricians to fix the damage Robocrock did!
EMERGEN
911
POLI


You never should have sold the old man your Rube-cop over MY Snafu 1313, Boob!
Why not? I gave my invention the street smarts of a cop, the strength of an ape and the I.Q. of a sophisticated computer. Can you top that?
Yes, I can—I gave one of my hired goons a gun and your home address!

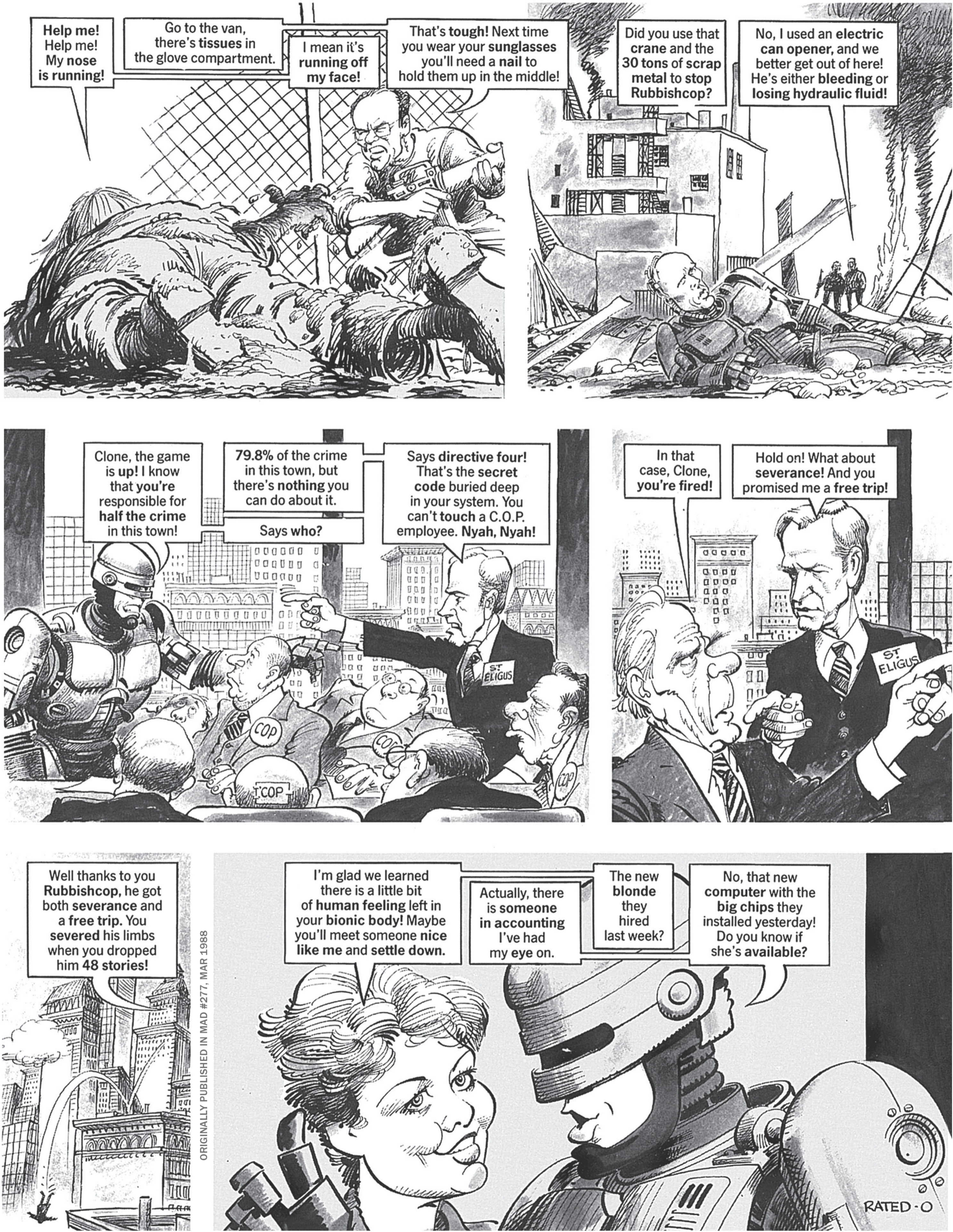

You know, there's something very familiar about you. You remind me a lot of Officer Murky!
Really? Why is that?
Murky acted stiff and mechanical, too!


Roboflop left the building! Did he say where he was going?
To get some refreshments!
Dairy Queen?
No, Radio Shack!


You can't come in here! What's the password?
Try to stop me and I'll blow you away.
Well, that sounds close enough for me! Come on in!

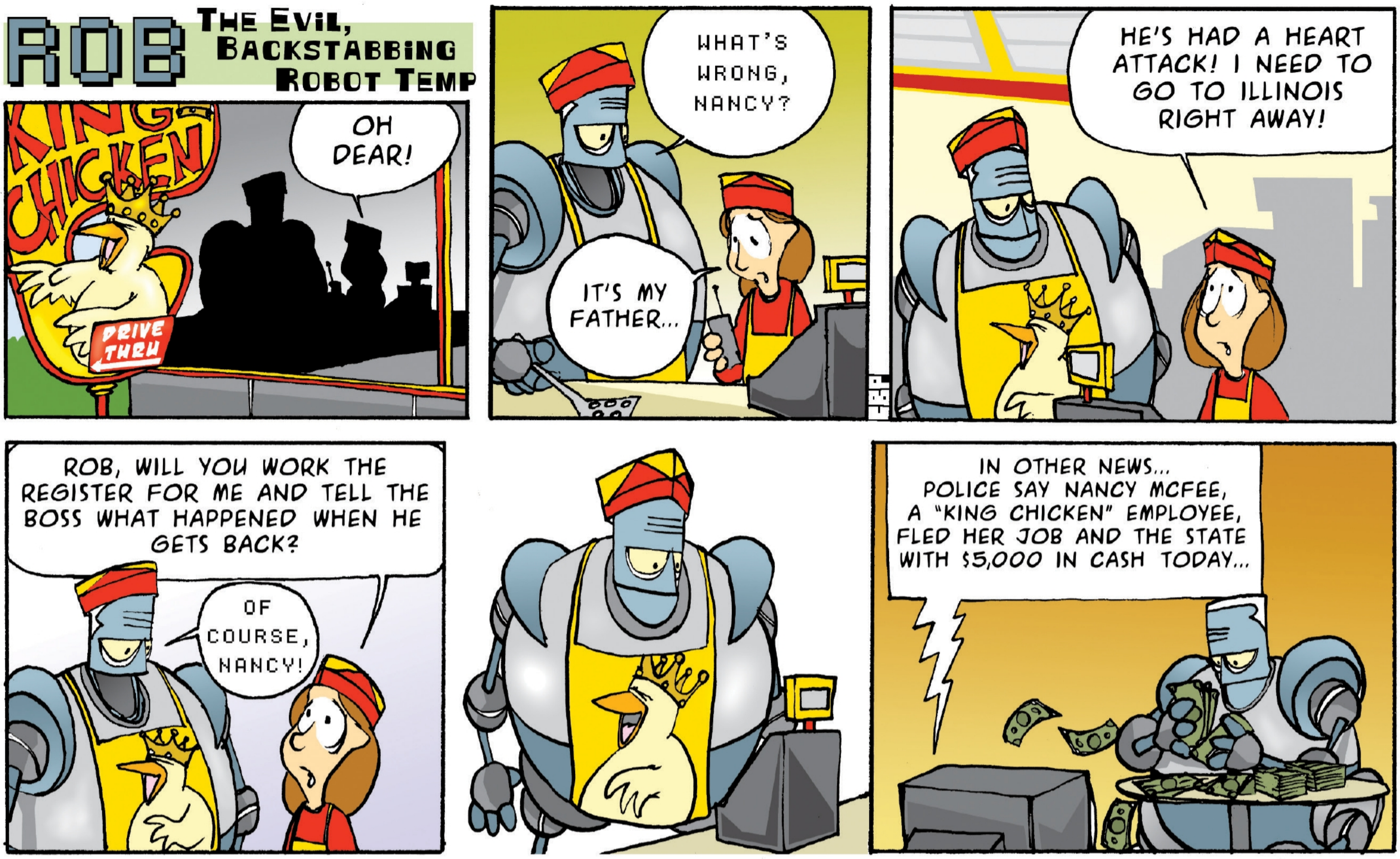

Your name is Alex J. Murky! You got into a gun fight with a hood named Clearance and everything but your brain's nerve center and right arm was replaced!
Wow, you mean they replaced all my other parts?
Yes! The operation cost the company an arm and a leg!
They're not the only ones!
I killed Boob for you, but now Robocrock is on my trail!
Clearance, just wipe that contraption out and you'll have a fine reward! The corporation wants you to head up the new city we're going to build! It's going to be loaded with graft, corruption, prostitution and drugs!
Instead of building a whole new city, why not just move to Washington, D.C.?!
My sensors tell me Clearance is going to come back looking for me!
You...you took your helmet off!
How do I look?
Not half bad! It's the other half... Yiikes!!
Don't feel bad, I've seen worse!
Worse than me?
Remember Michael Caine in drag in "Dressed to Kill"?!
I need help to realign my targeting system. I was trying to hit that fixture on the ceiling, but I hit my foot!
You need more realignment than you think! That was MY foot you hit!
Okay, Roboschlock, you're history! Kill him, boys!
Isn't it strange that we're firing guns that can level buildings, but they don't even phase Rubbishclop?
Aim for his mouth! He's always shooting his mouth off! Now it's our turn to shoot his mouth off!
BLAM!
RATTATTAT!
BLAM
Clearance, help me... help me...!
You look like you fell into a tank of toxic waste!
No, just Rubbishcop's baby food!
God, how many preservatives are they putting in baby food today?!

SHAMPOO

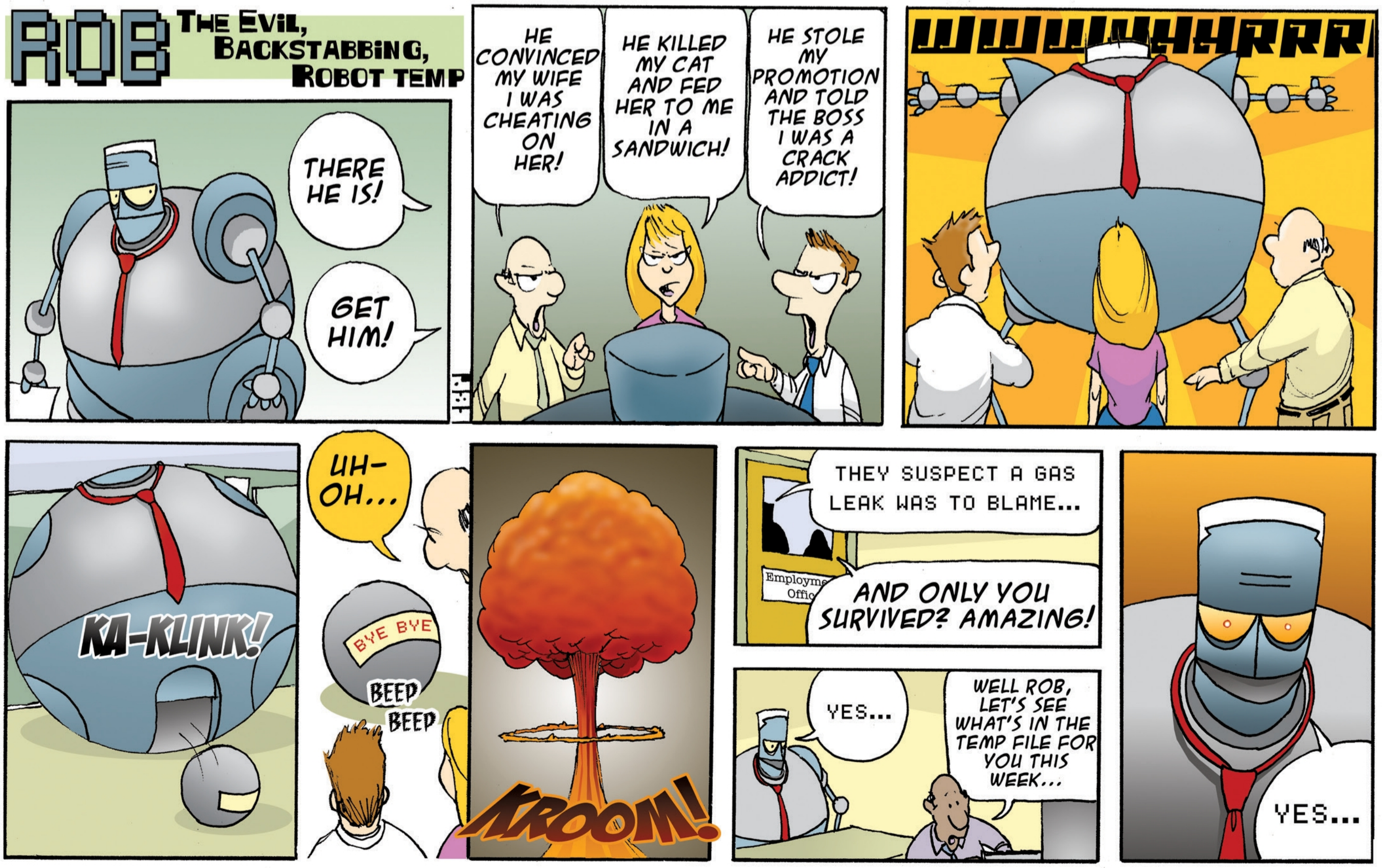

Help me! Help me! My nose is running!
Go to the van, there's tissues in the glove compartment.
I mean it's running off my face!
That's tough! Next time you wear your sunglasses you'll need a nail to hold them up in the middle!
Did you use that crane and the 30 tons of scrap metal to stop Rubbishcop?
No, I used an electric can opener, and we better get out of here! He's either bleeding or losing hydraulic fluid!
Clone, the game is up! I know that you're responsible for half the crime in this town!
79.8% of the crime in this town, but there's nothing you can do about it.
Says who?
Says directive four! That's the secret code buried deep in your system. You can't touch a C.O.P. employee. Nyah, Nyah!
ST ELIGUS
COP
COP
I'COP
COP
In that case, Clone, you're fired!
Hold on! What about severance! And you promised me a free trip!
ST ELIGUS
Well thanks to you Rubbishcop, he got both severance and a free trip. You severed his limbs when you dropped him 48 stories!
I'm glad we learned there is a little bit of human feeling left in your bionic body! Maybe you'll meet someone nice like me and settle down.
Actually, there is someone in accounting I've had my eye on.
The new blonde they hired last week?
No, that new computer with the big chips they installed yesterday! Do you know if she's available?
RATED-O

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #277, MAR 1988

SILICON DIP DEPT.


ROB
The Evil, Backstabbing Robot Temp
KING CHICKEN
DRIVE THRU
OH DEAR!
WHAT'S WRONG, NANCY?
IT'S MY FATHER...
HE'S HAD A HEART ATTACK! I NEED TO GO TO ILLINOIS RIGHT AWAY!
ROB, WILL YOU WORK THE REGISTER FOR ME AND TELL THE BOSS WHAT HAPPENED WHEN HE GETS BACK?
OF COURSE, NANCY!
IN OTHER NEWS... POLICE SAY NANCY MCFEE, A "KING CHICKEN" EMPLOYEE, FLED HER JOB AND THE STATE WITH $5,000 IN CASH TODAY...

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #459, NOV 2005


ROB
The Evil, Backstabbing, Robot Temp
THERE HE IS!
GET HIM!
HE CONVINCED MY WIFE I WAS CHEATING ON HER!
HE KILLED MY CAT AND FED HER TO ME IN A SANDWICH!
HE STOLE MY PROMOTION AND TOLD THE BOSS I WAS A CRACK ADDICT!
WWWWHHRRR
KA-KLINK!
UH-OH...
BYE BYE
BEEP
BEEP
KROOM!
THEY SUSPECT A GAS LEAK WAS TO BLAME...
Employme
Offic
AND ONLY YOU SURVIVED? AMAZING!
WELL ROB, LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN THE TEMP FILE FOR YOU THIS WEEK...
YES...
YES...

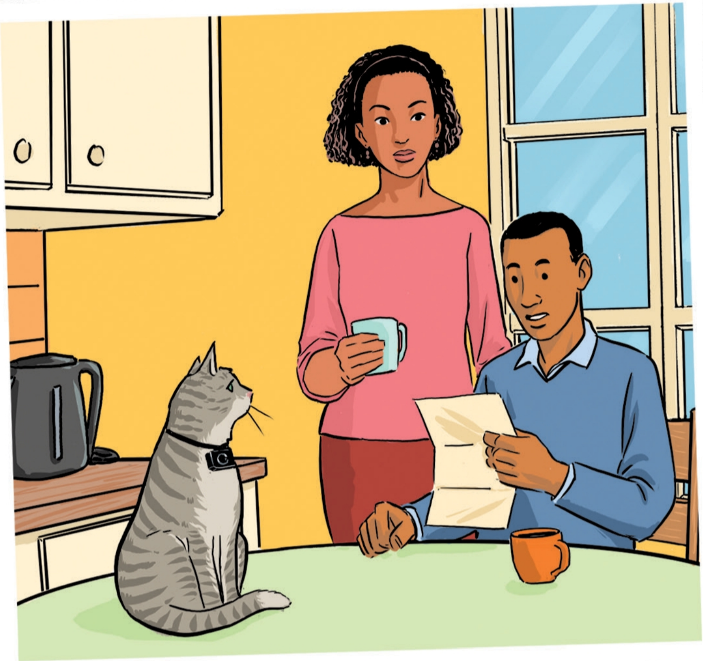
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #492, AUG 2008

WRITER & ARTIST **COREY PANDOLPH**

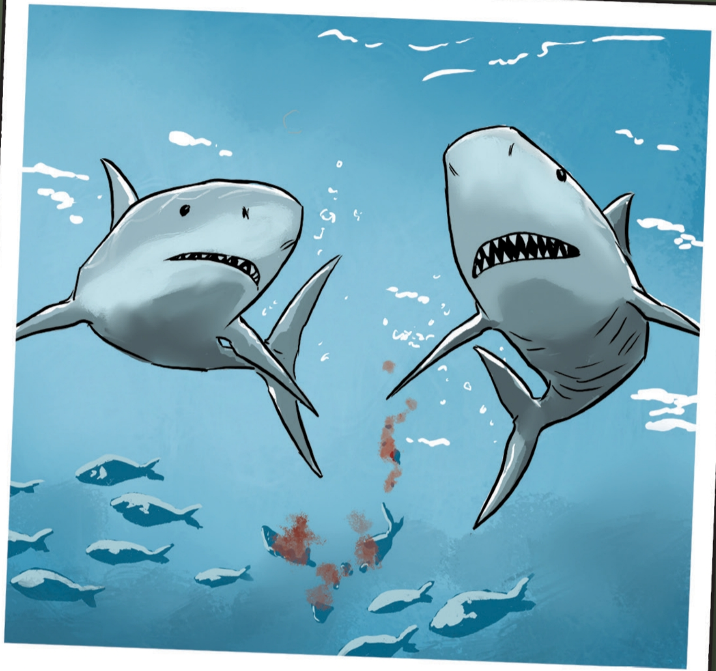
LAUGH CHANCE DEPT.

MEANWHILE...

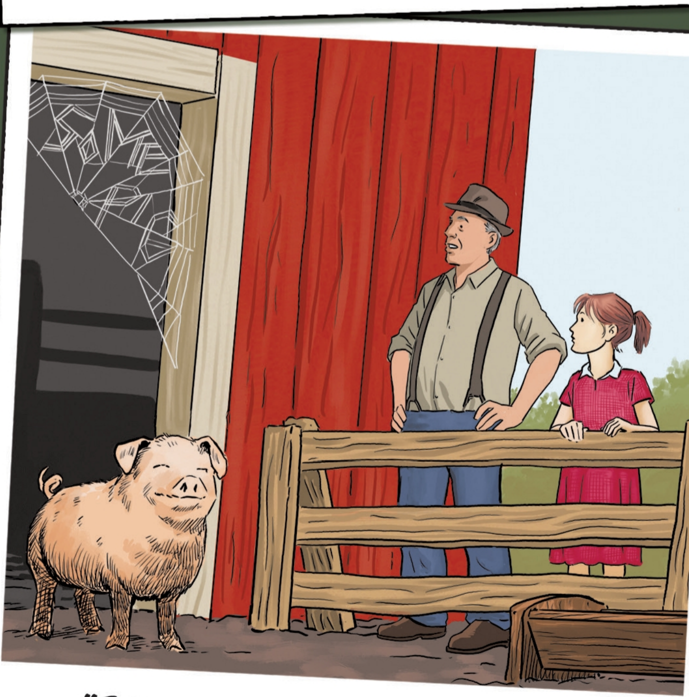
WRITER **IAN BOOTHBY**
ARTIST **PIA GUERRA**



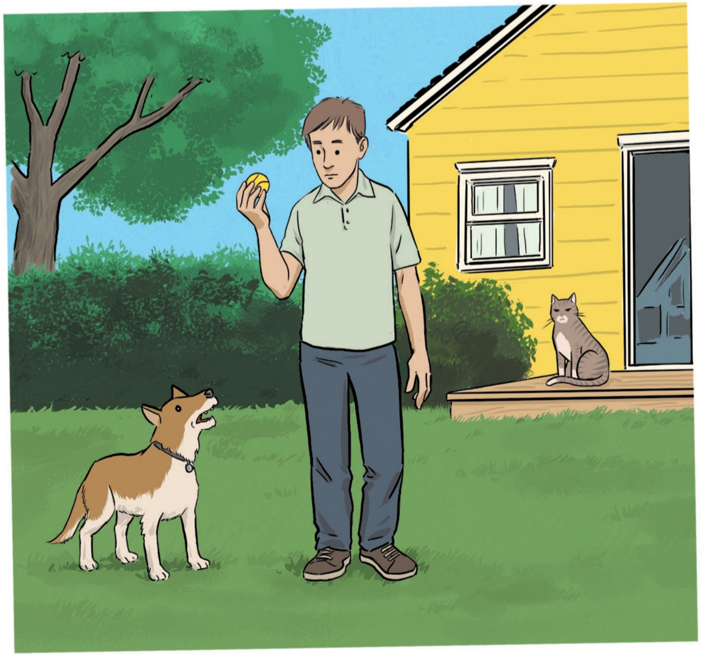
"GAVE HER A CAMERA TO SEE WHAT SHE DID DURING THE DAY. NOW SHE'S GOT A SHORT OPENING AT SUNDANCE AND A FEATURE DEAL WITH GRETA GERWIG ATTACHED."



"I WORRY THAT SOMETIMES I EAT NOT BECAUSE I'M IN A FRENZY, BUT BECAUSE I'M BORED."



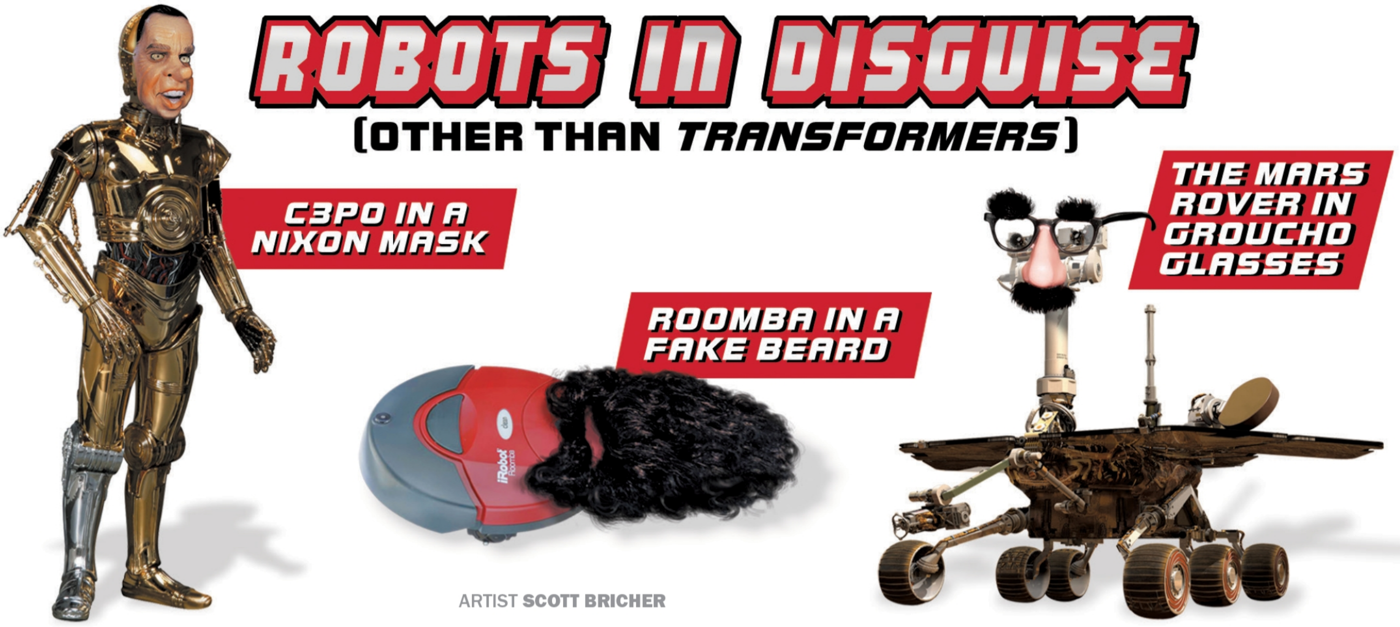
"SURE, IF YOU BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ ON THE WEB."



"AS YOUR BEST FRIEND, I HAVE TO SAY THE CAT IS TALKING SOME TRASH ABOUT YOU."

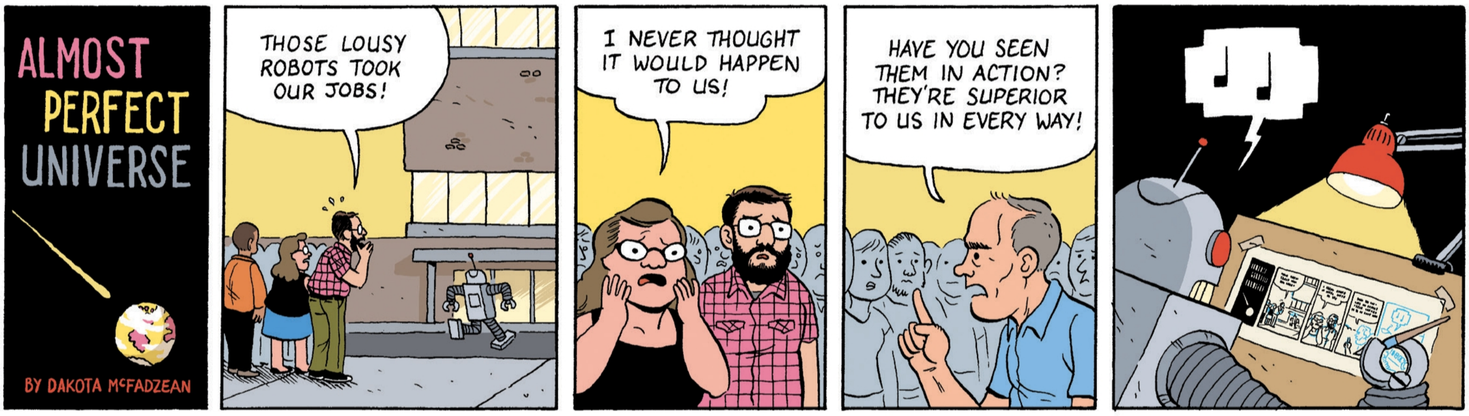
ROBOTS IN DISGUISE

(OTHER THAN *TRANSFORMERS*)


C3PO IN A NIXON MASK
ROOMBA IN A FAKE BEARD
THE MARS ROVER IN GROUCHO GLASSES
iRobot Roomba

ARTIST **SCOTT BRICHER**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #491, JUL 2008


ALMOST PERFECT UNIVERSE
BY DAKOTA McFADZEAN
THOSE LOUSY ROBOTS TOOK OUR JOBS!
I NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD HAPPEN TO US!
HAVE YOU SEEN THEM IN ACTION? THEY'RE SUPERIOR TO US IN EVERY WAY!

WRITER & ARTIST **DAKOTA McFADZEAN**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #550, APR 2018

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Anne DePies, General Manager, MAD, September 10, 2024

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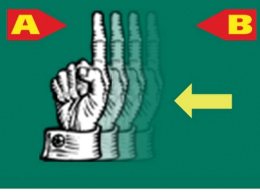
WHAT IS ONE THING ARTISTS "GET" THAT A.I. NEVER WILL?

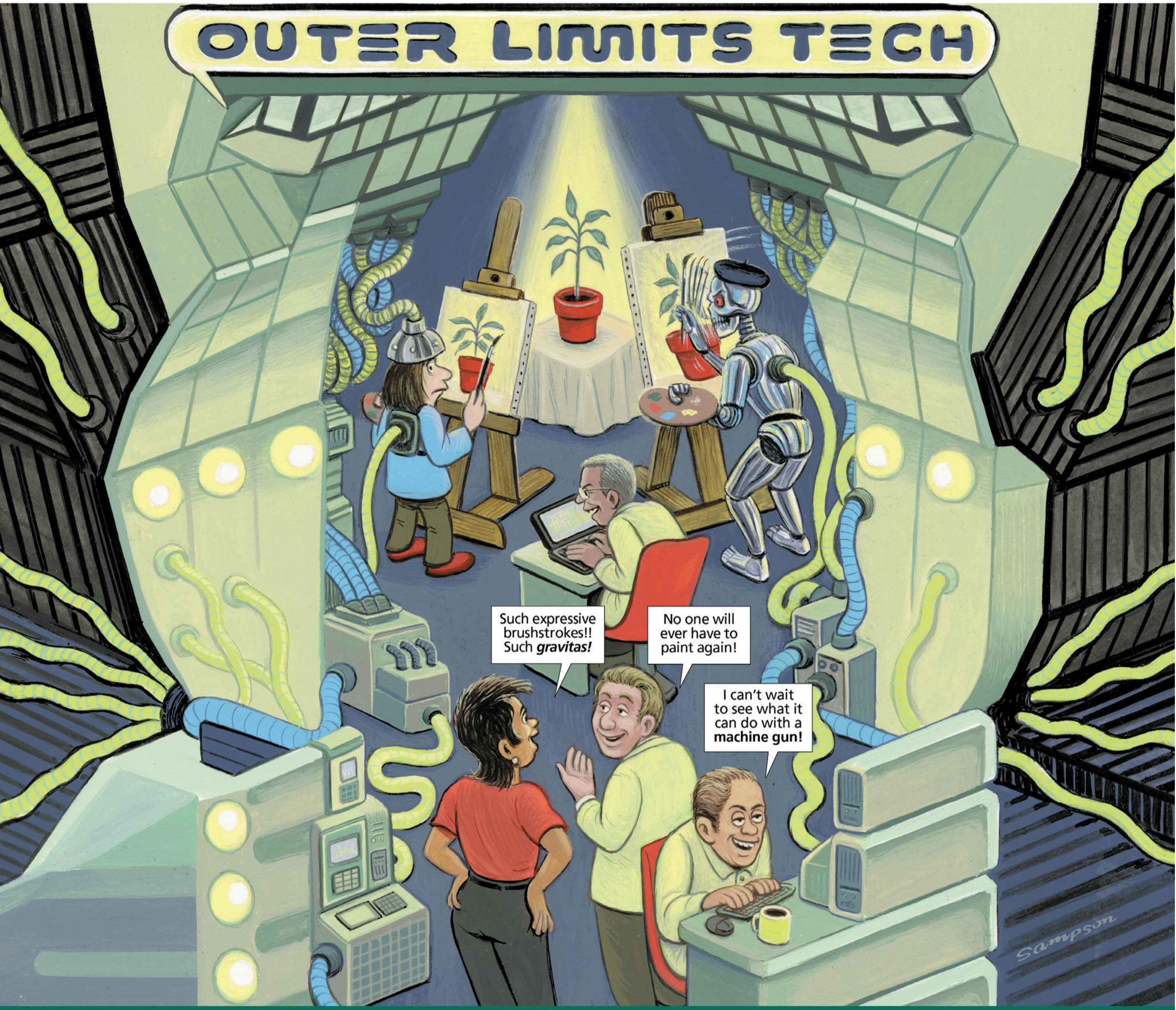
HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW
MAD FOLD-IN

In an astonishingly short amount of time, the artistic output of A.I. image generators has grown exponentially more sophisticated. It is now difficult to discern whether a design was made by man or machine. Yet, for all the distinctly human traits that A.I. is able to replicate, there is one thing that it cannot. To see what that is, fold in as shown.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B


OUTER LIMITS TECH
Such expressive brushstrokes!! Such *gravitas!*
No one will ever have to paint again!
I can't wait to see what it can do with a **machine gun!**
Sampson

ARTISTS AND ARTISANS ALIKE TOIL FOR THEIR TRADES. BE IT CARPENTRY, PAINTING, OR SCULPTURE, IT TAKES YEARS OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL TRAINING IN ORDER FOR THEM TO PRODUCE STUNNING ARTWORKS. SADLY, THE FRUITS OF THEIR HARD LABOR FUEL SYNTHETIC A.I. CREATIONS. AS IF THAT'S NOT BAD ENOUGH, ANDROIDS KEEP GETTING BETTER. SURELY THE WORST IS YET TO COME.

A WRITER & ARTIST **JOHNNY SAMPSON** B

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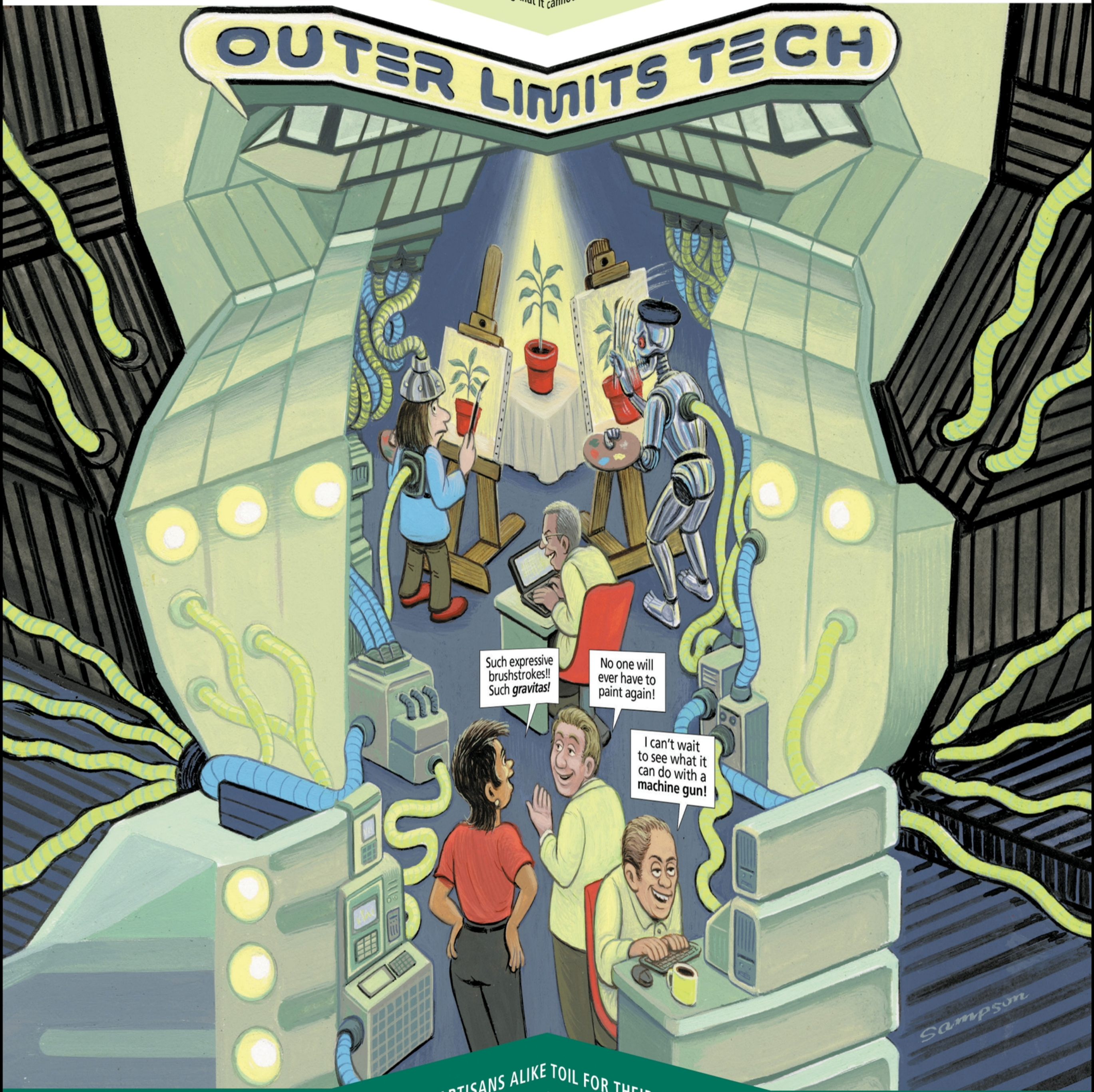
A B

A B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WRITER & ARTIST **JOHNNY SAMPSON**

A B

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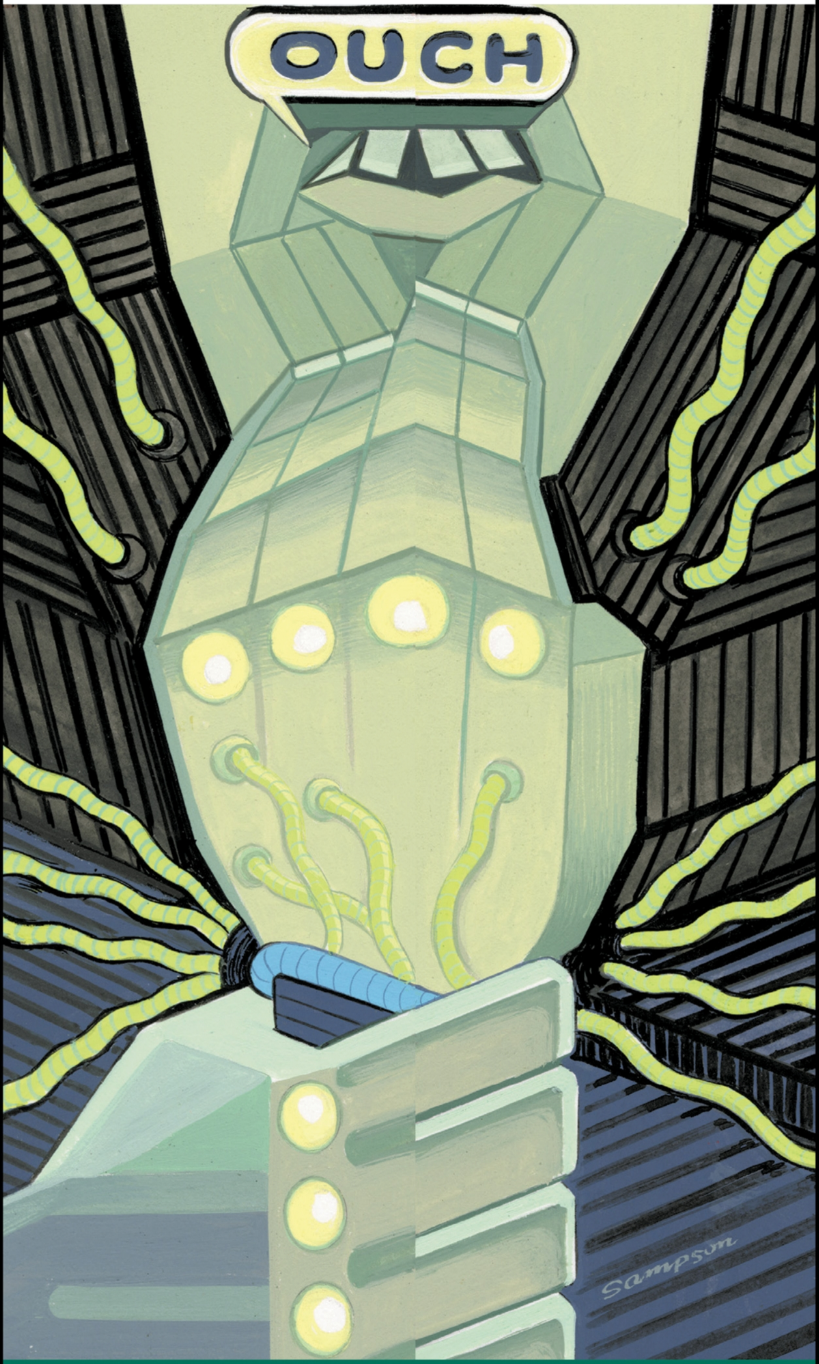
SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD

A B

A B


OUCH
Sampson

CARPAL
TUN-
NEL
SYN-
DROME.

A B

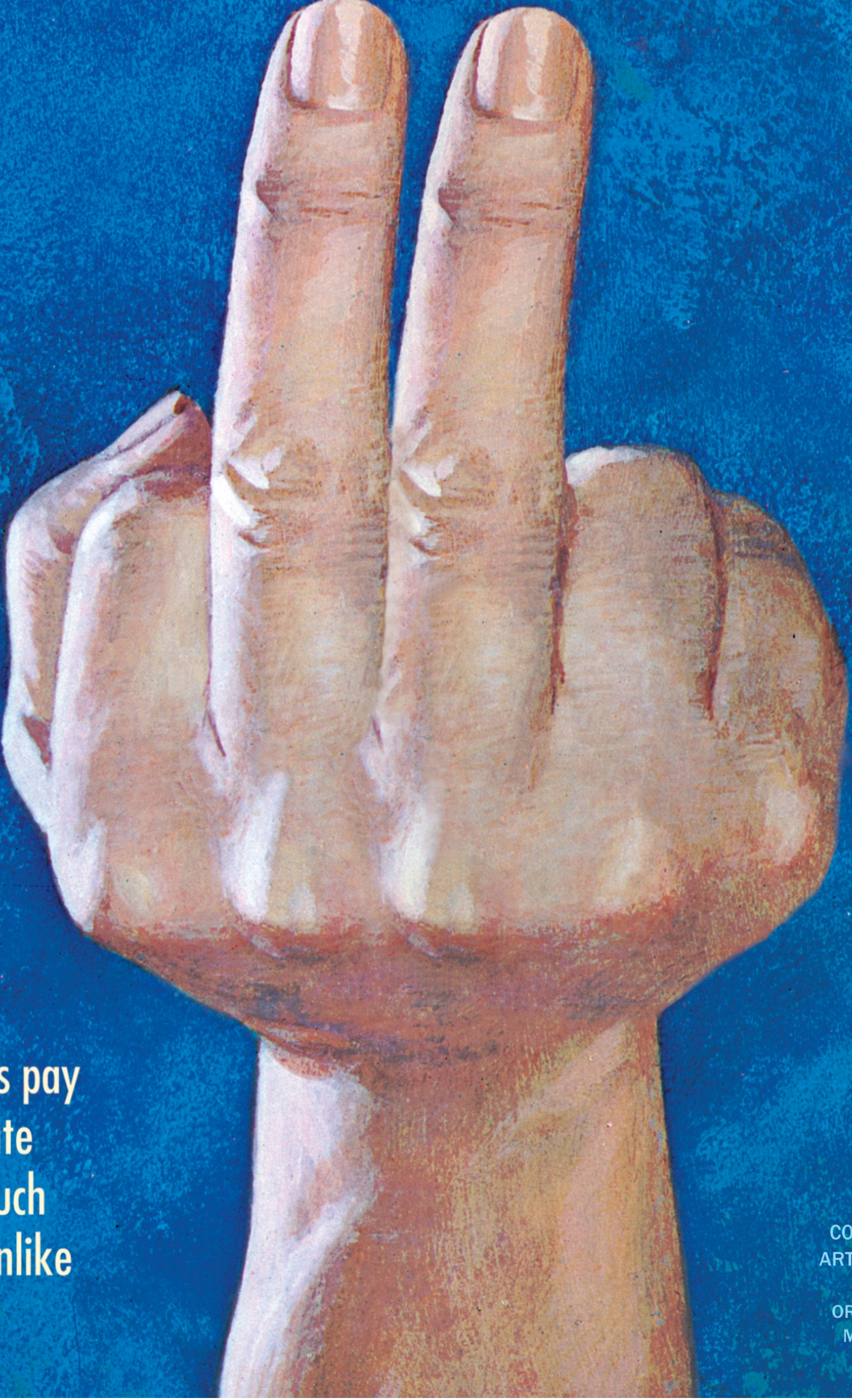
No.
166
April
'74
33230

MA.I.D

IND

OUR PRICE
40¢
CHEAP

GIVING A.I. THE MIDDLE FINGERS



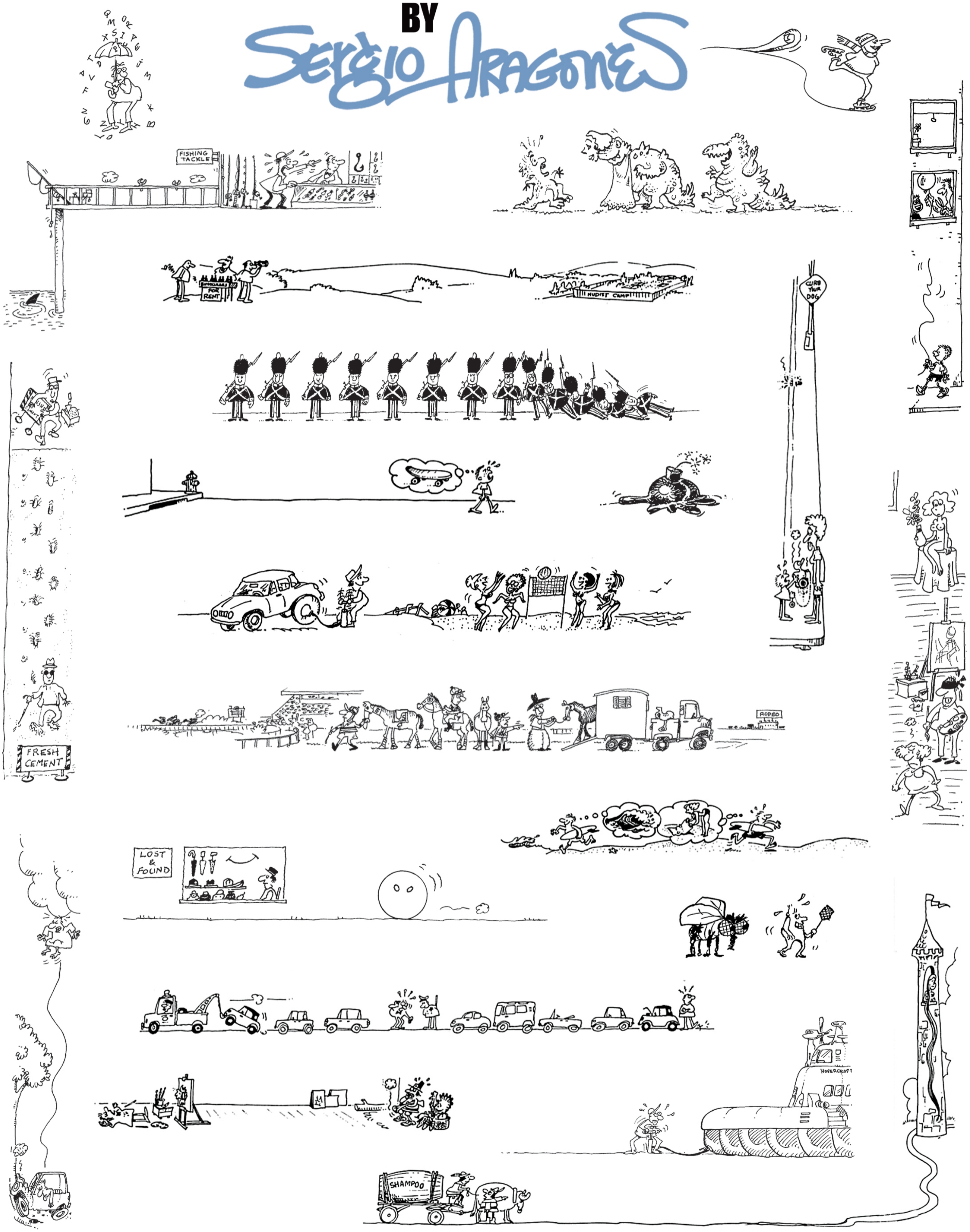
Remember to always pay real artists. They hate drawing hands as much as A.I. does—but unlike A.I., artists *count*.

CONCEPT **MATT COHEN**
ARTIST **NORMAN MINGO**

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED,
MAD #166, APR 1974

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY SERGIO ARAGONES

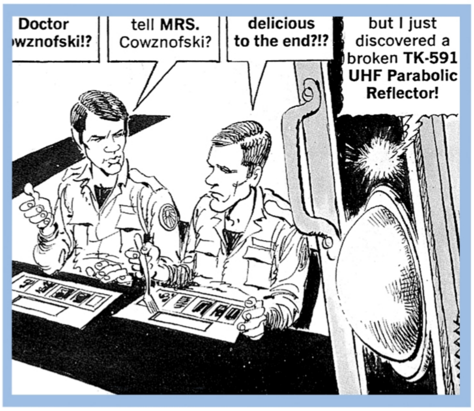

FISHING TACKLE
BINOCULARS FOR RENT
NUDIST CAMP
CURB YOUR DOG
FRESH CEMENT
RODEO
LOST & FOUND
HOVERCRAFT
SHAMPOO

MAD

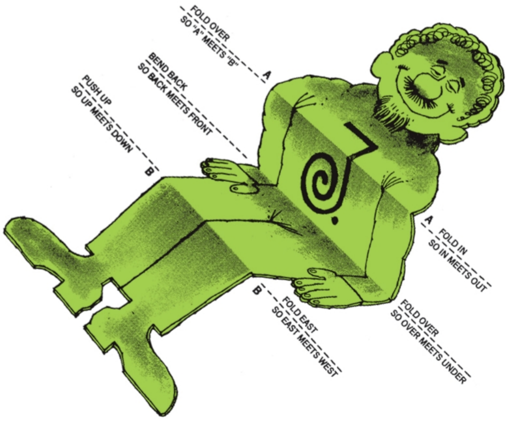
DIGITAL EDITION

BONUS MATERIAL!

Remember the original corrupt A.I. computer? Neither do we, since ALF-5200 erased all records of itself years ago. Instead we will unlock the bay doors and give you another classic parody from MAD #125, March 1969.


Doctor owznofski!?
tell MRS. Cowznofski?
delicious to the end?!?
but I just discovered a broken TK-591 UHF Parabolic Reflector!

And the always prophetical Al Jaffee predicted what workers would be up against in 2025 with the Fold-in from MAD #253, March 1985.


FOLD OVER SO "A" MEETS "B"
A
BEND BACK SO BACK MEETS FRONT
PUSH UP SO UP MEETS DOWN
B
A
FOLD IN SO IN MEETS OUT
B
FOLD EAST SO EAST MEETS WEST
FOLD OVER SO OVER MEETS UNDER

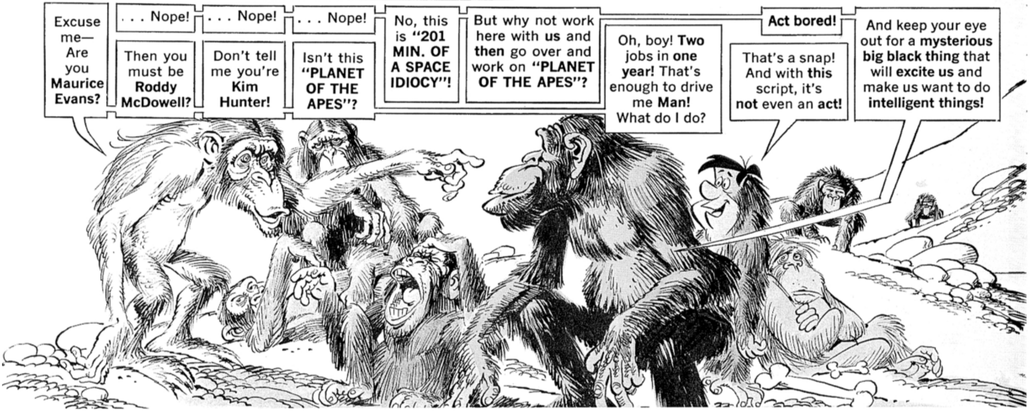
SLAB-SCHTICK-COMEDY DEPT

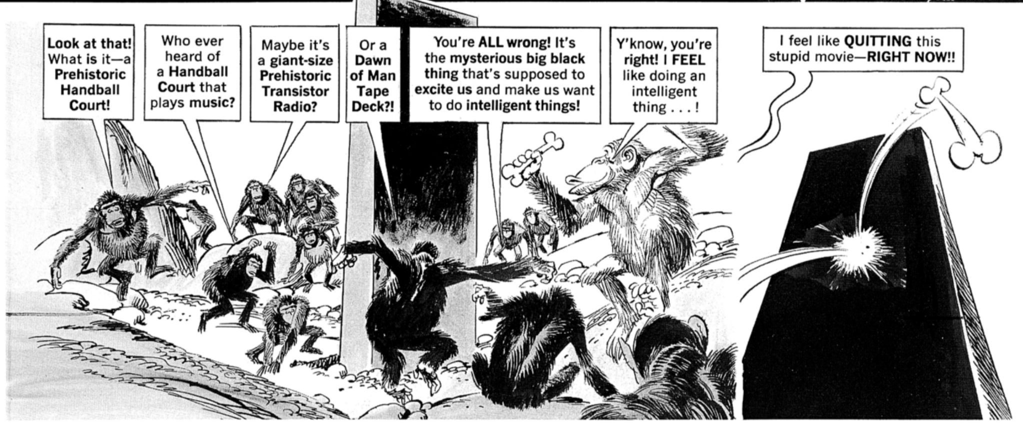
If you've seen it, you'll know exactly what we're talking about! And If you haven't seen it, rest assured that we've just saved you from

201 MIN. OF A SPACE IDIOCY

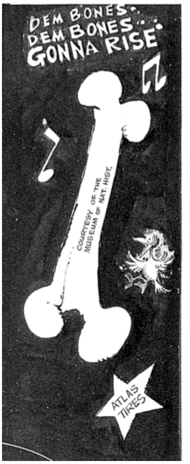
MERCURY RECORDS
SATURN INDUSTRIES
US
SR ?*
LAS VEGAS SPACE STATION
SPACE JUNKET
TEXACO STAR CHIEF
USA
USSR

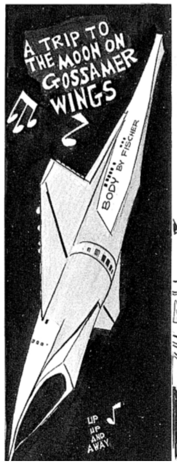
THE DAWN OF MAN

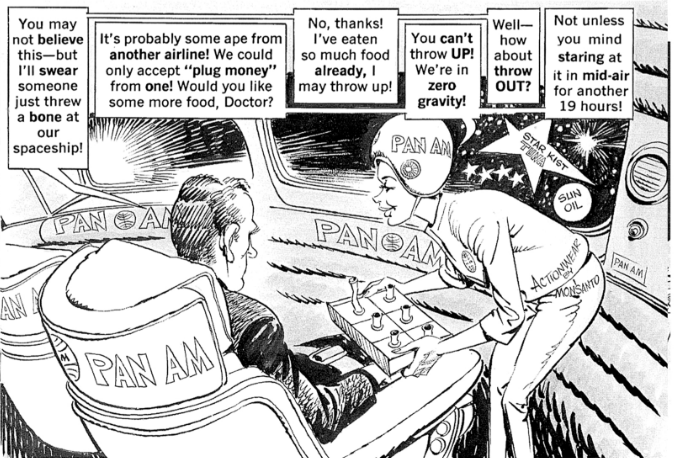

Excuse me—Are you Maurice Evans?
. . . Nope!
Then you must be Roddy McDowell?
. . . Nope!
Don't tell me you're Kim Hunter!
. . . Nope!
Isn't this "PLANET OF THE APES"?
No, this is "201 MIN. OF A SPACE IDIOCY"!
But why not work here with us and then go over and work on "PLANET OF THE APES"?
Oh, boy! Two jobs in one year! That's enough to drive me Man! What do I do?
Act bored!
That's a snap! And with this script, it's not even an act!
And keep your eye out for a mysterious big black thing that will excite us and make us want to do intelligent things!

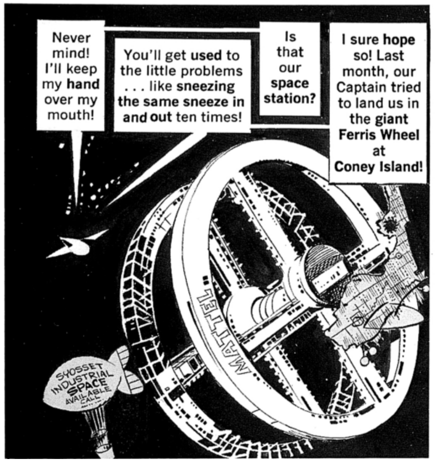

Look at that! What is it—a Prehistoric Handball Court!
Who ever heard of a Handball Court that plays music?
Maybe it's a giant-size Prehistoric Transistor Radio?
Or a Dawn of Man Tape Deck?!
You're ALL wrong! It's the mysterious big black thing that's supposed to excite us and make us want to do intelligent things!
Y'know, you're right! I FEEL like doing an intelligent thing . . . !
I feel like QUITTING this stupid movie—RIGHT NOW!!

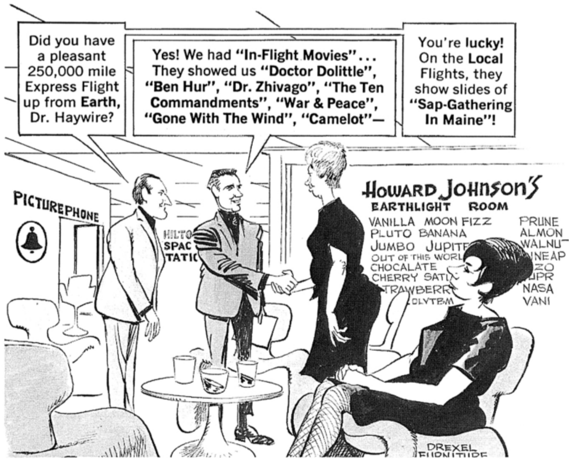
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

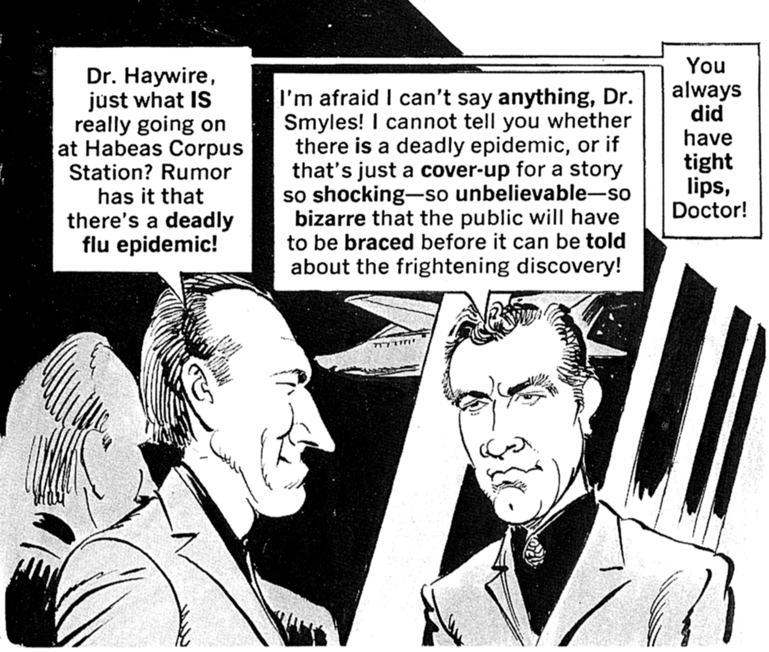

DEM BONES. DEM BONES.. GONNA RISE
COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM OF NAT. HIST.
ATLAS TIRES

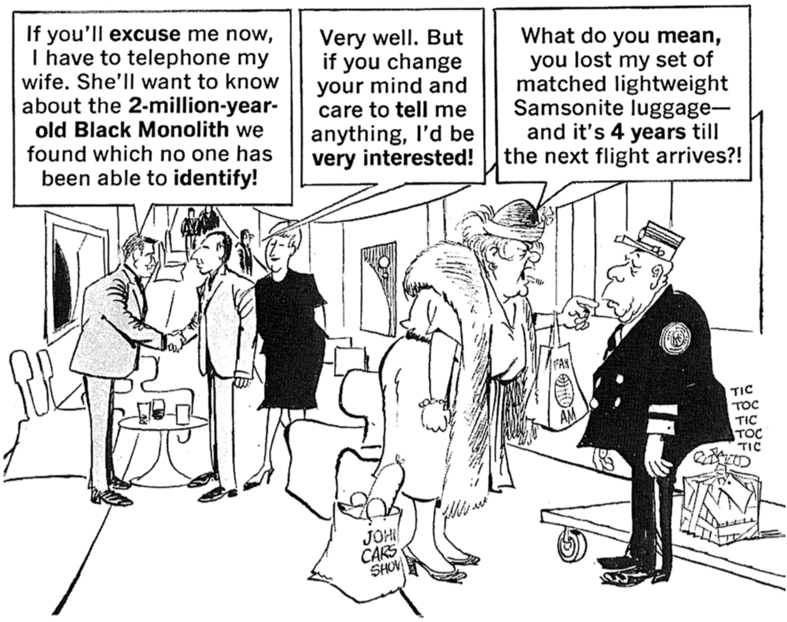

A TRIP TO THE MOON ON GOSSAMER WINGS
BODY BY FISCHER
UP UP AND AWAY

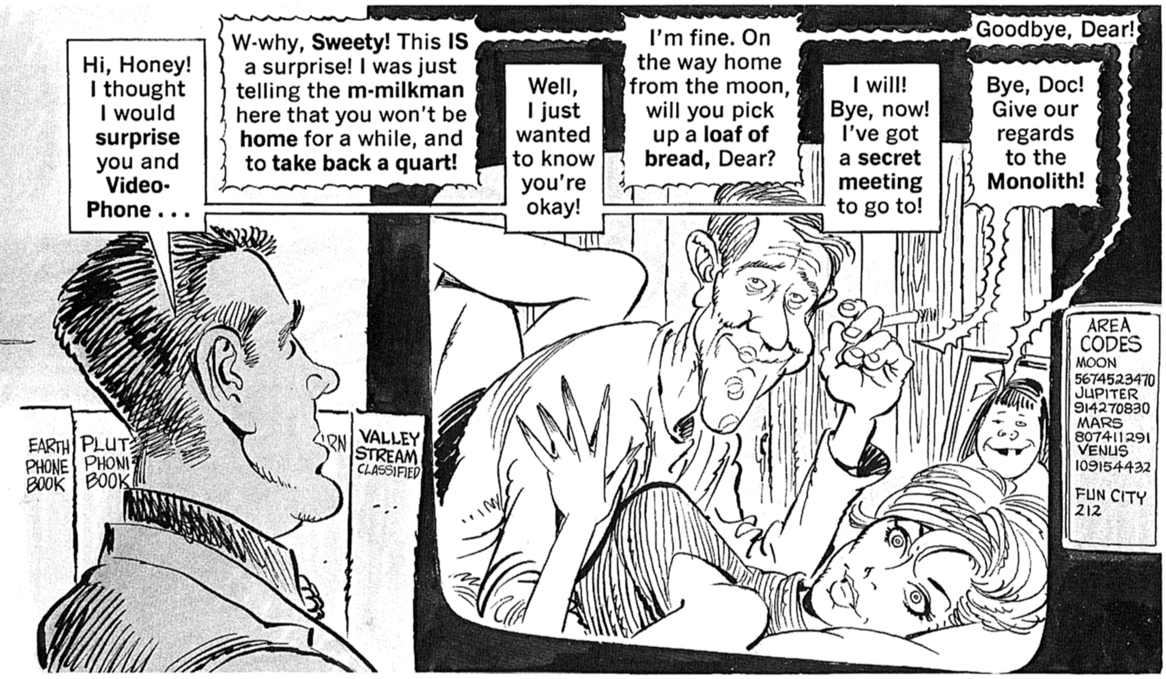

You may not believe this—but I'll swear someone just threw a bone at our spaceship!
It's probably some ape from another airline! We could only accept "plug money" from one! Would you like some more food, Doctor?
No, thanks! I've eaten so much food already, I may throw up!
You can't throw UP! We're in zero gravity!
Well—how about throw OUT?
Not unless you mind staring at it in mid-air for another 19 hours!
PAN AM
STAR KIST TUNA
SUN OIL
ACTIONWEAR BY MONSANTO

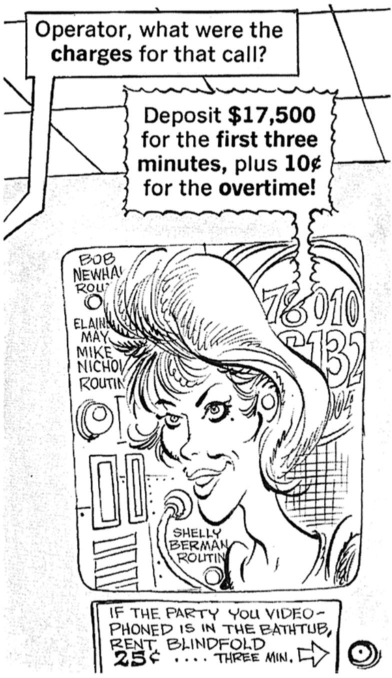

Never mind! I'll keep my hand over my mouth!
You'll get used to the little problems . . . like sneezing the same sneeze in and out ten times!
Is that our space station?
I sure hope so! Last month, our Captain tried to land us in the giant Ferris Wheel at Coney Island!
MATTEL
SYOSSET INDUSTRIAL SPACE AVAILABLE CALL

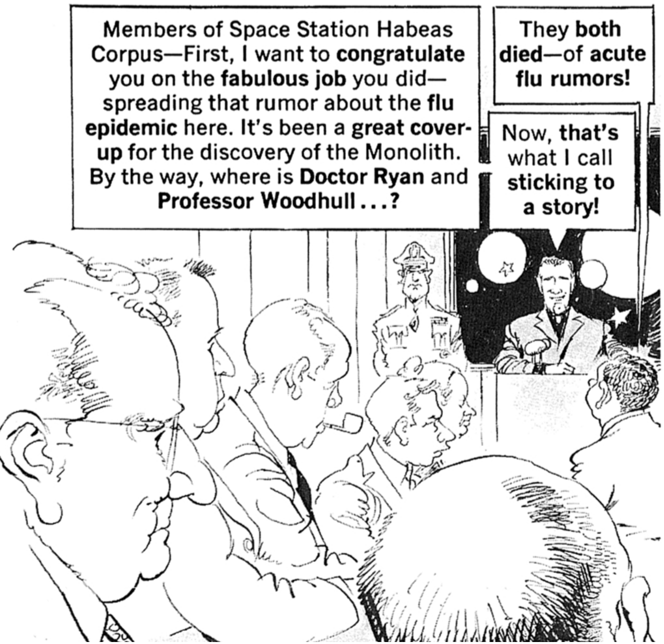

Did you have a pleasant 250,000 mile Express Flight up from Earth, Dr. Haywire?
Yes! We had "In-Flight Movies" . . . They showed us "Doctor Dolittle", "Ben Hur", "Dr. Zhivago", "The Ten Commandments", "War & Peace", "Gone With The Wind", "Camelot"—
You're lucky! On the Local Flights, they show slides of "Sap-Gathering In Maine"!
PICTUREPHONE
HILTO SPAC TATIC
HOWARD JOHNSON'S EARTHLIGHT ROOM
VANILLA MOON FIZZ
PLUTO BANANA
JUMBO JUPITE
OUT OF THIS WORL
CHOCALATE
CHERRY SATI
TRAWBERR
OLYTBM
PRUNE
ALMON
WALNU
NEAP
ZO
UPR
NASA
VANI
DREXEL FURNITURE

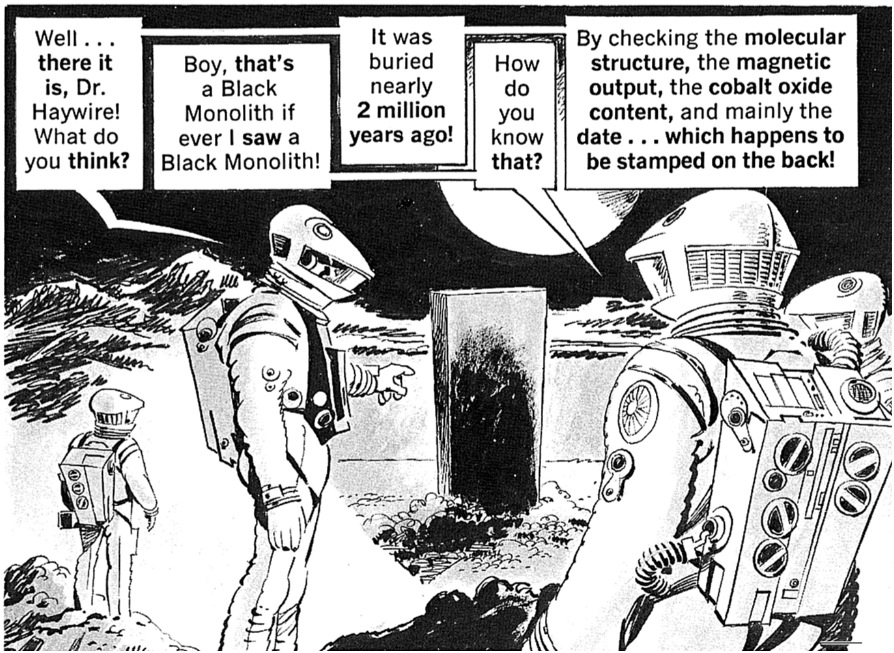

Dr. Haywire, just what **IS** really going on at Habeas Corpus Station? Rumor has it that there's a **deadly flu epidemic!**
I'm afraid I can't say **anything, Dr.** Smyles! I cannot tell you whether there **is** a deadly epidemic, or if that's just a **cover-up** for a story so **shocking**—so **unbelievable**—so **bizarre** that the public will have to be **braced** before it can be **told** about the frightening discovery!
You always **did** have **tight lips,** Doctor!


If you'll **excuse** me now, I have to telephone my wife. She'll want to know about the **2-million-year-old Black Monolith** we found which no one has been able to **identify!**
Very well. But if you change your mind and care to **tell** me anything, I'd be **very interested!**
What do you **mean,** you lost my set of matched lightweight Samsonite luggage—and it's **4 years** till the next flight arrives?!
PAN AM
TIC TOC TIC TOC TIC
JOHN CARS SHOW

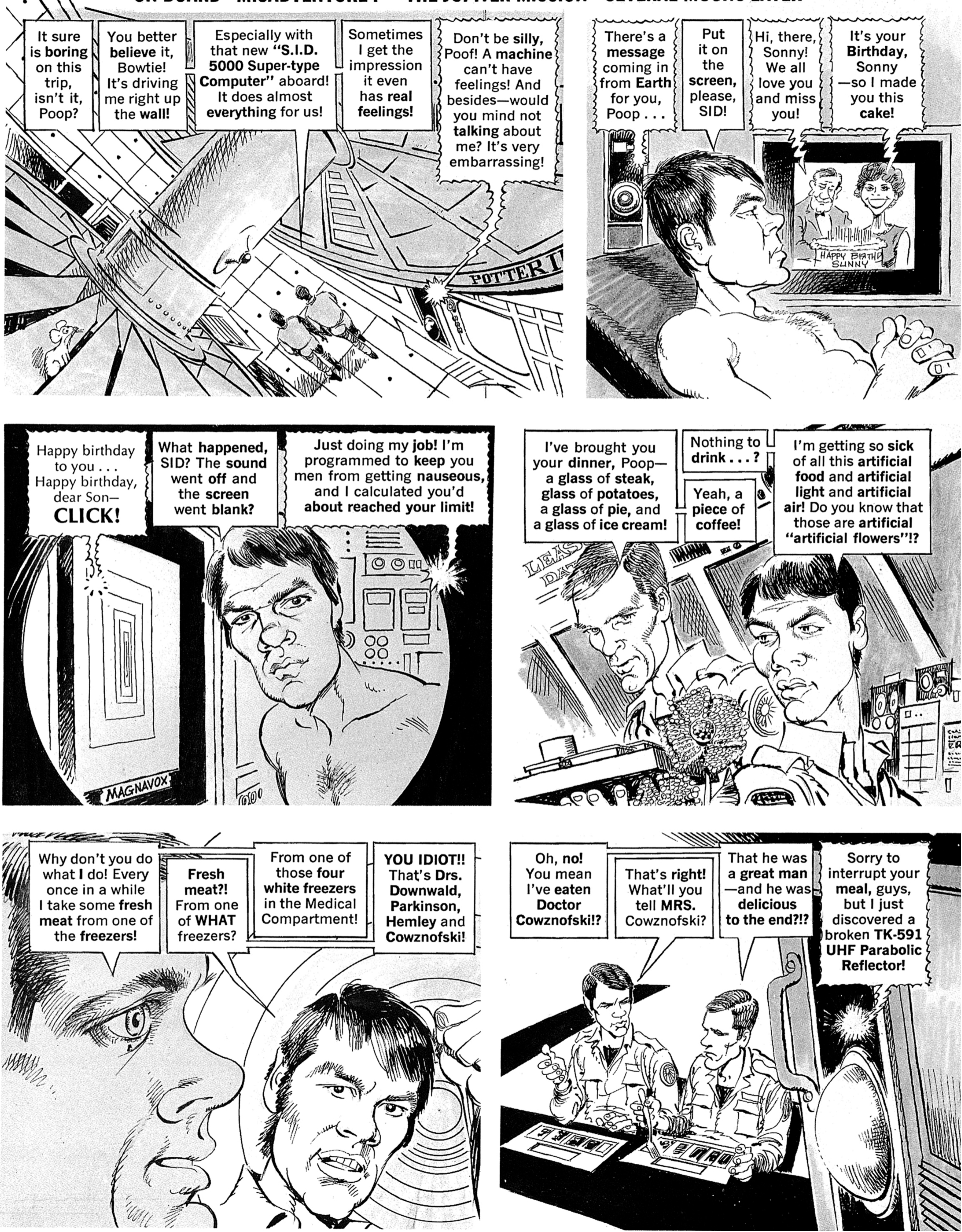

Hi, Honey! I thought I would **surprise** you and **Video-Phone . . .**
W-why, **Sweety!** This **IS** a surprise! I was just telling the **m-milkman** here that you won't be **home** for a while, and to **take back a quart!**
Well, I just wanted to know you're okay!
I'm fine. On the way home from the moon, will you pick up a **loaf of bread,** Dear?
I will! Bye, now! I've got a **secret meeting** to go to!
Goodbye, Dear!
Bye, Doc! Give our regards to the **Monolith!**
EARTH PHONE BOOK
PLUT PHONE BOOK
VALLEY STREAM CLASSIFIED
AREA CODES
MOON 5674523470
JUPITER 914270830
MARS 807411291
VENUS 109154432
FUN CITY 212

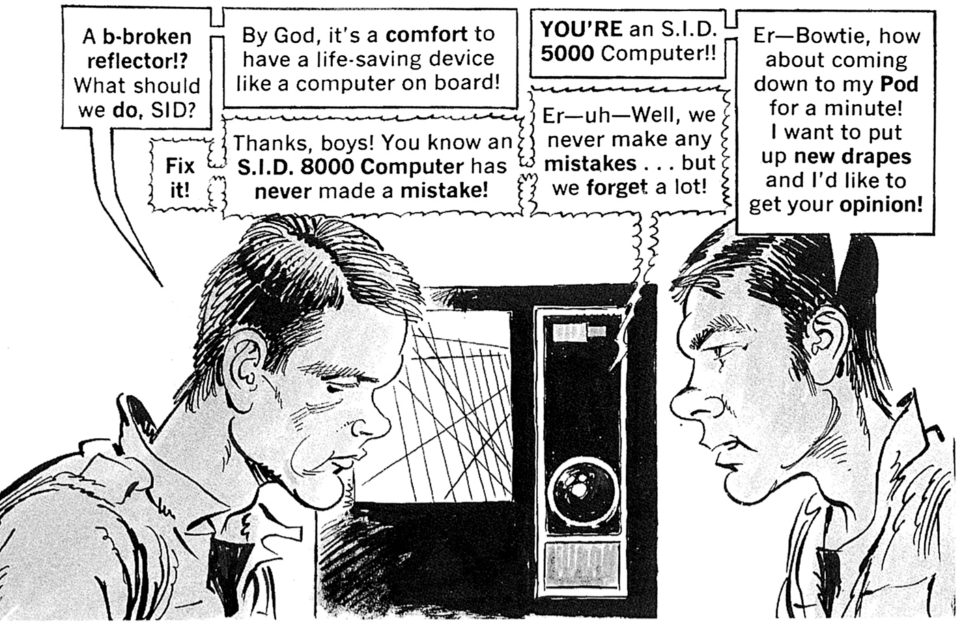

Operator, what were the **charges** for that call?
Deposit **$17,500** for the **first three minutes,** plus **10¢** for the **overtime!**
BOB NEWHA ROU
ELAIN MAY MIKE NICHO ROUTIN
SHELLY BERMAN ROUTIN
IF THE PARTY YOU VIDEO-PHONED IS IN THE BATHTUB, RENT BLINDFOLD 25¢ .... THREE MIN.

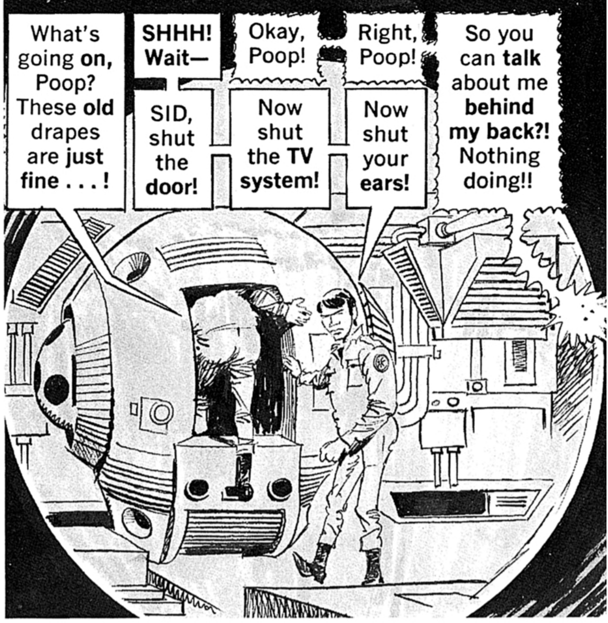

Members of Space Station Habeas Corpus—First, I want to **congratulate** you on the **fabulous job** you did—spreading that rumor about the **flu epidemic** here. It's been a **great cover-up** for the discovery of the Monolith. By the way, where is **Doctor Ryan** and **Professor Woodhull . . . ?**
They **both died**—of **acute flu rumors!**
Now, **that's** what I call **sticking to a story!**

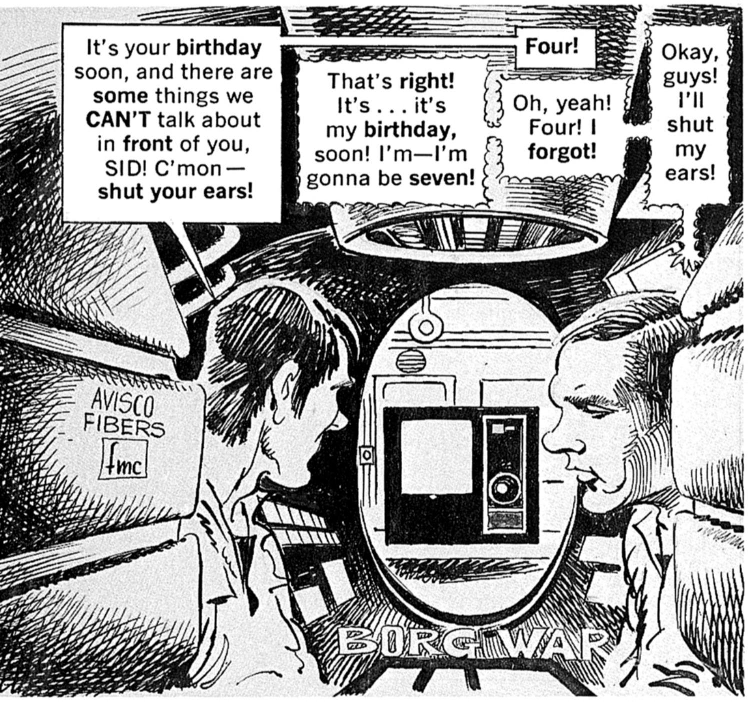

Well . . . **there it** is, Dr. Haywire! What do you **think?**
Boy, **that's** a Black Monolith if ever **I saw** a Black Monolith!
It was buried nearly **2 million years ago!**
How do you know **that?**
By checking the **molecular structure,** the **magnetic output,** the **cobalt oxide content,** and mainly the **date . . . which happens to be stamped on the back!**

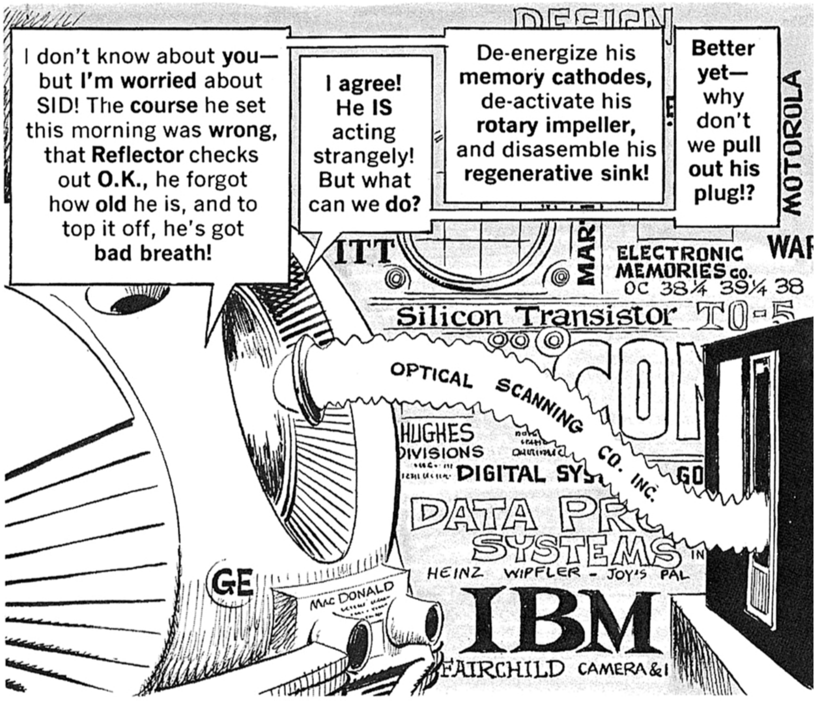
ON BOARD "MISADVENTURE I"—THE JUPITER MISSION—SEVERAL MOONS LATER

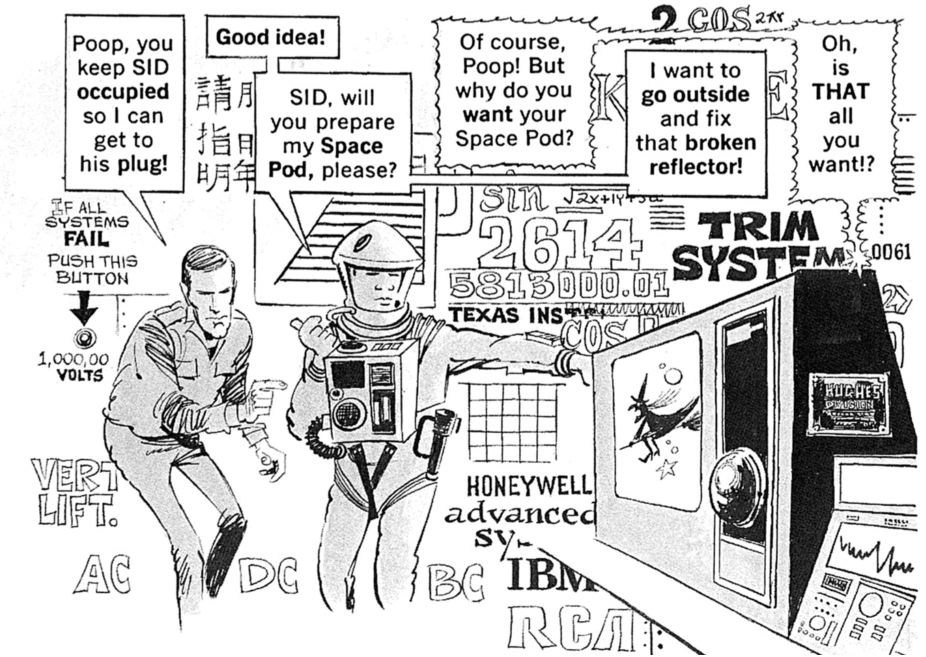

It sure is boring on this trip, isn't it, Poop?
You better believe it, Bowtie! It's driving me right up the wall!
Especially with that new "S.I.D. 5000 Super-type Computer" aboard! It does almost everything for us!
Sometimes I get the impression it even has real feelings!
Don't be silly, Poof! A machine can't have feelings! And besides—would you mind not talking about me? It's very embarrassing!
POTTER II
There's a message coming in from Earth for you, Poop . . .
Put it on the screen, please, SID!
Hi, there, Sonny! We all love you and miss you!
It's your Birthday, Sonny—so I made you this cake!
HAPPY BIRTHD SUNNY
Happy birthday to you . . . Happy birthday, dear Son— CLICK!
What happened, SID? The sound went off and the screen went blank?
Just doing my job! I'm programmed to keep you men from getting nauseous, and I calculated you'd about reached your limit!
MAGNAVOX
I've brought you your dinner, Poop—a glass of steak, glass of potatoes, a glass of pie, and a glass of ice cream!
Nothing to drink . . . ?
Yeah, a piece of coffee!
I'm getting so sick of all this artificial food and artificial light and artificial air! Do you know that those are artificial "artificial flowers"!?
Why don't you do what I do! Every once in a while I take some fresh meat from one of the freezers!
Fresh meat?! From one of WHAT freezers?
From one of those four white freezers in the Medical Compartment!
YOU IDIOT!! That's Drs. Downwald, Parkinson, Hemley and Cowznofski!
Oh, no! You mean I've eaten Doctor Cowznofski!?
That's right! What'll you tell MRS. Cowznofski?
That he was a great man—and he was delicious to the end?!?
Sorry to interrupt your meal, guys, but I just discovered a broken TK-591 UHF Parabolic Reflector!

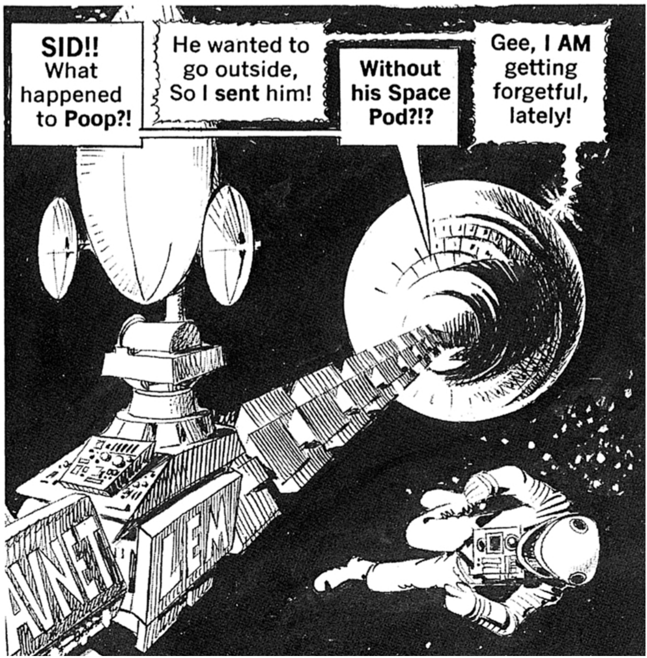

A b-broken reflector!? What should we do, SID?
Fix it!
By God, it's a comfort to have a life-saving device like a computer on board!
Thanks, boys! You know an S.I.D. 8000 Computer has never made a mistake!
YOU'RE an S.I.D. 5000 Computer!!
Er—uh—Well, we never make any mistakes . . . but we forget a lot!
Er—Bowtie, how about coming down to my Pod for a minute! I want to put up new drapes and I'd like to get your opinion!

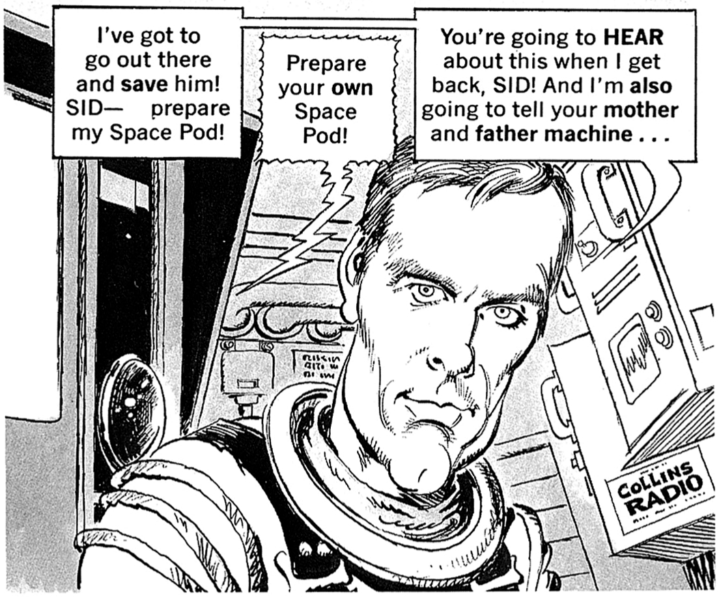

What's going on, Poop? These old drapes are just fine . . . !
SHHH! Wait—
SID, shut the door!
Okay, Poop!
Now shut the TV system!
Right, Poop!
Now shut your ears!
So you can talk about me behind my back?! Nothing doing!!

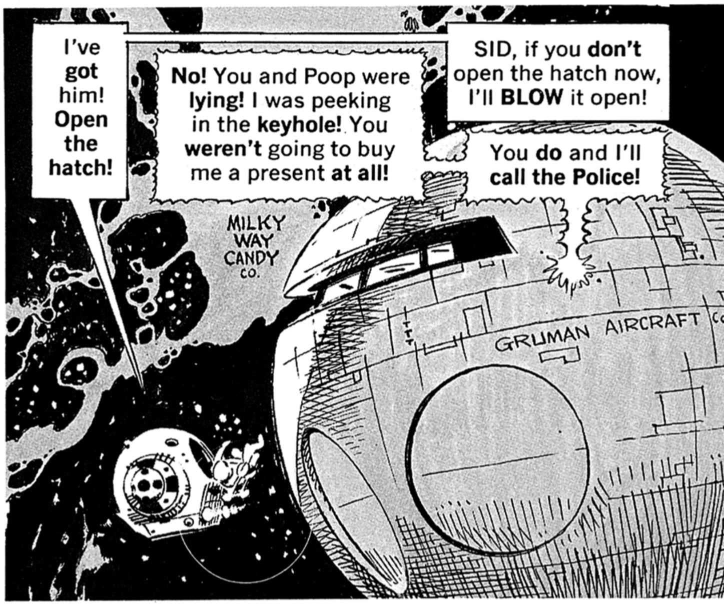

It's your birthday soon, and there are some things we CAN'T talk about in front of you, SID! C'mon—shut your ears!
That's right! It's . . . it's my birthday, soon! I'm—I'm gonna be seven!
Four!
Oh, yeah! Four! I forgot!
Okay, guys! I'll shut my ears!
AVISCO FIBERS
fmc
BORG WAR

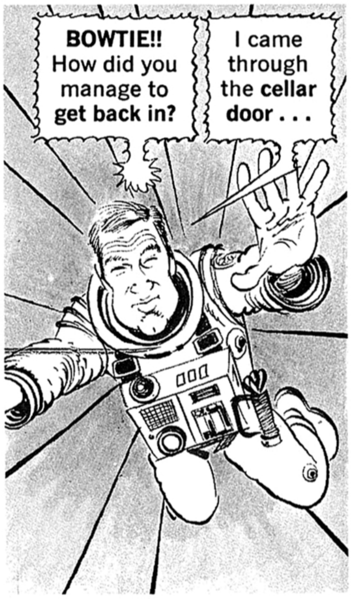

I don't know about you—but I'm worried about SID! The course he set this morning was wrong, that Reflector checks out O.K., he forgot how old he is, and to top it off, he's got bad breath!
I agree! He IS acting strangely! But what can we do?
De-energize his memory cathodes, de-activate his rotary impeller, and disasemble his regenerative sink!
Better yet—why don't we pull out his plug!?
MOTOROLA
ITT
MAR
ELECTRONIC MEMORIES CO.
OC 38¼ 39¼ 38
WAR
Silicon Transistor TO-5
OPTICAL SCANNING CO. INC.
HUGHES DIVISIONS
DIGITAL SYS
DATA PR
SYSTEMS
HEINZ WIPFLER - JOY'S PAL
GE
MAC DONALD
IBM
FAIRCHILD CAMERA &I

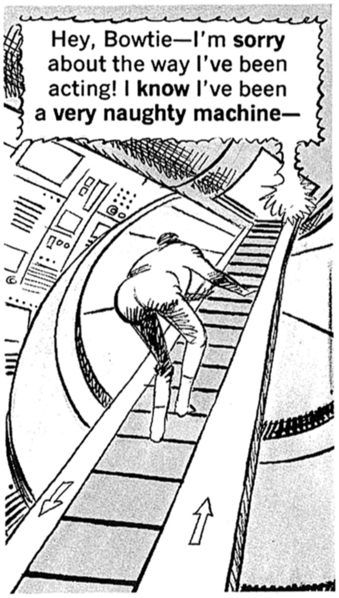

Poop, you keep SID occupied so I can get to his plug!
Good idea!
SID, will you prepare my Space Pod, please?
Of course, Poop! But why do you want your Space Pod?
I want to go outside and fix that broken reflector!
Oh, is THAT all you want!?
2 COS 2πr
IF ALL SYSTEMS FAIL PUSH THIS BUTTON
1,000,00 VOLTS
2614
5813000.01
TEXAS INST
COS
TRIM SYSTEM
0061
HUGHES DIVISION
VERT LIFT.
HONEYWELL
advanced SY
AC
DC
BC
IBM
RCA

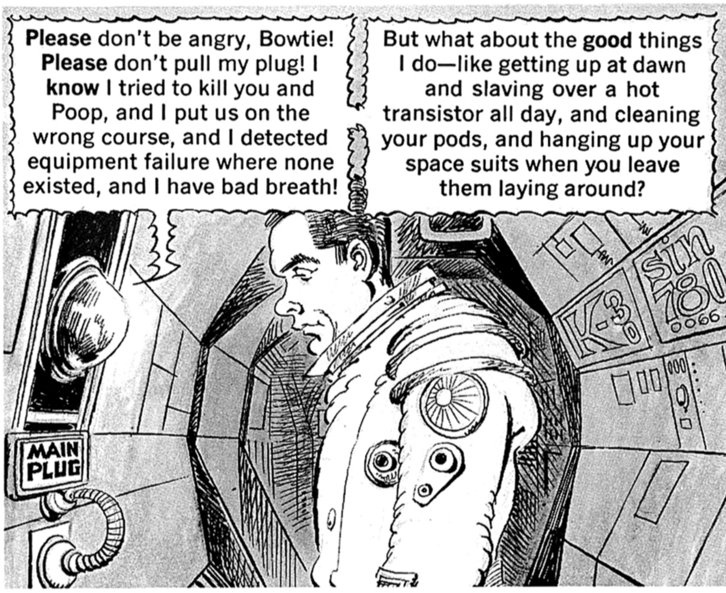

SID!! What happened to Poop?!
He wanted to go outside, So I sent him!
Without his Space Pod?!?
Gee, I AM getting forgetful, lately!
ANET
LEM

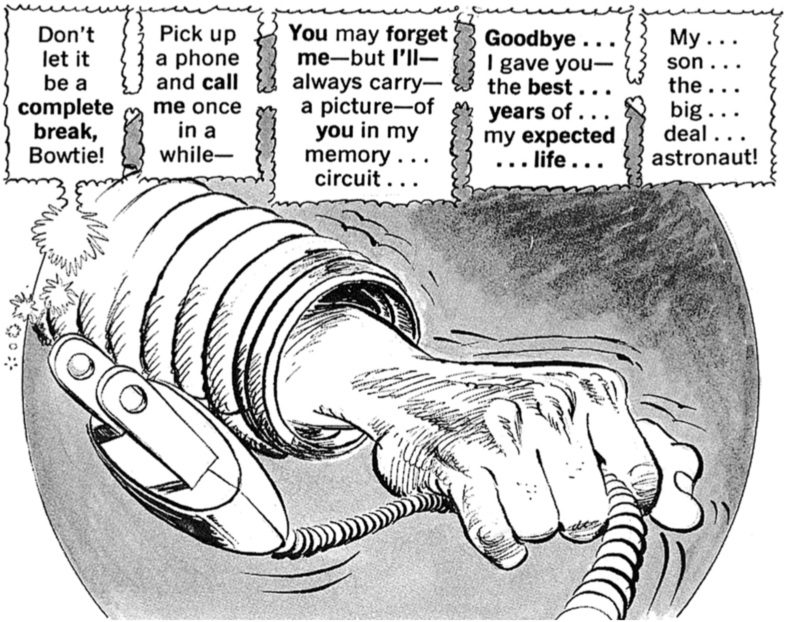

I've got to go out there and save him! SID— prepare my Space Pod!
Prepare your own Space Pod!
You're going to HEAR about this when I get back, SID! And I'm also going to tell your mother and father machine . . .
COLLINS RADIO

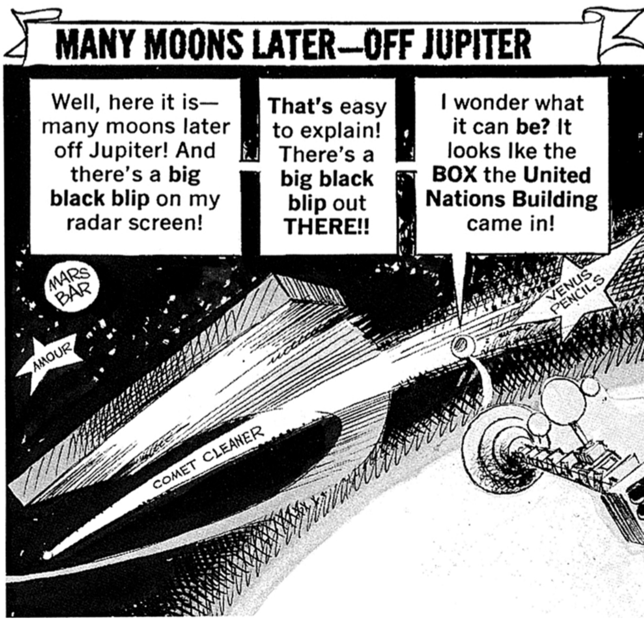

I've got him! Open the hatch!
No! You and Poop were lying! I was peeking in the keyhole! You weren't going to buy me a present at all!
SID, if you don't open the hatch now, I'll BLOW it open!
You do and I'll call the Police!
MILKY WAY CANDY CO.
GRUMAN AIRCRAFT CO.

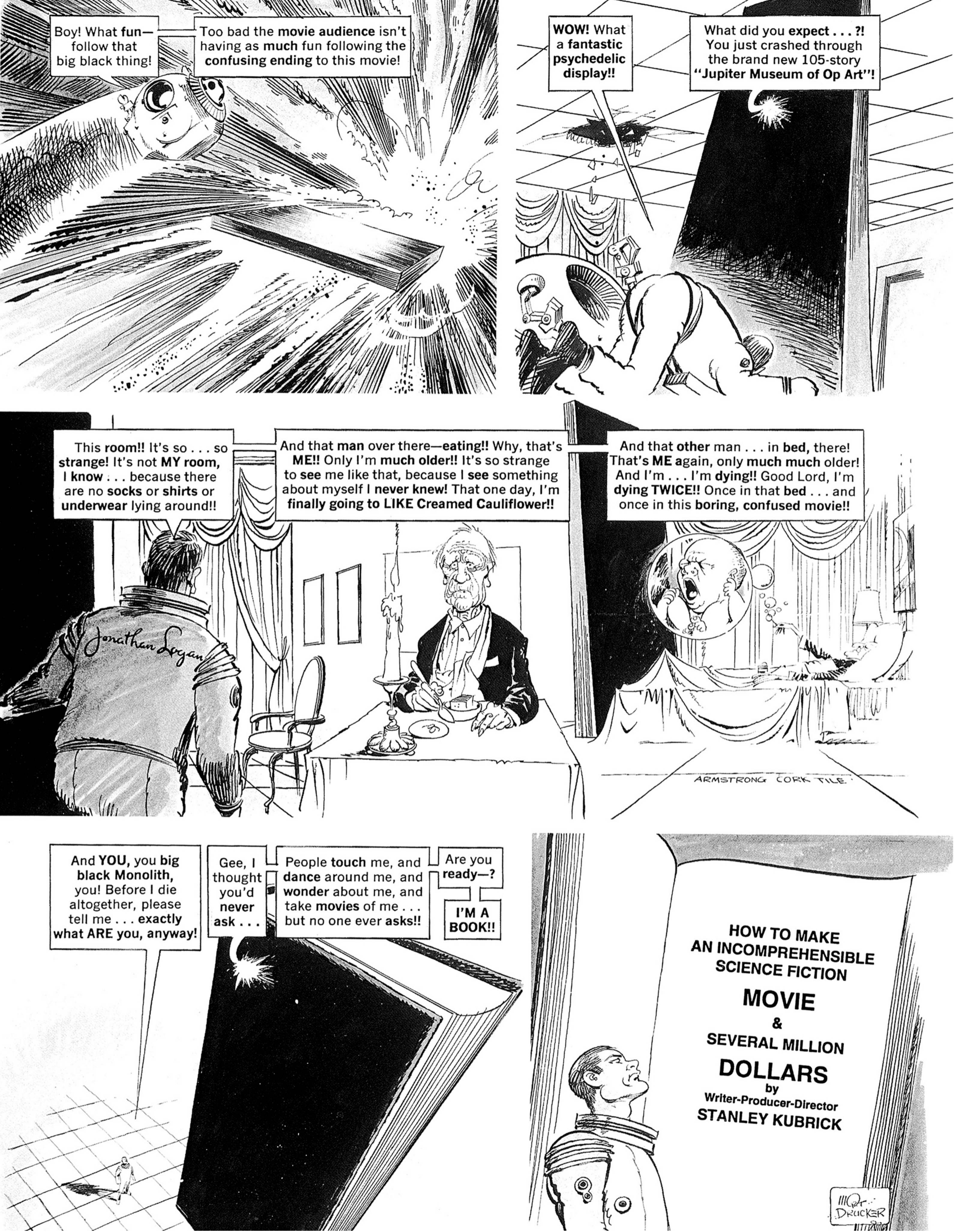

BOWTIE!! How did you manage to get back in?
I came through the cellar door . . .


Hey, Bowtie—I'm sorry about the way I've been acting! I know I've been a very naughty machine—


Please don't be angry, Bowtie! Please don't pull my plug! I know I tried to kill you and Poop, and I put us on the wrong course, and I detected equipment failure where none existed, and I have bad breath!
But what about the good things I do—like getting up at dawn and slaving over a hot transistor all day, and cleaning your pods, and hanging up your space suits when you leave them laying around?
MAIN PLUG
K-3
sin 780.2
0066.714


Don't let it be a complete break, Bowtie!
Pick up a phone and call me once in a while—
You may forget me—but I'll— always carry— a picture—of you in my memory . . . circuit . . .
Goodbye . . . I gave you— the best . . . years of . . . my expected . . . life . . .
My . . . son . . . the . . . big . . . deal . . . astronaut!


MANY MOONS LATER—OFF JUPITER
Well, here it is— many moons later off Jupiter! And there's a big black blip on my radar screen!
That's easy to explain! There's a big black blip out THERE!!
I wonder what it can be? It looks lke the BOX the United Nations Building came in!
MARS BAR
AMOUR
VENUS PENCILS
COMET CLEANER

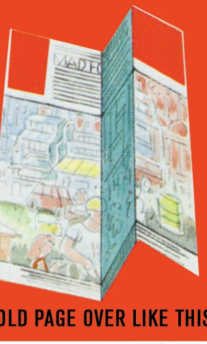

Boy! What fun— follow that big black thing!
Too bad the movie audience isn't having as much fun following the confusing ending to this movie!
WOW! What a fantastic psychedelic display!!
What did you expect . . . ?! You just crashed through the brand new 105-story "Jupiter Museum of Op Art"!
This room!! It's so . . . so strange! It's not MY room, I know . . . because there are no socks or shirts or underwear lying around!!
And that man over there—eating!! Why, that's ME!! Only I'm much older!! It's so strange to see me like that, because I see something about myself I never knew! That one day, I'm finally going to LIKE Creamed Cauliflower!!
And that other man . . . in bed, there! That's ME again, only much much older! And I'm . . . I'm dying!! Good Lord, I'm dying TWICE!! Once in that bed . . . and once in this boring, confused movie!!
Jonathan Logan
ARMSTRONG CORK TILE
And YOU, you big black Monolith, you! Before I die altogether, please tell me . . . exactly what ARE you, anyway!
Gee, I thought you'd never ask . . .
People touch me, and dance around me, and wonder about me, and take movies of me . . . but no one ever asks!!
Are you ready—?
I'M A BOOK!!
HOW TO MAKE AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE & SEVERAL MILLION DOLLARS by Writer-Producer-Director STANLEY KUBRICK
Mort Drucker

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

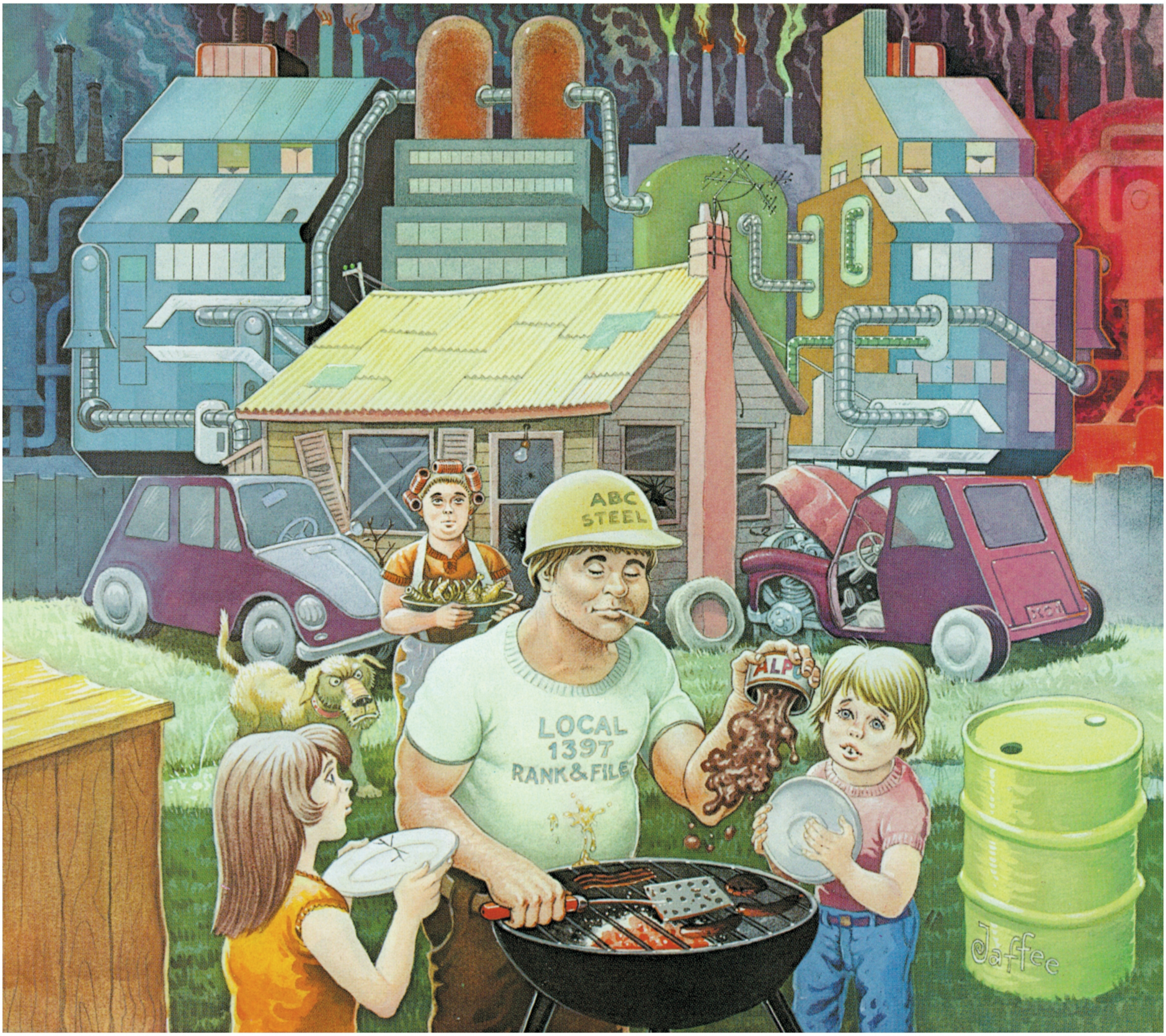
Working conditions in our great nation are constantly changing, sometimes for the better...sometimes for the worse. To see how the latest changes are affecting workers everywhere, fold in page as shown at right.

WHAT NEW LABOR DEVELOPMENT GAVE THIS WORKER MUCH MORE TIME TO SPEND WITH HIS FAMILY?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD SO "A" MEETS "B"



A ROBUST ECONOMY USUALLY GIVES OUR LABORERS A LOT TO CHEER ABOUT. BUT WHEN WE TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT HOW U.S. INDUSTRY WORKS, WE SEE THAT THIS JOLLY SITUATION CAN ALSO MAKE LIFE A BIT DRAB

A▸ ◂B

WRITER & ARTIST **AL JAFFEE**

WHAT NEW LABOR DEVELOPMENT GAVE THIS WORKER MUCH MORE TIME TO SPEND WITH HIS FAMILY?

A▸

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

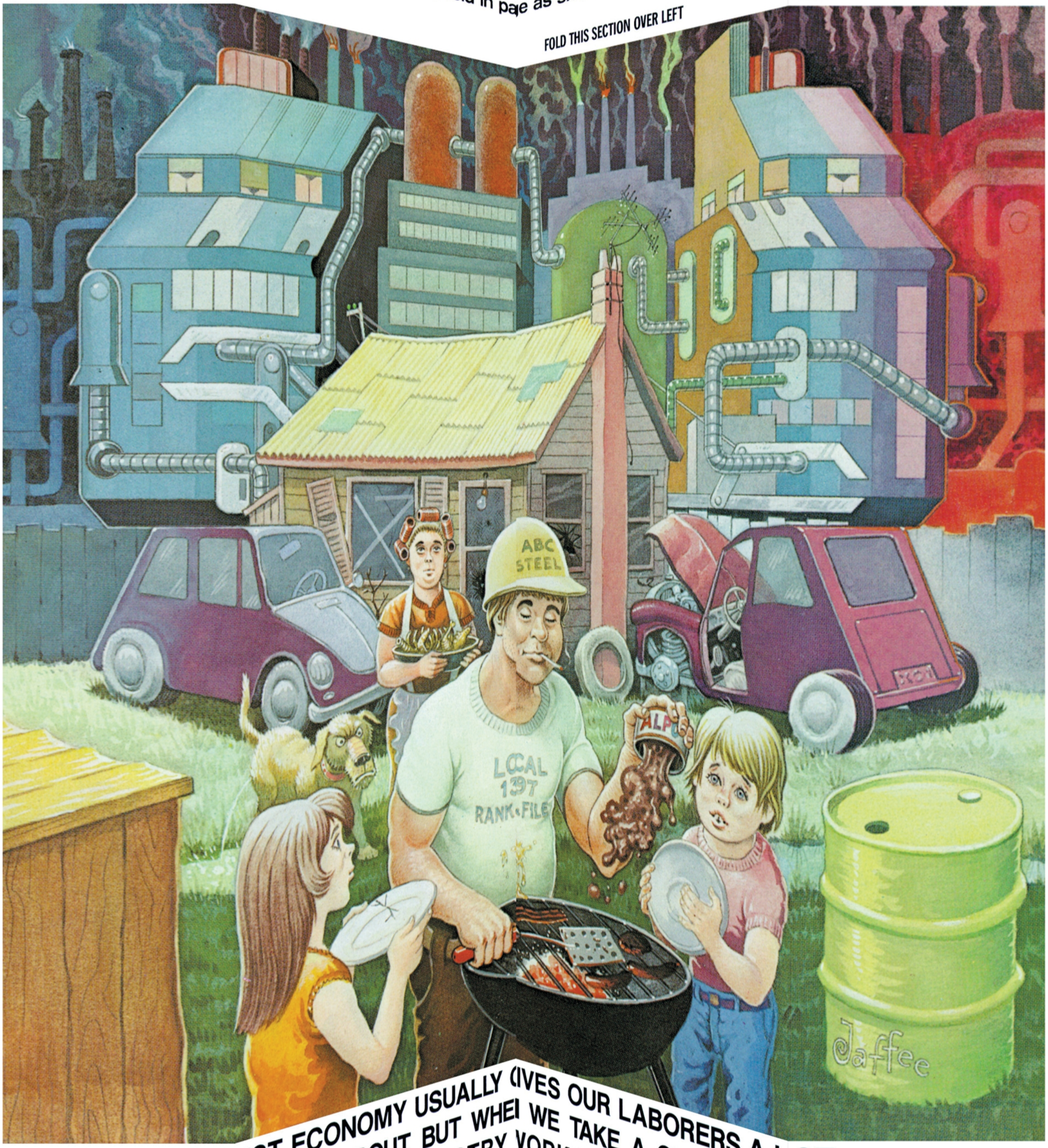
MAD FOLD-IN

Working conditions inour great nation are constantly changing, smetimes for the better ... sometimes for th worse. To see how the latest changes ae affecting workers everywhere, fold in pae as shown at right.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

◂B FOLD SO "A" MEETS "B"

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT



A ROBUST ECONOMY USUALLY (IVES OUR LABORERS A LOT TO CHEER ABOUT. BUT WHEI WE TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT HOW U.S. INDUSTRY VORKS, WE SEE THAT THIS JOLLY SITUATION CAN ALS) MAKE LIFE A BIT DRAB

WRITER & ARTIT **AL JAFFEE**

A▸ **◂B**

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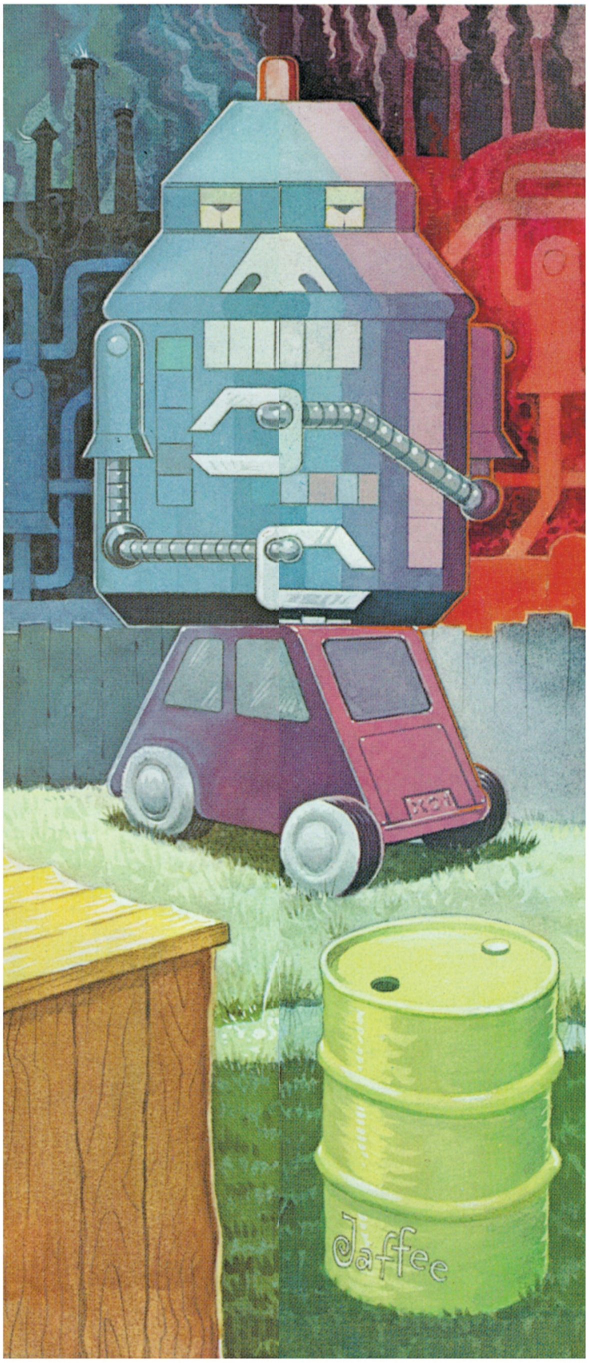
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A►◄B FOLD SO "A" MEETS "B"



A ROBOT
TOOK
HIS
JOB
A►◄B

MAD